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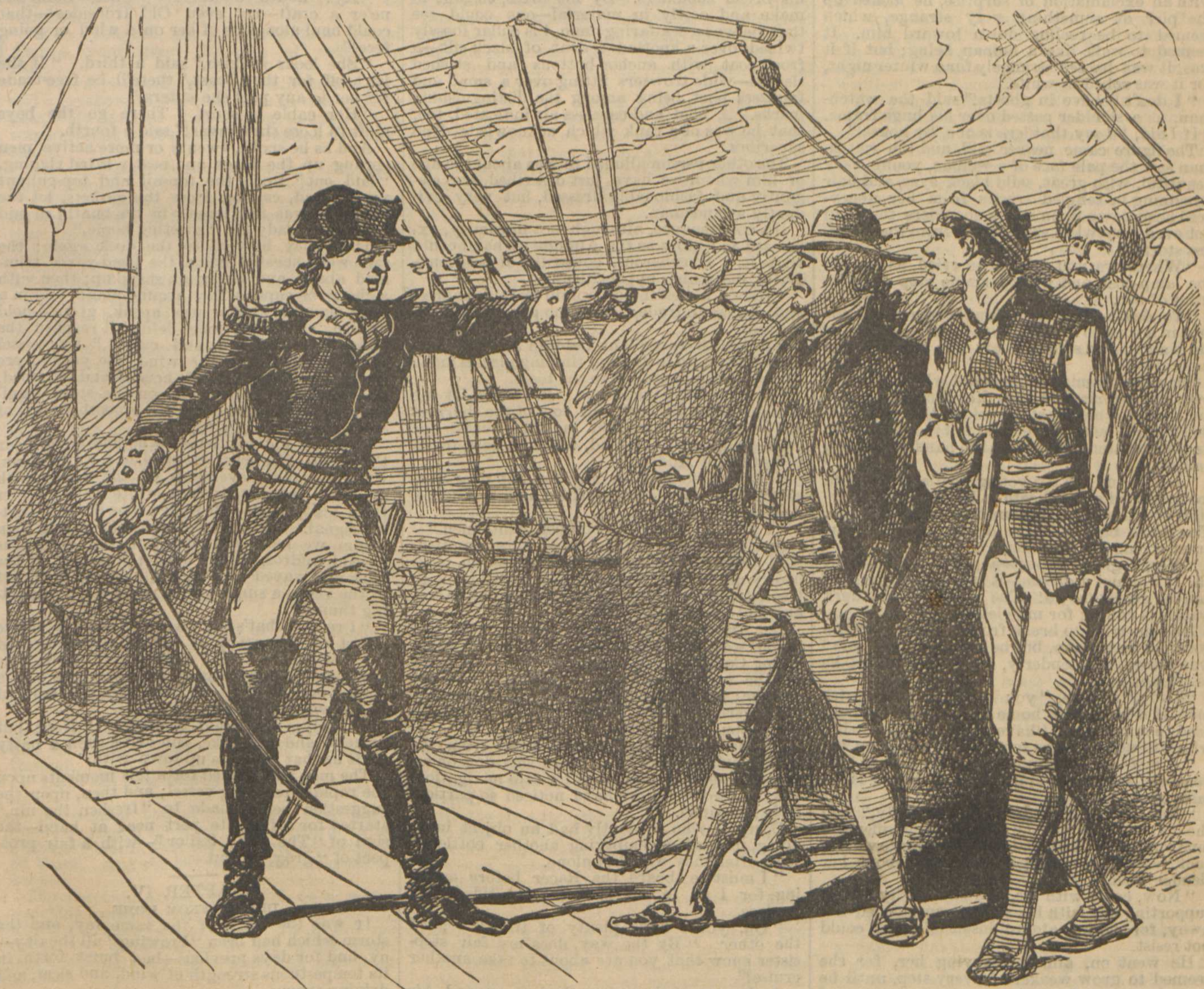
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ANDROS, THE FREE ROVER; or, THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY NED BUNTLINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE SEA BANDIT," "THE RED WARRIOR," "CAPTAIN SEAWAIF," "THE SMUGGLER CAPTAIN," ETC., ETC.



"YES, GERALD ANDROS, ONCE A SLAVE TO YOUR WILL AND WISHES, BUT NOW A FREE ROVER OF THE SEA, AND YOUR DEADLIEST ENEMY."

Andros, THE FREE ROVER;

OR,
The Pirate's Daughter

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CHAPTER I.

SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

IT was bleak December, five-and-thirty years ago. There was slushy, frozen mud in the streets and flying snow in the air—which last, borne by the strong eddying winds, flurried into the faces of the few who were abroad at that midnight hour, or driving up the lanes and alleys, formed white drifts, like barriers, across them.

Along the piers of each of the great rivers which environ Manhattan Island, the icy waves dashed and raged noisily, for both wind and tide were high. And upon one of these piers stood a watchman, wrapped in his large coat, and leaning against the lamp-post on the pier, the faint and flickering light revealed a full, florid, and honest countenance—one which seemed to have been touched by the finger of true humanity. He seemed to be rather past the middle age, but stout, well-built, and hardy.

At times he would look out upon the dark and angry waters, though it was too hard a night for the operations of the river-thieves. Then he would cast his glance amid the forest of masts and spars, and upon the dark hulls, close at hand, and from thence up toward the city, and along the dim line of lights which marked the streets. But no one seemed to be abroad, and an occasional yawn told that his was sleepy work. When the strong wind came in a gust of unusual bitterness, and blew the sleety snow in his face, he would draw the muffler closer around his neck; and turning his broad back to the blast, hum or whistle a careless tune, as if he scorned its power.

Suddenly, however, the apathy with which he met the assaults of the storm departed, and with an exclamation of surprise, he looked up the pier at something very strange, which seemed to be reeling down toward him. It seemed to walk like a human being; but if it was, it was dressed strangely for a winter night, for it was robed in white.

"I don't believe in ghosts!" said the watchman, as a shudder passed over his huge frame. "If I did, I'd say that 'ere is one, by hokes!"

The figure came nearer still, and the watchman saw the pale face of a woman, young, very beautiful, with great, wild black eyes, and hair streaming in tangled tresses from her uncovered head down upon white shoulders that had not even a shawl to shield them from the merciless storm.

"Where are you going?" he cried, as he left the lamp-post, and with a single step stood in front of her.

"To death—to death—hinder me not!" she said in a tone so low, so deep, that it thrilled the old watchman's strong heart like the toll of a funeral-bell.

She raised a small white hand which sparkled with jeweled rings in that dim lamp-light, and motioned for him to stand aside. But with gentle strength he took the hand in his, which, with its thick mitten, looked like the hand of a giant, and said:

"Lady, you are too young to die, and much too beautiful and delicate to be out in this terrible storm with only your thin night-dress on. You have been in some dream, or else some great wrong has been done."

"Yes, a great wrong—a great wrong—but, oh! it was not a dream—it was not a dream! Let me go, let me go! The spirit of the dark waters is calling for me—let me go!"

And she tried to break from the grasp of the good old watchman, but he saw that her mind was astray, and tenderly, but with firmness, he restrained her.

"Lady," said he, "you must go home with me. It is but a poor home for one who has been used to luxury, but I have there a good wife, who will nurse you as tenderly as a mother."

"A mother! My mother is dead and in heaven—oh! let me go to her!" said the poor lady, mournfully.

"Not till the good Lord wills it, lady," said the old watchman, as he took off his muffler and put it upon her head, and doffed his large watch-coat, which he wrapped carefully about her slender form.

"Now, come with me," he said kindly. And supporting her with his strong arm; he led her away, for she was almost insensible, and could not resist.

He went on, almost carrying her, for she seemed to grow weaker at every step, until he came to a row of poor frame tenements, west of Broadway, and not far from the park—where now immense stores are standing—up the steps

of one of which he ascended, and knocked at the door with his stout mace.

A window overhead was opened, and the voice of a woman asked who was there.

"It's me, Betsy—hurry down and open the door. I have a poor lady here who'll need all your care to keep the life in her. Be quick! she is in a faint now," said the watchman, who felt that her whole weight was now on his arm.

Not a minute had elapsed before the door opened, and an elderly woman with a face which was a map of benevolence and kindness, appeared with a candle in her hand.

"Why, Jonathan, is this you? What is the matter?" said she.

"Don't ask a question, Betsy, till we get this poor lady into the spare bed, and do something to fetch her to. I'm afraid she has well-nigh perished in this storm!"

"And you, too, without your great-coat, Jonathan," said Betsy, as she lighted him up a pair of narrow, rickety stairs, after closing the front door, he carrying the insensible lady as if she were no more weighty than a child.

CHAPTER II.

DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

WE must go back to the night previous to that described in the preceding chapter, to look upon a scene which is a link in our chain of mystery.

In a gorgeous saloon-parlor in the second story of a house at the corner of Duane street and Broadway, a very select party of "nice young men" were liquidating the debt they owed to Time with sundry bottles of champagne. Wreaths of vapory smoke rose from their Havanas, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as those who have no thought of the past or future—nothing beyond the present—can.

Although there were a dozen young men, we have only two to describe particularly to you—for they only are specially connected with this story.

One was a splendidly formed young man, whose age might be five-and-twenty years, not more. He had a dark but clear olive complexion—a flashing black eye—a haughty expression sat upon his fine features. Long, curling black hair was brushed carelessly back from a high forehead, and fell in glossy masses down about his finely-molded neck, and upon his broad shoulders. By his dress, elegant in make and costly in material—one could see that he was a sea-faring man, his collar loosely twined over a knotted cravat of black silk—a frock-coat with anchor-buttons and slashed sleeves—wide trousers fitting over a small and faultless boot, being among the distinguishing marks. A bold and careless air indicated, too, that he was of a rank which acknowledged no superiors.

The other person alluded to was about the age of him whom we have just described, also elegantly and fashionably dressed, but very evidently a landsman.

His countenance, although not uncomely, expressed as legibly as the Almighty's hand could write it, a treacherous, cowardly disposition—artful, designing, hypocritical.

"Here's a health to Captain Gerald Andros, and success to trade," cried the person last described.

"A health to gallant Captain Andros," was echoed from lip to lip; and tinkling glasses made silvery accompaniment to the toast.

"Gentlemen, I thank you. In return, let me pledge Harry Corryell, the son of the sharpest and wealthiest merchant in town," cried our dark-eyed, nautical friend, who had been toasted as Gerald Andros.

"Only a step-son—a step-son, my dear Gerald," said he whom we described next to Andros. And then he added:

"I pledge you all in a bumper, gentlemen." Again, glasses clashed and were emptied. And thus for hours the revel went on, until nearly all of the company had set all the sail, "spiritually speaking," which they could carry, and had begun to drop off.

But Andros, who evidently felt what he had taken, was still plied with fresh potations by young Corryell, who did not seem to be affected by the wine at all. In truth, this was not strange; for he had drank but very little—having covertly thrown away his wine at almost every bout of the bottle.

At last, every one dropped away from the parlor, except a few who were snoozing on sofas, too heavy in the head for safe navigation, but the two whom we have noticed so particularly remained.

Corryell, who evidently had an object in so doing, insisted on emptying another bottle of wine after they were left alone.

"I must be aboard the Racer before morning, for I go to sea with the ebb tide," said Andros.

"Oh, you'll have plenty of time," replied the other. "By the way, does my fair step-sister know that you are about to take another cruise?"

Andros started, and a shadow crossed his brow and a sigh broke from his bosom before he spoke. Then he replied:

"No; I dislike formal partings. I will leave a note before I sail for her."

"You received one from her to-day, didn't you? I saw her writing, and I supposed it was to you."

"Yes," said Andros. And again an expression of pain convulsed his features.

"You must make a heavy profit for my good step-father in your trips?" said Corryell, again. "He seems to think a deal of you; and he always thinks most of those who are the most profitable to him."

Andros made no reply; for, since he had taken his last glass of wine, a stupor seemed suddenly to have come upon him, and he sunk into a sleep.

"All right now, I reckon!" said Corryell, as, after shaking him and speaking to him, he failed to arouse him. He then felt in his breast-pocket and took from it a letter which had been unsealed.

Opening this, he perused it, and a fiendish smile of triumph flitted over his pale face as he read. It was written in a female hand; but blots were plenty upon it, as if the writer had been weeping while she perused its contents.

"So things have gone so far!—she prays him to marry her at once!" muttered Corryell.

"My mother will almost dance for joy when she puts her hand on this letter, for the old man will send the proud minx adrift; and if I do not then become his heir, neither my mother nor myself are much at maneuvering."

Placing the letter in his pocket, the young man left the room with a stealthy step.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE OF THE RACER.

IT was near noon of the day following the night last spoken of in the second chapter.

Although a heavy storm was brewing, a beautiful clipper bark was being got under way from her moorings off the Battery. But few persons were there to witness the departure of the vessel. A group of sailors who had been admiring her low, sharp and splendidly modeled hull, her taut, heavy, and raking spars, were leaning over the railing of the parapet, making their critical remarks, and watching the manner in which the "full-handed" crew of the vessel went to work.

"If she isn't a beauty, one never swam in blue water!" said one.

"Ay!" added another. "Uncle Sam has ne'er a craft—not even 'Old Ironsides'—that could haul alongside of her on a wind or going free!"

"She looks snaky," said a third. "If she isn't off for the 'Coast,' there'll be free-trade for her in any port she enters!"

"Her cable is short. There go the boys aloft to loose the canvas!" said a fourth.

And as he spoke, twenty or more active men sprung up the black and neatly-fitted rigging, "laid out" upon the topsail and top-gallant yards; and, casting loose the gaskets, let the snowy canvas fall loosely in the buntlines and clewlines, ready for "sheeting home."

Then they hurried to the deck again; the sails were sheeted home, the head-yards trimmed aback, and the main sharp up; then with a cheer the capstan flew around again, and in a short time the anchor was apeak, ground-hold broken, and then, long before it reached the bows to be "fished and catted," the vessel veered away before the wind, the yards were rounded in, the head-sails hoisted and trimmed, and the Racer, as her name on the stern signified, moved rapidly down the smooth waters of our large and lovely bay.

Then an old gentleman who had stood near the group of sailors, wrapped in a warm cloak, watching the movements of the vessel with apparent interest, took a white handkerchief from his pocket, and waved it as if for a parting signal. At the same time, the young man whom we have introduced to the reader as Gerald Andros, sprung upon the taffrail of the bark and waved his cap, while from a bow-port of the vessel a single gun boomed forth its parting thunder.

"I reckon that's the owner," said one of the oldest of the group of sailors, as he observed the movements of the elderly gentleman, who now turned, and walking to a carriage which waited outside of the Battery grounds, entered it, and was driven off.

"Likely, yes," said another. "None but owners, and sich like, can drive such a natty craft as that he scuds up-town with."

The men now looked for a few moments upon the rapidly receding vessel; and then, upon the suggestion being made to "freshen the nip," started for a favorite port near at hand—the sign of "The Jolly Sailor"—with a fair prospect of "grog" ahead.

CHAPTER IV.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

IT was the night of the same day, and the storm which had been "brewing" all the day—ay, and for days previous—had burst forth in its tempestuous strength of wind, and sleet, and driving snow.

Fearful as the night was, Mrs. Mariana Mil-dollar, once the widow Corryell, but now the

wife of a merchant-prince, had no care for it; for, with her precious scheming villain of a son, she was seated in the warm, magnificent sitting-room of her husband's palatial residence. True, she could hear the wail and shriek of the storm outside; but had a thousand wretches been perishing in their rags there, her cold, selfish, haughty heart would have been as deaf to their cries as it was to the gale.

"I wonder what keeps the old man downtown so late? It is after eleven o'clock," said young Corryell, as he looked at his superb watch. "I wish he'd come—ah, there's his step—talk of Satan and he's always on hand!"

The door opened and Richard Mildollar, the same old gentleman at whom we have taken a passing glance, as upon the Battery he waved an adieu to the Racer, entered the room.

You could read his character at a glance—that is, if you have been a student of character, as it is expressed in the human countenance.

His face was as cold and passionless as marble; every lineament indicating a stern and inflexible will—nothing but a keen, quick-glancing gray eye, indicated that beneath the ice of his apparent nature rushed a Niagara of passion, if it were once let loose. His step was slow and deliberate, and his manner that of one who treads, not upon a foundation of sand, but one of gold.

"You are late, dear husband," said Mrs. Mildollar—who, for a woman of forty, was very good-looking indeed, and possessed also a very "winning way."

"Yes; been very much occupied," he replied, quietly, as he drew a chair up close before the glowing fire.

"Harry and myself have been waiting anxiously to see you," said Mrs. Mildollar.

"Why more so than usual? I do not know that I have hitherto marked any very special anxiety about the hour of my return," said the merchant millionaire, and there was a slight tone of sarcasm in his voice.

The lady sighed and looked very serious, and her son tried to do the same thing; but his sigh was very short-winded, and his look about as serious as that of a sick monkey contemplating an orange.

"What is the matter?" asked the merchant, rather testily, for he, being a plain-spoken man, who did not like any hesitation in matters which required explanation, began to be impatient.

"Can you tell me where Captain Gerald Andros, your great favorite, is?" asked the lady.

"Yes; at sea with my best ship under him, and a lee-shore to work off from in this terrible gale. He insisted upon sailing to-day, and I was so foolish as to permit it," replied the merchant.

"He had good reason to be in haste," said Mrs. Mildollar, in a tone full of meaning.

"Why? Speak, madam, if you have anything to say which I ought to hear. You know that I detest mystery."

"I cannot tell you, my dear—I cannot tell you; for I think so much of poor, unfortunate Adelia that I can only weep for her."

And the lady put her perfumed handkerchief up to her eyes, and sobbed with articulate precision.

"Go on, madam! What of my daughter? Speak out at once."

"Oh, Mr. Mildollar, do not speak so terribly! Read this letter which our poor, faithful, brave Harry forced from Captain Gerald Andros, who was in such haste to flee from your presence."

And the lady handed the merchant the letter which young Corryell had abstracted from the pocket of Gerald Andros.

The merchant took the letter and read its contents. At first, if possible, his very pale face grew more white, and then black blood seemed to rush up in every vein, for it grew dark as night. His frame quivered like a strong tree struck by a fearful shock. At last he spoke—his voice low and husky, his looks terrible with anger.

"Leave this room, both of you! Madam, send my daughter to me *instantly*—INSTANTLY!"

"Let me implore of you, my dear husband, to deal gently with her."

"Madam, will you obey me?" said the merchant, in a tone so deep and low that she trembled for herself, as his eye seemed to look her through.

"I go," she said, faintly. "Come, Harry, my son."

The woman had achieved her first object. She had aroused the most fearful storm in her husband's bosom that she had ever seen exhibited there. And she left the room, followed by her son.

The merchant stood silent, still as a statue, watching with a terrible eye the door by which his child would enter. In a few moments she came—came in her white night-robes, looking very, very beautiful, and so innocent!

"Dear father, are you ill? They called me suddenly from my sleep, and said that you wanted me!" she cried, as she hurried forward.

"And you could sleep?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes; I was sleeping, father. But why do you regard me with such a fearful look of anger?"

"Did you write that letter?" he replied, still in that deep, husky tone which she had never heard from his lips before. And he tossed it to her scornfully.

She recognized it without lifting it from the floor, and cast herself weeping at his feet, and tried to cling to him.

"Back! touch me not!" he said, hoarsely.

"Oh, my father, hear me! Gerald—"

"Is far away at sea, and you will never see his face again!" said the old man, sternly.

"Gone? Oh, God! He promised—he promised—"

The poor girl could say no more, for sobs choked utterance. But her sorrow had no influence upon his heart, now almost marble in his bitter passion.

"Go from this house!" he cried. "Go, and never let me see your face again!"

She rose, so pale, so heart-broken in looks, and for a moment looked her father in the face. Not one ray of mercy found she there. His icy eye was fixed upon her, his finger without a tremor pointed to the door.

With a moan of utter despair, thin clad as she was, Adelia tottered out of the room, staggered down the spacious hall, opened the outer door, and bare as were her ebony tresses, fled away amid the gloom and the pelting of the storm, with but one word upon her lips:

"Gerald! Gerald! Cruel Gerald!"

The reader now knows who honest Jonathan Birdsall saved from the watery bed of the suicide on the night which opened our story, and why she was there.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROVER'S CHILD.

It was the morning of another day. And the good watchman, who had returned to his post after having aided his Betsy to place poor Adelia in bed, and succeeded in recovering her from the swoon into which she had fallen, now came back to his home—for the night-watch was over, and his time for rest had arrived; and right glad was he, for the storm had increased in violence, and was now raging terribly. But his little room was warm; and a pot of hot coffee was steaming upon the stove, and Betsy was there with a kind and loving smile to greet him, and to take off his muffler and overcoat, and shake the snow from them and his hat.

"How is the poor, dear lady?" was the old man's first question.

"She has cried herself to sleep!" said Betsy. "And she is in a terrible hot fever, and even in her sleep raves and talks about her father and some one that she calls Gerald."

"Poor child! she has suffered some grievous wrong!" said the old man. "We must do the best we can for her. Had our own sweet Laura lived, she would have been about this one's age."

"Yes, and full as handsome, for all she had blue eyes," said Betsy.

"You say that the poor creature is in a high fever?"

"Yes, Jonathan—terribly hot is it upon her!"

"Then hasten, wife, and get me a bite of breakfast to keep the cold from out my stomach—I must go and get a doctor for her!"

"They charge terribly high, and we've so little money!" said the wife, with a sigh, as she drew out a small table and put a white cloth upon it.

"Betsy, while we have a cent, and the life of a fellow-creature is in danger, it is our duty to expend it!" said Jonathan, almost sternly. And then he seemed to feel that perhaps he had spoken too severely, or rather that his tone had been harsh, and he said:

"I know you are too good-hearted, my Betsy, to begrudge anything you have or can do for a poor sick child like her."

"You are right, Jonathan. God bless you, dear!" said the really warm-hearted woman; and she bent down and kissed his cheek, which was yet numb and cold from exposure to the storm. "I'll get you a bite ready in a minute or two, and then you can hurry off for the doctor, and have him here in time to attend to her when she wakes."

"All right, Betsy—you are a jewel of a woman!" said the old man; and he put on his brass-mounted spectacles, and took down the old family Bible—to read, as usual, his morning chapter.

By the time that this was done, his breakfast was ready; and with a good appetite and a clear conscience, he sat down to the frugal meal—not, however, partaking of it until he had asked a blessing from the Giver of all good.

As soon as he had finished, he again put on his overcoat, muffler, and hat and breasted the raging storm—going to find a doctor for the poor sufferer who rested beneath his roof.

He soon returned with a genteel and energetic looking man, who at once proceeded to the bedside of poor Adelia in an inner room.

After a time he reappeared, when the watchman asked:

"How is your patient, Doctor Watson?"

"Very low, Mr. Birdsall, very low. There is but little chance of her recovery, though she is no longer delirious, and clings to her babe with an affection which is painful to behold, when we think how soon she may be torn from it by the hands of death!"

"Do all you can for her, doctor. I have not much money, but all I have shall go for her."

"Not to me, my good man. I have heard her story and know her family, and if I wished to be paid I would call upon them."

The physician now resumed his hat and cloak and continued:

"If she gets worse, send for me instantly. Meantime, I shall see her father, and try to influence him to take her back to his home—she is the only child left to him by his dead wife, whom I once knew well. Good-day."

"Good-day," replied old Mr. Birdsall, and folding his arms, he lay back in the old rocking-chair which he occupied, and soon closed his eyes in slumber—for he was weary and much needed rest.

CHAPTER VI.

WRECKED.

THERE was a vessel, stripped of her taut and tapering upper-spars, with only her scant but stout storm staysails set, struggling in a tremendous seaway off that well-known point of danger, Cape Hatteras. She was nicely stripped for the battle; her yards were down and lashed on deck; preventer-stays aided the standing-rigging to sustain her bending lower-masts; her boats and spars were all secured with true seaman-like care; but the gale was so wild and strong, that she could only be laid to the wind—she could add no canvas to force her off from the dreaded reefs and shoals, and the barren sands so close under her lee.

Aft, watching the compass which was set in the binnacle before the double-manned wheel, and looking very often in the gloom to the westward—for it was night—stood the young captain of the strong and beautiful bark; and close by his side was his mate—an older man than he—whose weather-beaten face looked quite as anxious and less firm than his own.

"This is a bad place for us in such a night, Captain Andros," said the mate. "By my reckoning, we must be off Hatteras, or in the big 'twixt that and Cape Fear—which is just as bad."

"Ay—worse, if worse can be!" said Gerald Andros, gloomily. "Keep a good watch, Morton—I'm going below, to look at my charts again! I was a fool to leave port in such weather; but I couldn't stay!"

The young officer now left the deck and went into his cabin, while the mate went forward and examined the rigging, anchors, boats, etc., to see that nothing had started or broken loose. The crew, clinging to the shrouds, rails, and man-ropes—and, where they could, sheltering themselves from the cold wind and blustering spray under the bulwarks—watched him, as he staggered, lantern in hand, along the decks of the rolling and plunging vessel, as if they would ask, from the expression of his face, what and how great their danger was.

Suddenly a wild cry was heard from the cabin, and the mate rushed aft and below; for the cry had been so loud that he heard it even above the wild tumult of wind and waters.

Gerald Andros lay upon the cabin-floor, insensible, when Morton reached him.

"Quick, steward—water, brandy, wine—*anything*, SOMETHING to revive him! He has fainted—what is the matter?" cried the mate, as he raised the inanimate form of the captain and laid it upon the sofa.

The steward brought water in an instant—some was dashed in Gerald's face, some forced between his pale lips, and his collar thrown open.

Slowly he recovered his consciousness, and looked wildly about him.

"Where is she?" he asked, in a husky whisper, as he recognized Morton.

"Where is who? I have seen no one—there is no woman on board," replied the wondering mate.

"There is—there *must* be! I saw Adelia, all dressed in white; and she had a babe in her arms, and she held it out to me and said—oh, how mournfully!—'Gerald, take our child.' Yes, I saw her: she was pale, and robed for the grave!"

"You have been dreaming, captain—it was only a fancy. Drive it from your mind. Here, steward, bring the captain a glass of brandy," cried the mate.

But before the steward could comply with the order, a cry came from the deck—a fearful and united shout from all of the terror-stricken crew.

"Breakers ahead!" was the cry.

"Breakers on the lee bow—breakers all around!" was shouted again.

And then the mate sprang for the deck, followed by Gerald Andros, who had fully recovered his consciousness in this instant of imminent danger.

All was boiling, roaring, seething foam about them—the dread tumult of the wind was but a

whisper to the thunder of the waters. On, borne upon the crest of an immense roller, the dark hull of the bark rode with lightning speed for an instant; then, with a crash, which sent the splintered masts far away amid the yeast of waters, the vessel struck upon the ragged rocks of the dreaded Diamond Shoal. Again it rose—shivered and shattered, drove a little further, and again came down upon the terrible rocks, never to rise again, but to part in scattered fragments—to which the drowning crew, with trembling cries, sought in vain to cling.

Soon all was still but the triumphant voices of the destroying elements, and scarce a speck of the vessel could be traced amid the white waters. Of all that gallant crew but one remained to tell the story of her fate—but one of those who, but a few hours before, had been all full of life and hope!

Oh Death! how merciless art thou!—how warningless, how tiger-like, in thy sudden leap upon thy victims!

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Days had elapsed, when Doctor Watson, poor Adelia's physician, who had repeatedly sought, in vain, to obtain an interview with Richard Mildollar, at last succeeded.

The old man was unusually pale and nervous, looking as if he had been seriously ill.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" he asked, abruptly, as the doctor entered his sitting-room.

"You have a daughter, sir—whom I would—"

"It is false, sir—FALSE as hell, sir!" cried the merchant, passionately, interrupting the physician as well by gesture as by words.

"She is dying, sir. She only asks one kind look—one word of forgiveness from your lips."

"To save her soul from eternal perdition, I would not breathe that word!"

"But, sir, listen yet a moment. She has a babe—poor, innocent, helpless thing. It, at least, has a claim upon your pity."

"None, sir, none—none, I say! Kill it, and let it rot with her in the grave!"

"Curse me if it shall, you heartless old miser!" cried one who had entered the room without being observed by either of the previous occupants.

"What! Gerald Andros!" cried the merchant, in surprise. "Where is the Racer, the best of all my ships?"

"Where I wish every one besides that you own was—at the bottom of the sea! I, alone, of all her crew, am left to cheer you with the good news!" said Andros, with a sarcastic sneer.

"My best ship gone, cargo and all, and no insurance!" said the merchant, with a groan—forgetting in his sordid selfishness, the greater evil which hung about him.

"Where is Adelia—where is my child?" asked Andros, now turning to the doctor.

"She is in the house of a poor but good man, who saved her from committing suicide, when her father, at the midnight hour, turned her, in the bitterness of a winter-storm, from his door," said the doctor, who had heard the story from Adelia's lips, which made him know who it was that stood before him.

"I am a villain—a wretch!" said Andros, in a low tone, "but not worse than *he*! We loved not wisely, but too well; and I meant to wed her on my return from a voyage in which I would have won an independence from him! But, sir, it is not too late; lead me to her—but I forgot! Mr. Mildollar, you owe me over three thousand dollars. Pay me a part of it now—your daughter must not want."

"Not a dollar—not a dollar shall you have, Gerald Andros! You have lost my best ship—my best ship, sir!"

"Curse you and your ships! Before you are a year older, you shall not have one afloat on salt water! Doctor, take me to Adelia. Wretch though I be, I am not yet utterly lost to humanity."

"Once more I ask, sir," said the doctor to Mildollar—"will you see your daughter?"

"No!" thundered the merchant.

"At least send a kind message to her—I repeat that she is dying."

"Let her die—I care not!" said the merchant, bitterly.

"Then I have no longer any business here," said the doctor. And turning upon his heel, he left the apartment, closely followed by Gerald Andros.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH THE DEAD.

A LILY floating upon the black lake of death—so cold, so white, so beautiful! The soft hands crossed upon the still breast; the long curling tresses, ebony black, lying asleep along the white neck and shoulders; the dark eyelashes, pendent from the closed eyes, down upon the snowy cheek, like penciled lines. So beautiful! but dead—dead to sorrow, now, and woe—dead to the wail of the young life-bud just sprung into the heartless world!

There and thus lay poor Adelia when the

doctor, accompanied by Gerald Andros, entered the room where she had seen "the last of earth."

"Poor creature! she is gone, doctor," sobbed Betsy, as the physician entered.

And the babe in her arms uttered a mournful, wailing cry, as if it knew its loss.

"She died like a lamb, poor thing!" said the honest watchman, wiping away the tears from his furrowed cheeks.

"Adelia—Adelia! Dead—dead! and I am her murderer!" groaned Andros; and he threw himself, with passionate tears, upon his knees by the bedside.

They let him weep. The tears of penitence should never be restrained.

When he ceased sobbing, and raised his eyes once more to look upon her, he saw a paper which even in death she had held to her bosom. It was addressed to him. Upon it was written:

"Gerald, you will come to me when it is too late. I forgive you! Protect our *Elfrida*—for the world will not."

He rose, placed that paper in his bosom, next his heart, pressed a kiss upon her pale brow, and turned to look upon his child. He took it in his arms, and once more the hot tears rained from his eyes, while he kissed it again and again.

In a little while Andros became more calm, and he resigned the child again to Betsy. Then taking from his pocket a purse of gold, he said:

"Here is only a hundred dollars; it is all that I now have in the world, for I am ruined by my wreck. But I will force more from the miser who owes it to me, and you shall all be paid—paid a princely reward for this last kindness to a suffering angel! Good woman, take care of my poor child, even as if it were your own, and you shall be richly paid. Doctor, let me ask of you a last favor—see the necessary arrangements made for her burial. I have not the nerve to do that—I am a wretched and unhappy man, but I will get money and defray every expense!"

The doctor bowed assent, and Andros, after one more agonized glance at poor Adelia—one more look at his child, hurried from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

"FAREWELL, BUT NOT FOREVER."

A VERY short time only had elapsed after the doctor and Gerald Andros had left the presence of Richard Mildollar, when Mrs. Mildollar—nee Mrs. Corryell—entered the room in which the merchant was pacing to and fro in great agitation.

"My dear Mr. Mildollar, are you ill?" she asked, in a very sympathetic tone.

"Yes! Lost my best ship!" he growled, sulkily.

"The loss of a single ship is not much when you have so many," she said, quietly.

"Not much—a ship worth sixty thousand dollars, and a cargo of twice the value! Not much!" If Gerald Andros had only perished with it! almost shouted the passionate man.

"But he did not, Richard Mildollar—he did not!" said he of whom the latter had just spoken, entering the room abruptly.

"Madam, you will be pleased to retire. I wish to see this person alone!" said the merchant, sternly, to his wife.

She obeyed; for there was an expression upon his face which told that obedience on her part would be wisdom.

"Well, scoundrel, what do you want here?" said the merchant, in a bitter tone.

"Money to bury your daughter!" said Andros, quietly; but his keen black eye seemed to look the merchant through and through.

For an instant only a quiver was perceptible on the lip and in the frame of Richard Mildollar—for a second his eye dropped and his breath came gaspingly; but it was over, and he answered:

"Not a dollar from me, sir—not a dollar!"

"Give me what you owe me, or there will be two funerals instead of one!" said the young captain, and a look of fierce determination told that he was but too ready to use the pistol which he presented.

"God! You would not kill me?" cried the merchant, starting back in terror.

"As readily as I would a dog! I care for nothing now—give me the money!"

"I will draw a check."

"None of your checks for me. You can order another kind of a check at the bank before I draw. Give me gold or your heart's blood!" exclaimed Andros fiercely.

"Lower your pistol and I will," said Mildollar nervously; for though he dreaded the loss of money, the loss of his own life weighed heaviest on his mind.

"Be in a hurry then," said Andros, lowering his weapon, but keeping his keen eye fixed upon the old man.

The latter went to a desk, and opening a small iron box within it, counted out the sum in gold which the young man had stated to be due to him, in the previous interview.

"Take it—my curse goes with it!" said Mildollar bitterly.

"A fig for all your curses, and no thanks for

the money—it is my own!" said Andros, contemptuously. "And mark my words, Richard Mildollar: I have been a very slave to your will for years—have in all cases done your bidding; made hundreds of thousands of dollars for you—most of it illegally. I know your trade and ways—every ship you own. You have just called me a scoundrel. Well, I am one. You made me one—abused me like a dog till I could be of service to you, and petted me like a useful one when I became so. Now, dog-like—scoundrel-like if you prefer it—I am going to turn upon you. The hour when the cold earth hides poor Adelia's form from my view will be the last which restrains the ferocity of my nature. I will ruin you! By the memory of Adelia, I swear it! By the helplessness of her child, I swear it! Farewell—but not forever! Insure every ship you have if you can; but no insurance office will guarantee your vessels' safety from *Gerald Andros, the pirate*; for they shall have warning!"

The speaker, whose tone had been low and stern, now turned upon his heel to leave the apartment. The merchant, who seemed to have been terrified into submission and silence, cried:

"Stay one moment; one moment, Gerald—where—where is the body of my child?"

"Beneath a stranger's roof, and ready for the grave! I go to bury her!" was the only reply; and Andros left the room.

The merchant sunk pale and gasping into a seat, for the excitement was too much for him.

"May I come in?" asked a voice at the door.

"Yes—bring me some wine, brandy, anything—I am faint," replied the merchant, recognizing his wife in the speaker.

CHAPTER X.

"WATCH OVER ELFRIDA!"

ALL that was mortal of poor Adelia had been laid down in the cold earth. And in the poor dwelling of good Jonathan Birdsall, were assembled four persons—five, if we count Elfrida, the poor babe—the watchman and his wife, the doctor and Gerald Andros. They all looked sad; the latter was very pale, but quiet in his grief, if grief he felt.

"There are two thousand dollars for you, my good friends!" said Andros, laying the gold down upon the table before the watchman and his wife. "Keep it for what you have done, and will do for that poor child. Each year, on the sad anniversary of Adelia's death, you will receive a like sum, even if you do not see me—for I may be far away from here, at times."

"But, sir, this is too much money. We never had so much before—we may be robbed!" said the watchman, earnestly.

"You must stay at home and take care of it. You are too old for the exposure of a night-watch. Open some little business—a little store, for instance, and live in comfort hereafter. If you see me no more, when my child is old enough to comprehend the ways of the world, give her this sealed package. It is written by me, and will tell her that which she may need to know. Let not the seal be broken by any one else."

The old watchman looked from the money to the doctor. He did not know what to do.

"Take the gold, my friends, and do with it as he directs. The great misfortune which has befallen the poor lady, will in this way be lessened to her child," said the physician.

"You are not forgotten, doctor," said Andros; "I wish that I could reward you more richly. The time may come when I will be able to."

And he laid two hundred dollars before the doctor.

"I will not take money from you," said the latter, feelingly.

"If you will not take money, at least wear this, for my sake!" and he took a splendid chronometer watch, guarded by a Genoa chain of exquisite workmanship, from his pocket, and placed it in the hands of the doctor. "Do not refuse me; for it will add to my present pain!"

"I accept the memento and will keep it!" said the physician.

"I thank you," said Andros. "I need not ask you with our friends to watch over poor little Elfrida; I know that you will do so. Above all things, keep a knowledge of her whereabouts from Richard Mildollar. And now, farewell. You may see me again—you may not; but if you do not, and she should grow up, if ever you should see my name mentioned, coupled with dishonor, hide that name and fact from her."

He said no more; but, taking up the money which the doctor had refused, turned away, and left the house.

"I do declare that there's no man so bad but what there's some good in him!" said Betsy—who looked quite worn out from her recent watching and nursing duties.

"Nor any evil which has not some good in it," said the doctor, glancing at the money. "By care, yourself and husband can now get along in comfort—he, without exposure; you, without so much labor and deprivation of those

comforts which are needed by those who approach the winter season of life."

"Well, we must be thankful for all that comes!" said the old watchman. "If it's a good, 'tis a blessing; if it seems an evil, it may be the same; for the Bible says: 'Whom He loveth, He chasteneth.' And there's a comfort in even that."

The doctor now took his leave, promising to come in from time to time to see the child.

CHAPTER XI. OFF FOR EUROPE.

A YEAR had passed—a year to a day on the anniversary of poor Adelia's death. The doctor, who had kept his promise of calling occasionally to see the Birdsalls and their infant *protegee*, was sitting in the neat room back of the shop which they now kept; for Jonathan no longer kept the night-watch. The good physician had the child (now grown into a beauty—a perfect little flower of a baby, with great black eyes, rosy cheeks, and curling hair as black as night) in his arms, and was amusing it and himself with "baby-talk"—that language which old maids and miserable bachelors so like to ridicule, but which comes up saccharinely from the good heart, like strawberries floating in cream.

The old folks were both in the back room, talking with their guest; for the door was open between them and the shop, and they could see any customer that entered.

And one came in—a large, stoutly-built man, with heavy black whiskers and a devilish eye, who was dressed in a seaman's garb. He did not wait for the old watchman to go and ask him what he wanted, but bolted right into the back room, and asked if Jonathan and Betsy Birdsall lived there.

"That's *we*," said the old man, pointing to Betsy, and touching his own head.

"There's something for you from the captain," said the stranger, tossing a heavy bag upon the table. He then glanced at the child intently for an instant, turned, and went out without saying another word.

The father of Efrida had been true to his word. The bag contained two thousand dollars in gold, but not a word in writing connected with it.

"I should ha' thought he'd brought it himself, and come to see his baby," said Betsy, as her husband looked at the gold.

"I reckon he knows we're taking good care of it. I hope he'll never come—that is, if he means to take her away. I'd rather he'd keep his money, and let us have the child for always; for I'm sure I love it as much as if it was my own."

"'Tis a sweet babe," said Doctor Watson with a sigh. "I shall miss it while I am away on my visit to Europe."

"When do you sail, doctor?" asked the old man.

"Next week. I am deputed by our Medical Board to visit the English and French hospitals for scientific purposes, and must go."

"In what vessel?" asked Betsy—not that she knew anything about vessels, but because she, like most women, where there are three in the party, wanted something to say.

"I do not know yet; the first which sails for London after Monday next," replied the doctor.

"Well, all we can do is to pray that you may make a prosperous voyage and a speedy return," said the old watchman.

The doctor thanked him; and, after resigning the babe to its foster-mother, bade them good-night and departed.

The health of Mr. Richard Mildollar had been gradually failing ever since the night when he had driven his poor erring child so heartlessly from the door. He had been annoyed in business. Several of his ships which he had sent to distant parts with costly cargoes had neither returned nor ever been heard of; and every insurance office which he now solicited to secure him against loss (formerly he did not patronize them, but insured himself) insisted (and would give no reason for it) only upon insuring him against actual and proven wreck. They would not pay for a missing vessel or one taken by pirates.

These troubles, coupled with a sorrow which he would not acknowledge, but one which in his heart he deeply felt (for he had loved his daughter as much as he was capable of loving anything but gold), had brought him into a nervous decline, which was fast carrying him down toward the grave.

His medical advisers insisted upon travel, relaxation from business, and a change of scene, as positively necessary for the prolongation of his life. His wife (who, with her hopeful son, wished to see Europe and its fashions), under the guise of affection and anxiety for his life, added her pleas for him to take the tour which his physicians had decided upon; and he had at last consented. And upon the same evening when the strange sailor visited the Birdsalls to leave the promised annual deposit, Mr. Mildollar announced to his wife and stepson that they would sail for London in the

course of the ensuing week in a new and beautiful ship which he had built to take the place of the *Racer* in her peculiar trade, but which he intended now to test in a trial-trip to Europe.

The announcement gave great pleasure to both mother and son; for they looked forward to all the pleasures which money could procure; but, with that duplicity which had sometimes quite blinded the keen-sighted merchant, they endeavored to make him believe that their joy arose from the hope that the voyage would speedily restore his health—to them so very precious!

Acursed hypocrisy! Yet how prevalent is it among fast and fashionable heir-expectants! How they sigh with their lips, and laugh in their ossified hearts, when a hectic flush or a lung-rendering cough tells them that the "old man" or "old woman" is about to "step out" of their way! They can hardly go by a mourning-store without going in to look out a funeral-suit.

Poverty softens most hearts; gold always hardens them; and the expectation of it would turn an angel into a devil.

CHAPTER XII. LORD TYRCONNEL.

THE good ship *Merlin* (Mildollar owner, and John Jones captain) lay off in the stream in the middle of the East river, only waiting for the owner and his family to come on board, before her anchor, which was almost apeak, should be weighed, and her sails, already loosed, should be spread to the quiet westerly breeze which lazily lifted her ensign and burgee. She was not deeply laden, but had a cargo sufficiently heavy to put her in fine sailing-trim.

Her passenger-list was as full as her accommodations (which were elegant and extensive) would admit; and, as hers was the regular packet-day, all were aboard betimes.

Among these passengers were but two who will much interest us at present. One was our good friend, Dr. Watson, whose true-hearted feeling has already been seen by the reader; the other was a young Irish peer—Lord Tyrconnel—who, unlike most of those who hold peerages in Ireland, had lived at home, instead of in England, until he had taken it into his wild head to come over and see the quadrupedal and bipedal savages of North America. He had met and been introduced to Dr. Watson, at the then leading hotel of Gotham, the "City," and these two, not knowing any of the other passengers, and being mutually pleased with each other, had taken a double-berthed state-room together.

"What sort of a chap is this owner they're waiting for so long, when nayther wind nor tide will wait for us?" asked Lord Tyrconnel, in a musical brogue, which his home education had not spoiled.

"A man I do not like; but there he comes with his family," said Dr. Watson, pointing to an eight-oared custom-house barge, which had been obsequiously placed at the service of the millionaire-merchant by officials who knew the weight of his influence.

"Then, by the honor of the Tyrconnels!—which has never been misdoubted or misplaced, doctor, dear—if you don't like him, it's Terrence Tyrconnel that'll hate him entirely," said the warm-hearted Celtic peer.

"You must judge him for yourself, and not follow my dislikes, my lord," said the doctor.

"Doctor, why will ye persist in calling me 'me lord,' when the good Lord above knows I'd only be plain Terrence Tyrconnel with yourself."

"Well, Terrence, it shall be for the rest of the voyage, if 'twill please you," said the doctor.

"Thank ye, ould boy. And now let's go to the state-room, and touch a drop of the ould Monongahela that father Jennings of the 'City,' sent aboard with my baggage."

"I'll join you there; but first let us see the new-comers aboard," said the doctor. "I hate and despise old Mildollar; but since I have had to take passage on his ship, I want to meet his eye at the first, and to show him that on the voyage we must be strangers. He insulted me once when I wished to do him a kindness."

"Insulted you? And why didn't you call him out, and settle his coffee with an ounce of lead?"

"Under the circumstances I could not; but I will be even with him yet."

"Trud the gangway ladders there, a dozen or more of you! Look out and hand the man-ropes, and stand by to pass the owner's baggage aboard!" said Captain Jones, as the custom-house barge approached.

In a moment or two more it was alongside, and Mr. Mildollar, pale and feeble, was carefully helped over the side by the captain. The eye of the old merchant fell on Dr. Watson among the group of passengers, and a flush mantling his cheek, told that he recognized him; but he made no other sign, and hurried aft to the cabin. The polite captain next assisted Mrs. Mildollar over the side—a service which she accepted with condescending dignity. A rough-

looking Celtic sailor offered to do the same for her maid (a Stewart's syrup-colored demoiselle, who, hailing from New Orleans, called herself French—though her French was a creole *patois*, mingled with abominable English). But the dignity of the maid was a stretch above the level of a common sailor, and she pushed him back with her umbrella, and said:

"No you touchee me, tarry sailor-man! No you touchee me wiz your dirty hands."

"Be jabbers! if my hands were as dirty as yer face, I'd be afther washin' 'em afore I'd feed the cap'n's pig," said the indignant sailor, as he drew back to let her pass.

Next came Master Harry Corryell, followed by his valet, who looked quite as much of the gentleman as he did, if not more.

His passengers were now all on board; so Captain Jones gave orders to his mate to heave up the anchor, and make sail as the pilot directed.

"How do you like the looks of the new-comers, friend Terrence?" asked Dr. Watson, as they walked aft to a position near the taffrail.

"The ould man looks as if the devil had a mortgage on his soul, and the undertakers had orders for his coffin," said Tyrconnel. "The ould woman was under false colors; so I'd take her for a bit of a pirate, with a nager in tow to wait on her. As to the chap that you say calls her mother, he's a cowardly spalpeen, if my eyes are true. Lyin' is aisy to him, I'll wager a crown to a groat!"

"I know but little of him, and nothing to his advantage," said Watson. "But if you'll come below, I'll tell you why I so dislike the old man, and why he either fears or dislikes me."

"I'm with you, doctor dear, for I like to hear a good story better than anything else but b'ating a squad o' watchmen, or riding a stay-ple chase in town on a market-day."

CHAPTER XIII.

"HELD UP" AT SEA.

THE *Merlin* had been at sea ten or eleven days, and though the winds had been light, she had made fair progress; for they were such as enabled her to lay her course, and she was now in mid-ocean. Captain Jones was popular with his passengers, for his table was well supplied, and he was ever ready with a courteous answer to the many questions with which a skipper is always pestered. He was a good sailor, withal, and as such, popular with his crew, for seamen will bear many a harsh word from a "thoroughbred," which a lubber wouldn't dare to utter a second time to them.

Mr. Mildollar, either on account of his health or from a desire to avoid observation, remained mostly in his cabin; but his wife and her maid, after the first three or four days of fashionable sea-sickness, were often seen on the quarter-deck, as was also Harry Corryell—who, in spite of many hints, and finally an order from Captain Jones, persisted in breaking a rigid rule on shipboard—that of not smoking abaft the mainmast.

Being the owner's step-son, he considered himself privileged to do as he pleased; and so he told Captain Jones, when the latter positively forbade him to smoke upon the quarter-deck.

"Perhaps you will try force to stop me?" said the mannerless cub to Captain Jones—who, being a man verging on sixty, he thought to intimidate.

"If you make it necessary, I shall," replied the old man, sternly.

"Just say the word, Captain Jones, and let me shake the pin-feathers out o' the popinjay," said Lord Tyrconnel, who had been long disgusted with the apish airs of young Corryell.

"Sail ho!" shouted the lookout from his perch on the foretop-gallant cross-trees; and that magic cry for the time put a stop to a scene which might have been belligerent.

"Whereaway, and what does the stranger look like?" asked Captain Jones.

"Dead ahead, sir; apparently a large foretop-sail schooner, either on a wind, or hauled up pretty nigh it."

"Very well; keep an eye on her, and see if we raise her any."

"We're raising her very fast, sir—as fast as if she was laying-to; for it is only a little while since I first made her out no bigger than a gull on the water, and now I can make out her rig easily."

"Tell the steward to send me my glass, boy," said the captain to one of the ship's apprentices who stood near.

"A glass of what, sir?" said the youngster, very innocently—though a merry twinkle in his eye told that he wanted to "sell" the skipper.

"A spy-glass for me, and a glass of the oil of hemp for you, you monkey, if it isn't here in less than a minute," said the captain.

Within thirty seconds, the glass was in his hand; and the old skipper went up to the foreyard to take a look at the strange sail for himself. He remained there for a considerable length of time; and when he came down, there was a look of dissatisfaction on his usually pleasant face.

"There's something wrong in the craft ahead,

or the ould man wouldn't look so grum, doctor," said Tyrconnel. "I'll ask him what kind of a vessel it is. What have you been looking at so long, Captain Jones?"

"A saucy-looking schooner laying-to right across our fore-foot," said the skipper, in a low tone. "If she has any business, she ought to be about it, and not wasting such a breeze as this."

"Maybe she's a man-o'-war, and wants to spake us."

"A man-o'-war would have her ensign and pendant flying. She shows neither! Mate, hoist our colors," said the old man.

"Has she a suspicious look?" asked Doctor Watson.

"If I was in the Bahama Channel, or down about the Keys of the Gulf, I'd say she was a pirate. But this is no cruising-ground for such sharks!"

"A pirate?" asked young Corryell, with a pallid face and trembling body.

"If you are to hang at her yard-arm, I don't much care if she is!" said the angry captain.

The young man did not pause to make a reply, but in an instant he was half-way down the companion-ladder, on his way to the after-cabin.

Scarce a minute had elapsed, before Mrs. Mildollar and her maid were on deck.

"Oh, Captain Jones!" cried Mrs. Mildollar, hysterically—*oh*, Captain Jones, what shall we do? My son tells me that you say there is a pirate close to us!"

"Your son *lies*, madam—I've said no such thing!" said the blunt old seaman.

"Oh, Harry! how could you frighten me so, when my nerves are so shattered?" said the afflicted lady.

"He did say the vessel looked suspicious!" said the young man, recovering his color and some coolness.

Mr. Mildollar at this moment came on deck, tottering with weakness and looking so pale and ill, that even Doctor Watson, forgetting his insults and hard-heartedness, almost pitied him.

"What's this talk about a pirate, Jones—what is it?" he asked, as he caught hold of the skipper's shoulder to keep from falling.

"Nothing, sir—*nothing*! You ought not to have left your cabin when you are so sick!"

"Sick? I'm not sick!" said the merchant, flushing up with momentary excitement. "See; I am as strong as any man."

And he let go of the captain's shoulder and started to walk toward the taffrail. But he reeled and would have fallen to the deck had not Doctor Watson sprung forward and caught him in his arms.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the invalid, as the doctor steadied him to the seat which he had tried to reach.

"I should think Richard Mildollar had known me too long to ask that question. You knew me well enough when I pleaded with you, to save the life, or at least to comfort the death of your erring child!"

The old merchant shook, as if with an ague-fit.

"Yes, yes!" he muttered. "Yes, I know you, Watson; I know you, and you are here to add to my torment. Go on, go on; I am dying, and I know it. Go on, and persecute a dying man!"

"I do not wish to persecute you, Mr. Mildollar," said the doctor, kindly, "and if you are really so ill, all my professional skill and knowledge is at your service, freely."

"If—if I am ill?" said the other, impatiently.

"Can't you see that I am dying?"

"Not with bodily ailment, but a troubled mind," said the doctor. "If your mind was at rest, your body would soon recover."

"Wonderful, for a doctor. I believe you're telling the truth. Perhaps you can do more, and make my mind easy?"

The tone of the merchant was slightly sarcastic, as he said this, but Watson, apparently taking no notice of it, said:

"I believe your mind would be easier, if you recognized and adopted the lovely child of your dead daughter, who otherwise will remain a waif in the hands of strangers."

The face of the old merchant flushed up, and he evidently intended to make a bitter reply, when the first officer of the ship, who had been looking at the strange sail through his spy-glass, sung out:

"There go the devilish rascal's colors to his mast-head, and—by mighty—they're black, with the death's head and cross-bones!"

This sudden announcement brought a succession of hysterical screams from Mrs. Mildollar, fortunately followed by a fainting fit, in which she was carried below. Her hopeful son, with a low groan, preceded her, in a search for a hiding-place.

Of course, all was excitement on board now, but Captain Jones, seeming the coolest of all at once gave orders to take in the studding-sails, and put the helm down, to haul by the wind—determined, if possible, to get out of the vicinity of one who so boldly proclaimed his character. The stranger was yet between one and two miles distant, and as the Merlin was

new, and modeled with a design for speed, Jones was not utterly without hope of outsailing her in that breeze, if none of his spare were crippled.

"Haden't you better go below, sir?" he asked of the owner, as soon as he had time.

"No, sir; no, sir! I shall stay on deck. See that you defend the ship to the uttermost, sir, to the uttermost. She cost me sixty-five thousand dollars, sir; sixty-five thousand, sir, and isn't insured for a cent, sir; not a cent!"

"Insurance on her, or our lives, won't be worth much, sir, if that black devil gets alongside," said Captain Jones, gloomily. "Hand-spikes and belaying-pins are poor weapons to put against powder, lead, and steel."

"See, then, that she *doesn't* get alongside," said the merchant, testily.

"I shall do my best, sir, you may depend," said Jones. "My wife and children value my life more than they would all your wealth."

And he went forward to see that every sail was set to draw to the best advantage. As he did so, a heavy shot from the strange vessel came dashing through the foresail, just above the tack-blocks, and plunged heavily into the sea beyond.

"Faith, the devil seems to be in earnest. He manes something by that," said Tyrconnel, so earnestly, that the doctor could not restrain a smile. "I've a case of as pretty barkers as ever a gentleman faced at ten paces, in my trunk. I'll go and load 'em, for I may want personal satisfaction out of the fellow, by-and-by, if he acts so rough at first."

The schooner threw but one more shot, which cut away a topgallant back-stay, and pierced a hole in the mainsail, before she filled away, and hauled up on a wind in chase. Captain Jones anxiously watched now to see if she gained, and his despairing look as he went aft, told that she did.

"Why don't you make your crew ready for fighting?" asked Mr. Mildollar, impatiently.

"Resistance will be worse than useless, sir," replied the captain. "The crew of this vessel number but sixteen, all told; with the passengers, there are about thirty-five people on board, unarmed, while the deck of the schooner is black with men, a hundred at least, and twelve guns peep from her port-holes, while two long brass guns are mounted on pivots, forward and amidships. If we do not resist, the fellow may be satisfied with plunder, and spare life, which he will not be likely to do if we offer a useless opposition."

As this opinion was spoken in the hearing of his mates, and several of the passengers, they instantly coincided with the captain, and advised him to heave-to, and haul down his colors, for the schooner was gaining very fast, and would soon be alongside, at any rate.

"Do as you like, Captain Jones; do as you like," said the old merchant, testily. "But mark me, if you *do* give up, this is the last voyage you'll ever make for me."

"If my life is spared, it will be the last voyage I will ever make for any one," muttered the old man, as he ordered the helm put a-lee the mainyards thrown aback, and the colors to be hauled down.

Just as this was done, Tyrconnel came on deck with a superb pair of dueling pistols put in a belt, made out of a scarf, with the steward's carving-knife thrust in alongside of them, his coat laid aside, and a red bandanna bound in quite brigandish style about his head.

"They'll take you for the fighting captain of the ship, friend Terrence," said the doctor, with a smile, as he saw the outfit of his friend.

"And if they don't keep civil tongues in their head, maybe they'll find that I am all that," said the peer. "But what are they hauling down our colors for?"

"Because to resist will be madness—not to do so, may save us from everything but plunder."

"Everything but *plunder*? By the fame o' my grandfather, if they offer to plunder me, it's a fray gift of two ounces o' lead I'll put in the bargain."

"The *fray* might be as serious as the gift," said the doctor.

The schooner, which had head-reached the ship on the same tack, now came about and stood across her bows, so closely that, as she stood up in the wind, with her foretopsail aback, and her head-sheets hauled to the windward, she lay almost motionless on the weather-beam of the ship, about half a cable's length distant.

Her crew, a black and swarthy-looking set, apparently mostly Spanish and Portuguese, armed to the teeth, crowded her decks, and looked with undisguised and triumphant ferocity upon their apparently helpless victims.

In a few moments a quarter-boat was lowered and manned with a dozen armed men, and into this sprung a richly dressed person, evidently the commander of the schooner, by the respect paid to him. A few strokes of the oars brought the boat alongside of the Merlin, and followed by ten of his men, this individual sprung on board.

"Gerald Andros, by all that's wonderful!" uttered Mr. Mildollar, with a groan, for he had

risen from his seat, and tottered forward as far as the belaying-pin rack, around the mainmast, against which he leaned for support.

CHAPTER XIV. THE FREE ROVER.

"YES, Gerald Andros, Richard Mildollar—Gerald Andros—once a man and a gentleman; no, I err—once a slave to your will and wishes, but now a free rover of the sea, and your deadliest foe. You have looked for many a ship since I last left your presence, which you will never see again. I took care of the Dispatch, the Curlew, the Falcon, and the rest of them. You found my warning told in regard to the insurance, did you not?"

The merchant groaned, but made no reply.

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Captain Jones, wishing to know the worst at once.

"That depends on circumstances, Captain Jones. I would not be hard on you, for you were kind to me when I was a boy; and pirate though I am, I am not quite forgetful of the past. I am only what that heartless miser has made me. But your passengers are not all on deck; there is the she-mate to this old bear, and a cub of hers, whom I miss. You need not deny anything in regard to your passenger-list, or manifest, I have a copy of both. I left New York nearly twenty-four hours later than you did, and can give you papers to that date."

"Then you knew that I was on board?" said Dr. Watson, stepping forward.

"I did, sir; and for your nobleness on a certain occasion, have determined to spare this ship and her passengers from wrong or insult, on condition that Richard Mildollar gives me his check for her full value."

"By me sowl! he spakes like a jintleman!" muttered Tyrconnel.

"My right hand shall wither before I'll sign such a check!" said the merchant, bitterly.

"Then I shall only be obliged to take your precious body for security," said Andros, scornfully. "For the sake of two men who have been kind to me when they had the chance, the ship and her crew, and all of the passengers, shall go as free as air; but, if you do not sign the check I demand, which will be just 'prize-money' for my crew, I shall hold you and your brood for security. Captain Jones, I wish Mrs. Mildollar and her white-livered cub brought on deck."

"What does the dreadful pirate want with me?" asked the lady in person, for curiosity had got the better of fear, and she had ascended as far as the head of the cabin-ladder, backed by her Creole maid.

"The pleasure of looking at a true descendant of Jezebel," said the pirate, with a sneer. "Steward, bring a couple of chairs out here, for that woman and her husband."

"*That woman!*" almost shrieked Mrs. Mildollar. "I'd have you to know I'm a lady, sir!"

"Bring up that woman's cub, I want to see him, Jones. If you do not, I shall send a couple of my men after him, and he may find their hands rough."

"Oh, you needn't send after me; I'm here, Gerald; we used to be the best of friends, you know," stammered the brave Harry Corryell, as pale and trembling he came out from behind the voluminous skirts of his mother. "Don't you remember what sprees we've had together?"

"I don't remember, but I *suspect*, you double-distilled essence of rascality, that you got me stupefied on some drugged liquor, on the last occasion when I was in your company, and stole a letter from my pocket!" said Andros, bitterly.

"He didn't *steal* it from you! My brave Harry FORCED it from you!" almost screamed the indignant Mrs. Mildollar.

For an instant, the face of Andros grew black—black as a terrible thunder-cloud full almost to bursting with fire and water; every vein was swollen; and his eyes glared, and his frame quivered, as if, like a terrible beast, he was about to make a spring upon his victim.

"So," said he at last, in a low, husky tone—"so that letter was the cause of her being driven out from her home to perish—to die among strangers! Dog, you shall *die*!"

And he sprung at young Corryell with the ferocity of a tiger; but paused, as the latter sunk trembling on his knees and whined out:

"'Twas mother that made me do it! Don't hurt me—'twas mother's fault!"

"Death is too good for you—you shall live to suffer—to suffer all that a cowardly dog can suffer!" said Andros, bitterly. Then, turning to one of his men, he added: "Baptisto, tie that cur hand and foot, and toss him into the bottom of our boat."

"Oh, you shall not take my darling boy away from me!" screamed Mrs. Mildollar.

"You can go with him and witness his punishment," said Andros, with a sneer; then, turning to the merchant, he asked: "Will you ransom your vessel with a check for her value?"

"Yes, yes. I want to go home," said the

merchant, faintly, "I want to go home and die!"

"Help him to his cabin, Jones, and see that he makes out his check for the full value of the vessel. And remain here, too, till I come back. I am going on board to doctor Master Harry Corryell; he is sick, and must undergo a course of medicine!"

Saying this, he turned and followed his men, who were carrying away the young man, who was kicking, biting and screaming, struggling to get away—while his mother fought like a tigress, with teeth and nails, to help him. But, in a moment, he was tossed down into the bottom of the boat, and his mother found it convenient to faint again rather than to follow him—an opportunity to do which was again offered by Andros.

The pirate's boat pulled rapidly away, and soon was alongside of the schooner. The crew and passengers of the *Merlin* saw the young man passed up over her bulwarks, as if his body had been a bundle of goods; and soon after, though they could not see what he was suffering, they could hear him screaming miserably, and from the fiendish laughter of the piratical crew, they knew that he was suffering some brutal torture.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WILL.

THE old merchant had been below but a few moments when Captain Jones sent his steward up hastily for Dr. Watson, saying that Mr. Mildollar was very ill, and seemed to be dying.

The doctor, motioning for Tyrconnel to follow him, hurried below, where he found the merchant pale and gasping for breath.

To loosen his clothing and give him a stimulating restorative, was but the work of an instant; but his symptoms were very alarming, and he seemed to be aware of it—for as soon as he could speak, he gasped:

"I'm dying, doctor—I'm dying. God have mercy on me! I want—I must write a will. Is her—her child living?"

"Yes," said Doctor Watson, "and under kind guardianship. I saw her only a day before we sailed."

"Then write, write, and I will sign. I bequeath all my property—every cent—to my poor Adelia; for I have been deceived, cruelly deceived. Write, write, and I will sign!"

"He shall not—he shall not! It is a base conspiracy to rob me and my son of our rights!" screamed Mrs. Mildollar, suddenly recovering from her fainting-fit, though her maid had been for some time vainly laboring to restore her.

"Write, doctor, write, and as I told you!" gasped the merchant, sinking back upon the cot whereon he had been laid.

"He shall not. I'll scratch his eyes out. I only married you for your money, and it is mine—mine! I will have it!" screamed the maddened woman; and she rose to her feet, and tried to snatch the writing materials from the table.

"Madam, if you don't keep quiet, I'll have to show you that I'm captain of this ship, and confine you," said Captain Jones, sternly. Then, glancing at the merchant, and observing a fearful change in his face, he exclaimed:

"Heavens! doctor, he is dying!"

The doctor saw that the danger was imminent, and hastened to again administer a stimulant.

"Write—write quickly!" gasped the dying man, who had already made out the check demanded by Andros, and who, as soon as he could speak again, showed that justice at last was in his mind.

The good doctor needed no urging, and briefly, but strongly, he drew up the paper.

"Who shall I name as executors?" asked the doctor.

"Yourself and Captain Jones," gasped the merchant. "Be quick, and give me some more wine; I want strength to sign it!"

"It is done, and only needs your signature to make it legal!" said the doctor, as he gave him the wine.

Eagerly the old man seized the pen and affixed his name, which was witnessed by Tyrconnel and the steward of the ship. Then, as if satisfied that his last act was one of justice, he sunk back upon his pillow, and with a smile on his pale, wan face, went off into the sleep of death.

The doctor, who held his hand, had scarcely announced the fact, when the newly-made widow—whose eyes had been resting on the fatal paper—sprung forward and seized it, and would have torn it to atoms, had not both the doctor and captain seized and held her. Before the will was rescued from her hands, it was torn and injured, but not materially defaced.

"If she didn't wear a petticoat, I'd think she was a hyena!" said Tyrconnel, in disgust.

"You'll all think I'm one before I leave this ship!" she screamed. "I'm owner now; for he is dead, and his will isn't worth a snap!"

"Whether you are owner or not, I'm cap-

tain; and if you don't keep yourself within the bounds of decency, madam, I'll shut you up in your state-room, and feed you on bread and water. I've borne with your insolence too long already; and you have got to behave yourself now, or I'll make you!" said Captain Jones.

"Oh, you insistent wretch; I'll make you suffer for this when I get on shore."

"You'd better hold your tongue, madam, or your sufferings will commence long before you reach the shore."

The entrance of Gerald Andros, with a couple of his men, who bore the form of Harry Corryell, which they tossed on the floor at his mother's feet, probably saved a bitter reply from her lips; for she threw herself upon the body of her son, and screamed:

"You've murdered my boy—you've murdered my boy!"

"No, madam—only put him in a condition for your nursing. He has been playing with our cats on board, and got his back scratched some; and we've put his initials on his breast, so that the devil will know him when he gets below," said Andros, pointing to the letter "R" indelibly branded on his bosom. "He may thank his lucky stars for getting off so easy as he has. But I shall meet him again, and prove that my memory is as good as my will for revenge."

The young man groaned, showing thereby that some life was left in him.

"He confessed your whole devilish plot to drive poor Adelia away, and thus get all of her father's property. When I know how well you worked on the poor old man's passions, I can almost forgive his cruelty, and transfer all of my hatred to you."

"You must forgive him now, Andros," said the doctor. "He is past earthly hatred and wrong now."

"What, dead?" asked Andros.

"Yes; but before he died, he did this last act of justice."

And the doctor, as he said this, handed Andros the will for his perusal.

The bronzed face of the bold, bad man flushed up as he glanced over the document, and tears stole down over his cheeks.

"Doctor," said he, while his voice quivered—"doctor, I know that I am indebted to you for this. Heaven bless you! I never will forget you. His recognition of her as his grandchild will place her in society when she grows up, and I ask no more. I care not now when or where I die; I shall go contented, knowing that you will look to her welfare and interests."

"I would rather see you leave your present mode of life, and become a good citizen in some land where, your former career unknown, you might yet see the brighter side of life," said the doctor, with feeling.

"It is too late—too late!" said Andros, evidently affected.

"Here is your check, Captain Andros," said the commander of the *Merlin*.

"Were it not to satisfy my crew, who do not like to see a prize escape them, I should not take it," said Andros. "I am not a pirate by nature; what I am, that man made me!" And he pointed to the body of the merchant. "But," he added, "his last act redeems all. Farewell, doctor. Keep that will and look to her interests. We shall meet again."

"And we shall meet again, you monster!" cried Mrs. Mildollar, rising up.

"Undoubtedly, madam, after death! We are both bound for the same port, I expect," said Andros, coolly.

"I shall see you hung, you low villain!" cried Mrs. Mildollar.

"Your greatest misfortune, madam, would be the loss of your tongue. Rouge, pearl-powder, false teeth and hair, can remedy the loss of beauty, in a measure; but the loss of your tongue would be your ruin!" said Andros, as, with a graceful bow to the rest of the company, he turned and left the cabin.

"Oh, the wretch!" screamed Mrs. Mildollar, and she went off into another faint.

"The truth strikes home, sure," said Lord Tyrconnel, with a laugh.

"Do you mean to say that I paint, you Irish blackguard?—or that my hair and teeth are false, you wretch? Oh, how I wish I were a man!" screamed the lady, recovering as suddenly as she had gone off.

"I wish you were, by my faith! I'd wallop you like blazes, and tache you better manners!" said the young nobleman, turning on his heel and leaving the cabin.

Securing the will on his person, the doctor went on deck with the captain; for the latter, being now free to sail on his course again, wished to give the necessary orders to do so.

When they reached the deck the piratical schooner had already filled away, and was standing to the eastward; and the doctor was gratified to see that the ominous colors which had fluttered at her main gaff were no longer there.

The pirate captain stood by the taffrail of his vessel and waved a parting salute to the doctor with his hand, which the latter returned in a friendly manner.

CHAPTER XVI.

PLOTTING TO DESTROY.

"WHAT did the wretch do to you, my dear son—speak to your poor, distracted mother!" cried Mrs. Mildollar, as soon as the gentlemen went on deck.

"Do, do!" said the young man, bitterly. "They flogged me till I was raw and bleeding like a piece of new-butchered meat, and then poured salt brine on my back, and laughed while I howled in agony. Oh! curse that Gerald Andros—I'll be even with him yet! And then, not satisfied with more than half-killing me with the cats, he had to take an iron, red-hot, and burn a mark of shame so deep into my quivering flesh, that it can never be removed! Oh! let me once get him into my power! I'd not kill him—not at once; but I'd learn him how to torture. I'd show him that I'd not read 'Fox's Book of Martyrs' for nothing!"

"My dear, dear, dear son!"

"Don't dear me any more, mother. I am a devil incarnate now! They have whipped the boy out of me; and from this day on, I only live for revenge. I hate myself—hate everybody."

"Did you know that the old man was dead?"

"Is he? Then I'm glad of it!"

"But he made a will before he died."

"A will?"

"Yes, a will—giving all that he had to Adelia's child; for it appears that she had a child, and it is living."

"Fury! Nothing for me?"

"Not a cent. He utterly ignored the existence of either you or me."

"The law will not. You are entitled by that to a third."

"I do not want a third. I want all—we want all, and must have it. What else did I marry the old wretch for when I was in the prime and ripeness of my beauty, with scores of suitors for my hand?"

"How will we get all, mother?"

"How, I know not; but it must be done. The will must be got hold of and destroyed, then I will be his only legal heir, for Adelia was his last relative."

"But if the will is destroyed, the witnesses still live, and their evidence will kill our claim."

"They can die!" said the woman, in a hoarse whisper. "Oh! if we two could but save our lives, how gladly would I see the ship sink beneath all the rest. Harry, it must be done. You will be well enough to help me by the time we get upon the English coast."

"Yes, I am well enough now for such work," said the young man, trying to rise unaided.

But a fearful groan told how he suffered; and it was with the utmost difficulty that his mother got him to his bed, and there dressed his wounds as well as she could.

In this she met with but little assistance from Faralie, her maid; for the latter had heard all of their late conversation, though they knew it not, and felt horror-stricken at their threat to destroy the vessel and all on board but themselves.

And Faralie, who for a moment was so terrified that she fortunately kept silent, began to consider how she could best expose their design without injuring herself; for her pay was excellent, and she did not wish to lose her situation, if all hands got safely to the shore. But to get there, safely, would be out of the question, if the bold, designing woman and her son, mad for revenge, could work out a plot for the destruction of the vessel, and the salvation of their own persons.

It did not take Faralie long to choose who should be her confidant. She was rather a pretty Creole—would have been almost handsome, had not vanity and affectation caused her to over-dress, and put on too many airs; and had, as she well knew, attracted considerable attention from the young Irish peer, who—like the most of his countrymen—was an ardent admirer of the fair sex. To him, therefore, her thoughts at once reverted, as the one to whom she should reveal that which she had heard.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

It was evening; a soft and pleasant moonlight night, and the good ship was moving quietly over the trackless waters with a seven-knot breeze sleeping in the swelling canvas. The doctor and Tyrconnel were enjoying, as usual, their cigars and promenade on the top-gallant forecastles—for smoking aft was prohibited by rule as well as by their good manners—chatting over the occurrences of the morning, which had been sufficiently exciting to become a general theme for conversation among all on board.

"When will they bury the ould gentleman d'ye think, doctor?" asked Tyrconnel.

"In the morning, doubtless," replied Watson.

"To-day is the sailor's bad-luck day, isn't it—a Friday—and bad luck to my late memory, I ate mate for dinner!" said the Irish peer, with a laugh. "Sure, Father O'Dougherty will have a lecture half a mile long for me, when I tel

him the enormity of my so doing. But I may be as forgetful then as I was to-day, and—What the deuce is this?"

Tyrconnel's last expression was caused by seeing a small note fall at his feet, apparently dropping from somewhere above; for, on looking around, they could see no one, except a knot of old salts gathered around their beef-kid and tea-can, on the spar-deck right below them.

"Let it come from where it may, it's directed to me—'Lord Terrence Tyrconnel'—in a most mathematical hand, considering the angular shape of the letters."

"And the triangular form in which it is folded, something like a countersign in garri-son," added Dr. Watson. "It seemed to come from above—maybe an angel sent it," he added, with a laugh.

"It's from a woman—and that's the next thing to an angel," said Tyrconnel, as he opened the note.

"Sometimes," said Watson, dryly. "But when a woman is *not* angelic, she is apt to have a little of the devil in her disposition. But what is in the wind now?—you look as if you were reading your death-warrant, instead of a love-message from the disconsolate widow or her mahogany-colored maid!"

"By me sowl, if there's truth in this document, it's something worth while turning pale for! But it's marked *confidential*, and I suppose I ought to bould my tongue about it—at last, till I see the writer."

"May I ask who that is?"

"You may ask, doctor, but whether to answer you or not, when the writer trusts to my confidence, is another thing."

"Oh! do not think that I wish to intrude myself into your secrets!" said the doctor, in rather a severe tone.

"Intrude, did you say, doctor? INTRUDE! Sure, you didn't mane the word. There's not a saycret of my own in the wide world I'd hide from you. But this saycret is not my own, though it concerns you as much as it does me. But I must see the writer and then the matter shall be no saycret, as far as you and I are concerned."

"It will be all right—don't think me offended or over-curious," said Watson.

"Not a bit. But I must manage to see the writer of this note, accordin' to directions."

With this the young peer left the doctor, and was seen wending his way cautiously toward the cabin, appearing anxious to avoid observation. He was absent but a short time, and when he returned his countenance showed no abatement of his anxiety. Watson made no inquiries, but awaited the voluntary developments which Tyrconnel might make.

"The born divils!" was the first exclamation of the latter. "They're worse than the Feejee Islanders."

Doctor Watson smiled, but asked no question.

"They ought to be hung by the heels till they were dead, *dead*, DEAD! as the judge said when he sentenced Phelim O'Brien to death for killing a gentleman without timely warning of the same. And then God ought *not* to havy mercy on their sowl!"

Still, to the evident annoyance of Tyrconnel, the doctor asked no question.

"Just to think what they'd be afther doing, and all the same with them that have worked 'em no harm, as with them that have," continued Tyrconnel.

The doctor paid no heed even to this remark; but taking out a fresh cigar, proceeded to light it at the stump of the old one.

"What the deuce is the matter with ye, doctor?" said the peer, nervously.

"Nothing," said the doctor, quietly.

"Nothing? It's nothing ye'll say, and nothing ye'll ask, when you can see I'm almost burstin' with a saycret?"

"You chose to conceal your secret, at first, and I certainly shall not ask you to divulge it now."

"But I will—by me sowl, I will! The saycret's too heavy for me to kape all by myself."

"Then out with it," said the doctor, with a laugh.

"That ould catamaran—that ould she wolf in petticoats below, and her cub, are plotting to destroy the ship and all on board but their own two cursed selves, as soon as we get on the English coast, so that the ould man's will and witnesses will be out the way, and they can go back and inherit his property."

"Is that all?" asked the doctor, quietly.

"Is that *all*—ye omadhoun? Isn't that enough? By me sowl, doctor, you take it as cool as if ye were asked to take off a leg."

"What is the use of taking it otherwise? If we know their intentions, it will be easy to thwart them. But how did you learn this important news?"

"Why, the French girl, with a bit o' the nagur in her blood, has been lookin' rather swate at me for a few days past; and for the fun o' the thing, I gave back look for look, with a thrifle of interest, maybe. And so she thought I'd be a better friend in throuble, maybe, than anybody else on board; and so

she tould me, wid horror in her accents, and love in her eyes, that she'd overheard the ould Jezebel and her son planning to destroy the vessel and all on board but themselves, as soon as we made the English coast."

"Then, knowing this much, all we have to do is, to acquaint the captain of the plot, and get him to put the two intended criminals under arrest, from the moment we make land until they are safe on it."

"Faith, you've hit it, doctor! That was just what I thought 'twas best to do; and I tould the French girl with the little drop o' nagur blood in her veins, if she lost her situation, I'd put her in a better one!"

"You didn't hint that you'd make her Lady Tyrconnel, did you?"

"Doctor, jokin' is jokin', and I can give and take a joke as well as any man that wears boots; but, by my soul, if any other man had said as much as you did then, he should measure ten paces wid me before he slept, and see how well he could shoot at the distance!"

"I meant nothing serious in my remark," said Watson, smiling at the earnestness of the other.

"Didn't ye, now? Well, it's a consolation to hear you say so, doctor dear! And now if it's no ways inconvenyent, let us go below and tip the jug up a bit, and see if the cratur wouldn't make us both feel aisier in our minds."

To this proposition the good-natured physician made no objections; and they at once proceeded to carry it into effect.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BURIED AT SEA.

A BURIAL at sea! It is a strangely-solemn event generally: there is no hearse, with its waving plumes of raven hue; you do not hear the solemn tolling of the sacred bells; nor do the sobs of many mourners fall upon the still, moldy air, as they do in a churchyard's ghostly gloom.

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave, The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm," Are riot there.

But the deep cadence of the restless waves; the flapping of the canvas thrown aback; the dark, deep waters, ready to receive, and readier still to close over, the body to them given; the awe-stricken and silent crew, standing, hat in hand, while their chief reads the funeral-service—they are there; and make a funeral at sea more striking to a thoughtful mind than all the pomp and show of one on shore.

On the morning after his death, the body of Richard Mildollar, swathed in folds of canvas, was brought on deck for burial; for his widow made no request for its preservation, and let the blunt old captain have his own way in regard to it.

When it was brought up, with some show of decency, she and her son appeared with mourning on their forms, and handkerchiefs held to their tearless faces; but scarce a sigh, or even a hypocritical sob, could they get up while Captain Jones read the funeral-service; and though a cold shudder ran through many a frame, as the sullen plunge of the weighted corpse into the sea was heard, no quiver of feeling did they exhibit.

"Well, I'm glad it's over—by me soul I am! for I couldn't feel aisy with a dead man aboard!" said Tyrconnel to Watson, after all hands had left the gangway, and Mrs. Mildollar had gone below, assisting her half-crippled son.

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"I've a wakeness about dead folks that I can't git over; and it all comes from my old nurse, Norah Mitchell—bad luck to the only eye left in her head! She used to be always telling me ghost stories, when I was a brat of a boy, till she got me so skittish, that my shadow by moonlight would make me lape over a seven-barred gate. The little sense I got by nature tells me it's foolish to be bothered with such thoughts; but I can no more help it than I can help makin' love to a purty girl, when a cruel fate sets me by the side of one."

"I hardly thought the widow would show herself on deck," said the doctor.

"Faith, she's like an ould, neglected garden—proud of her weeds," said Tyrconnel. "And it's likely, as she hated the ould gentleman so sincerely, that she wanted to be sure he was put out of the way where he couldn't come again to bother her. And now, doctor, since she's got her mind aisy of him, we'd better be lookin' to ourselves; for she has sworn to get the will, and all who saw it signed, out of the way—so my little French girl tells me."

"I shall take good care of the will and my own person," said the doctor. "And with God's help, I'll see it executed; and I know Captain Jones will aid me to the best of his power."

"To be sure I will, doctor; but in what I don't know yet, till I learn the drift of your conversation," said the individual just alluded to, joining the two passengers.

"I was speaking of Mildollar's will, and my determination to see it executed to the last;

letter in favor of the helpless child of poor Adelia Mildollar."

"You shall surely have my aid there. Do you anticipate any trouble about it?"

"All that the she-dragon now in the cabin can give us."

"I wish she was overboard!"

"Amen! and that ould Satan had her by the tongue; for there he'd find the best bould to kape her fast by," said Tyrconnel.

"You had better inform the captain of your newly-discovered secret," said the doctor.

"Do it yourself, doctor dear. You're more glib with your tongue than I, without I've an extra drop of the cratur aboard."

The doctor smiled, and briefly informed the captain of the matter which had come to light through Faralie.

"They shall be watched—closely watched; and at the first open sign of their intention to do injury to the ship or us, they shall both know the comforts of double irons," said Captain Jones. "I'd confine them now; but without more proof against *them*, they might make a suit against *me* for false imprisonment; and I'd rather lose five years' wages than get into the clutches of an English court."

"Captain, dear," said Tyrconnel, "if it so plazes you, be silent as to the news you've just got, and where it comes from; for the French girl is a timersome craychure!"

"I shall be silent and cautious," said the captain. "And now, gentlemen, if you'll adjourn to my state-room, we will test the quality of some 'old rye' that I have there."

"The 'spirit moves me,' as the Quaker said to a half-emptied bottle, which stood before him, like a monument to the Queen of Sheba," said Tyrconnel, who seldom needed a second invitation to oil the channel of his throat.

He was, like the most of his countrymen, ready for everything that had fun or enjoyment in it—ready for a drink, a dance, or a fight—ready to quarrel, and as ready to make up again.

CHAPTER XIX.

"LAND HO!"

It was the twenty-second day out; and for that era, the sight of the English coast in twenty-two days after leaving New York, was a matter to brag of, and for much newspaper comment—the passage being shorter, in proportion to advantages, than a seven days' steamer-trip now. It was early in the afternoon of the twenty-second day, as I said before; and a man from the foretopgallant yard had just sung out that cheerist of all cries on ship-board—except in a gale—"Land, ho!"

And the captain, with an activity among the ropes which was astonishing for one of his years, had sprung aloft with his spy-glass slung over his shoulder; and now came down, with a pleasant face, saying that he'd seen the "Lizard"; and then he gave the helmsman a course for the "Channel," and told the chief mate to trim the sails so that everything would draw.

The cry of "land, ho!" had brought every passenger on deck; and among them came the widow and her son—a thing so unusual, that almost every eye was turned upon them. For young Corryell had made but two visits to the deck since the burial of Mildollar; and on both of those occasions, had been greeted by a singular mewing of cats from various forward parts of the ship; and the allusion to his late punishment was so pointed, that he could not face it. His mother, out of sympathy for him, and hatred for all the rest on board, had kept to the cabin with him, where their meals were supplied; for their company was not desirable to any one else on board.

But now, at the cry of "land, ho!" they came out of their retirement, and strained their eyes to look on the shore; but, as yet, it could be seen only from the mast-head.

"How far are we from the shore, Captain Jones?" asked Mrs. Mildollar, in a tone intended to be *very* gracious.

"Between twenty and thirty miles, ma'am!" said the captain, rather gruffly, but not with precise disrespect.

"How long will it be before we reach London?" asked young Corryell.

"We may never reach there!" said Jones, looking him keenly in the eye. "Some one may bore holes in the bottom of the ship, or set fire to the twenty kegs of powder stored in the after-part of the hold, or—What is the matter with *you*? You look more pale than you did after Gerald Andros got through with you!"

"I'm sick, mother—let us go below," said the young wretch, who, in turning from the gaze of the captain, found the eyes of Watson and Tyrconnel both fixed upon him with looks of suspicion, too strong for him to doubt. He felt in an instant that they knew all, and that whatever plan or plans he and his mother had made, or might make, on board the ship, would be frustrated.

"And when you go below, young man, you had better stay there until this ship casts her anchor in port. If you come on deck you *may* fall overboard. I think your health will be

best if you keep your berth, and your mother's, also, if she stays there to nurse you, and does nothing else!" said Captain Jones, pointedly.

"The impertinence of your advice is equal to its want of necessity!" said Mrs. Mildollar, haughtily, as she turned to the cabin ladder, and quickly disappeared.

"I hope that warning will suffice—if not, stronger measures shall be adopted!" said Captain Jones. Then calling to his chief mate, he said: "Mr. Marston, I wish you would detail a gang of three men, to relieve each other every three hours, to act as sentinels at the best cabin door. Send me trusty men, and I will give them their directions!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the mate; and he went forward to execute the order.

The wind was now fresh from the southward and eastward, and the good ship bowed along right merrily, under as much canvas as her spars could well bear.

"How long, with such a breeze, will it take us to run in?" asked Watson of the captain.

"If it lasts as it is, not much, if any, over twenty-four hours," said the captain. "The ship has run ahead of all my expectations. But I don't like the looks of the weather. There is a heavy bank off to the southward, which has been rising fast for twenty minutes. If the wind hauls around due south, we shall have more than a capful of it. The worst of it will be, that 'twill blow dead on shore; and if we cannot carry sail to haul off with, we will have a rough lee of it. But I shall make Eddystone light by dark; and if I find the wind hauling any more, I'll stretch over toward the Guernsey shore! But we'll hope for better luck."

"Come to my state-room," said Tyrconnel. "Come, doctor; you know there's welcome there."

"All our chances are lost!" said Harry Corryell, as he entered the cabin with his mother. "In some way they have overheard our plans, and now a watch will be kept upon us, and we can do nothing!"

"Nothing on board, it is true! But let us get on shore once, and if they escape us, neither wit nor money are worth much in England!" replied his mother.

"Money, mother? How much money have you?"

"About ten thousand that I have saved up; and I've secured the old man's pocket-book, with money and drafts to nearly double that amount!"

"Jupiter and Mars! Why, we can have a jolly good time in London, after all!"

"Before you think of 'jolly good times,' sir, it seems to me you had better aid me in my plans to destroy the will and witnesses, so that we can secure a fortune which will enable us to do as we please afterward. I should think that such an insult as you have just received, would rouse in you a spirit of revenge too strong to sleep while the insulter lived."

"I shall not forget it, mother—you need not fear that. With such a fund at our command, it seems to me we can almost do as we like in a city like London. I could get twenty throats cut for half the amount, in New York. And London can't be much of a city, if money can't work as well there."

"Hush! speak low, my son! We do not know who is listening—there are so many spy-holes about a ship which we do not understand. We will say nothing, nor will we attempt anything until we get on shore. It will not be safe for us to try it, for it is evident that we have no friends on board, except our servants."

"That's so; and I doubt whether they're to be trusted. We must be on our guard against every one."

The entrance of the steward to prepare their table for supper, put an end to this interesting conversation.

CHAPTER XX.

"BLOWING GREAT GUNS."

NIGHT came on, dark and tempestuous; and every seaman of the watch on board the Merlin drew his sou'-wester down firmly on his head as he looked to the windward, and buttoned his jacket close about his form; for he knew that, in nautical parlance 'twould "blow great guns" before his watch was out.

Eddystone light had just been made on the lee bow, and the vessel was staggering on under her topsails and courses, with as much as she could stand up under at that.

"You had better send down the royal and top-gallant yards, and house their masts, Mr. Marston!" said Captain Jones. "You may as well call all hands to do it, for we'll have to reef topsails soon. We must haul up off the land more, or we'll be atop of it before morning!"

"Ay, that we will, sir—the wind is a little to the eastward of south, and we've not got half the strength of it yet."

"That's so! Hurry up the men and get the ship snug as soon as you can. An extra tot of grog will nimbly them some, perhaps. Try it, at any rate!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" And the officer hastened to obey his orders.

Although very early yet, the night was so pitchy dark, that with the exception of the phosphorescent glare of the foam on the huge waves close aboard, and the red, shimmering, star-like appearance of the lantern on Eddystone, nothing could be seen a hand's-breadth beyond the ship. But sailors know where to place their hands as well in the dark as in daylight, on board ship. They can haul out an earing, or tie a reef-knot full as well—know where and how every rope leads where the masts fid—when to hoist and when to lower, and so far as duty is concerned, can work in the darkness as well as in the light.

The seamen, cheered on by the "extra nip," and the voices of officers whom they liked, worked with a will, and soon the taut upper spars of the Merlin were on deck, or housed aloft, and the sail reduced to double-reefed topsails and whole courses, forward and aft.

But as the captain gave her a course which laid her head more off the coast, and brought her nearly on a close-hauled bowline, she had all that she could stagger under, and pitched into the ugly Channel-sea with a spitefulness which made every timber quiver and creak.

"How does she weather it, captain?" asked Watson, an hour or two later, as he crept up alongside of Jones, who—wrapped in his tarpaulin sea-clothes and hooded in his southwester, stood holding on to one of the guards of the binnacle, anxiously watching the compass. The glare of the binnacle-light falling on his careworn and anxious face, and on the two stout seamen who had all they could do to keep the ship steady with the wheel, and on the face of the good doctor, who, in lieu of his hat, which he could not keep on his head, had tied a red bandanna there, while the spray was dashing over them, and the wind straightening out every hair it reached—all of this formed quite a picture; such a one as many an artist would joy to catch, if he could but get the opportunity. Expression, attitude, deep shadows, and perilous position, all combined.

"How does she weather it, captain?" again asked the doctor; for he was not understood by the old man when he first spoke, such was the turmoil of wind and water.

"None too well, doctor—none too well! She's too sharp for this head sea, without flare enough forward to lift her over the rollers. She buries and sags to leeward. I've been in hopes I could get over under the lee of Jersey or Guernsey, but the wind keeps hauling more to the eastward; and I'm afeared we'll have it rougher yet before morning! But say nothing to the passengers—I don't want them alarmed. I can take care of the ship a blessed sight easier than I can take care of scared men and women!"

"Do not fear. This is not my first storm at sea," said the doctor, quietly.

"Hold hard, or 'twill be your last!" said the captain, quickly, as a huge sea came toppling in over the weather-bow, threatening to sweep all before it. And at the same instant that it poured its torrent over the drenched decks, a dark form was seen struggling in the foam which swept past the cabin door, and was bearing it over the lee quarter, when the doctor, holding fast by a guy-rope which held the spanker-boom to its place, reached out and grasped it. A confused sputtering out of words and salt water were heard, as the doctor drew the form toward him; and when, after the sea had passed to leeward, the form regained its feet and power to talk, Watson was delighted to find that he had saved his friend, Tyrconnel.

"Doctor, dear, you've saved my life, by the powers! and it's meself that's a thousand times obliged to ye for the same! But will you answer me a scientific question?"

"Certainly; but this is neither a very good time nor place for scientific discussion."

"Don't you consider me a patient under hydropathic treatment?"

"You bear the application of water very cheerfully," replied Watson, with a laugh.

"Was that a regular *douche*, or only a bit of a wash?"

"It came near washing you overboard."

"But they say, 'a miss is as good as a mile,' doctor dear; and a handsome miss is a hape better than a mile, if you walk the distance in her company. But, I say, doctor, do you think salt water is good for the stomach?"

"Yes, sometimes. It acts purgingly, and as an emetic."

"Purgingly? By the powers, it's as bitter as purgatory; and I shouldn't wonder at its quality. Don't you think a dose of good brandy would rectify it?"

"In your case, I think sixty drops of brandy might be prescribed with safety," said the doctor.

"And I'll not proscribe the size o' the drops—the bigger the better, as Phelim O'Toole said, when he heard that Barney Mucklave, the ould Croesus, of Dublin, would give his daughters their weight in gould for a dowry!"

With a little more care than he had used when he came on deck, Tyrconnel now retreated toward the cabin, followed by the doctor; for

he had insisted upon the latter supervising the mixing and effect of the proposed medicine—suggesting a thing almost unheard of: that the doctor should swallow a portion of his own prescription.

CHAPTER XXI.

FARALIE.

THE night passed away, but the weather did not improve; and the anxious old skipper still remained at his post which he had not left during the long, weary hours of darkness. The wind had risen so that he had been obliged to furl the courses and close-reef the top-sails; and now, under the latter three, and the fore-storm-stay-sail, the ship was doing all she could. But, as he had told the doctor the night before, her build, though it "told" for speed in smoother water, was too sharp, and lacked "bearings" for a rough sea. She made but little headway, and her leeway was immense.

"If she drags off this way, we'll see rocks before night," said Captain Jones, in a low tone to his mate, as he drank off a glass of hot rum-toddy, for which he had just sent.

"Well, sir, I'd rather see them in the daytime than the night, if we *have* to see them! If we knew exactly where we were, we might run down for a harbor. There's Plymouth somewhere under our lee, I expect."

"Maybe, yes; but all as likely, if we were to run off, we'd see the Bill of Portland or Saint Alban's Head, or some other place to butt the ship's brains out on."

"I'd not care if we made Saint Alban's Head. We could find a lee then behind the Isle of Wight."

"Yes, if we had a pilot on board; but 'tis a rocky region to venture into without one."

"I think I'd risk my knowledge there, sir. I was shipped for a year or more in a yacht that used to cruise about there, and I don't think I've forgotten much of what I learned in them days."

"Well, we may have to trust to your knowledge, Mr. Marston. You can take charge of the deck while I go below to get a bite of breakfast."

While this conversation was going on between the captain and the mate, a more interesting one was being carried on by Mrs. Mildollar's *femme de chambre* and Lord Tyrconnel.

The poor girl, terrified dreadfully by the plunging of the ship, had come up from below, and now clung to the weather-side of the ship, just forward of the mainmast, where Tyrconnel had fixed himself to enjoy a cigar.

"Oh, mi lord," said she, in broken English, "is not zis ver dangereuse? Will we evare see ze land once more?"

"Oh, yes, my girl—providing the salt spray don't wash the eyesight away from us."

"Oh! how my head sweems!"

"No fear of your body sinking if your head swims."

"Oh, mi lord, how can you be so foony when zere is so much of ze danger?"

"It's the nature of me, my girl. I expect to joke with the praste or doctor when I am dying. They say the first thing I did when I was born was to pull my father by the nose. The ould gentleman was delighted when I did it; for he said I was the true Tyrconnel stock, who'd pull the nose of anybody that insulted them. How does the ould catamaran below and her son get on?"

"Zey are very still, mi lord. Zey suspect zat ze capitan have discovere all, and zey will be circumspect until zey get to ze shore. Zen zey will try to do zeir best to do zeir worst. Zey are bad peoples. I shall be glad when I shall be wiz zem no more."

"I hope, Mam'selle Faralie, you'll stay with them for awhile—at least until the doctor is ready to embark for America again, for only through you can we know of their plans, and prepare to thwart them."

"Whatevare mi lord desire poor Faralie to do, zat she will do. Her life is at his disposal!" said the warm-blooded Creole; and her great black eyes told that indeed she would be willing to lay down her life for him; for life and love, with most of her people and class, are but one.

"And for fear that our intimate acquaintance should beco e known to the ould catamaran, our interviews ought not to be frequent," said Tyrconnel. "But you can write and let me know of anything new, without attracting so much attention."

"May I write to mi lord whenever I desire?" asked Faralie.

"Certainly, my dear."

"Ah, zat permission shall make me very happy—very much content, and I will now go to my room. But, mi lord, if ze sheep shall sink, will you remembre poor Faralie?"

"To be sure I will, and save you or perish in trying," said the warm-hearted peer.

"Ah, I sank you, mi lord—I sank you very much," and the young Creole, with a tear-drop glittering like a pearl in ebon setting in either eye, left him and went into the cabin.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

As the day wore on, the wind increased, and by noon the captain, sadly against his will, was obliged to take in his topsails and put the ship under a close-reefed spanker, main and fore staysail—for he dared not leave her to with the shore so close under his lee as he knew it must be. Often, during the day, either he or the chief mate was seen to go as high as the main-top, and there to look with the glass to leeward, and as often as they did so without seeing land the very cheerfulness of their looks told it, without a word being uttered.

It was an hour or two after noon when the captain and chief mate—having been below to dine, leaving the second mate in charge—came on deck, that a man who had been sent to the foremast head to secure the lashings of the top-sail-yard, which had been placed as an extra security to the “slings,” came aft to the captain, and said, in a low tone:

“There’s land dead ahead, sir. I thought you might not like to have everybody know it, so I didn’t sing out.”

“You did right, George—very right. Go to the steward and tell him to give you a glass of my best brandy.”

“Ay, ay, sir—thank you, sir.”

“Stop a moment, George. Could you see no land on the lee bow, nor abeam?”

“No, sir, not a sign of it.”

“Very well. Go and get your grog and keep still about what you have seen.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“What land do you think it is, sir?” asked Marston.

“Prasole Point. It can’t be anything else, to be ahead of us while we are on this course.”

“And we are drifting down bodily into the rocky bight to the westward of it.”

“Precisely.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to wear, and try to head off on the other tack?”

“That would bring Eddystone, and the cursed rocks thereabouts under our lee. We must put more canvas on her, and weather the point.”

“She’ll not stand it, sir!”

“She must—or *drag* it!” said the captain. “Call all hands to splice the main-brace, and then get the topsails on her one by one—beginning aft, so as to make her hug up to the wind all she can.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” said the mate; and while he hastened to execute these orders, the captain quietly went aloft, with his glass, to examine the new danger.

He saw, the moment that his eye caught the point, that he was right as to the locality; and when he also observed that the vessel, luffing as much as possible, could only head about four or five points to windward of the rocky promontory, then not more than sixteen or eighteen miles ahead, his heart almost sunk within him; for, once fairly embayed to the westward of the point, where there was no harbor or safe anchorage to be found, he knew that his case would be desperate.

“Keep her a good, clean full, and let her go through the water,” said he to the helmsman, as he came aft and looked at the compass once more.

By this time the men had got their grog, and were busy in sheeting home and hoisting the mizzen topsail. They rather wondered at the skipper’s apparent rashness in carrying so much sail—for he had the reputation of being careful—but the wonder of sailors at anything done by their superior is generally locked within their own breasts, and they obey orders without questioning the wisdom of those who give them.

The gale was so strong, that it took the whole force of the vessel over an hour to get the three topsails reefed as they were set—a work which in moderate times would not have occupied ten minutes. And when the canvas was on her, being kept full, the ship made more head and less lee way; but she plunged fearfully into the tremendous sea—seeming at times as if she would pitch the spars bodily out of her, or that they would strain and rend the creaking hull apart. But on she went, diving into the sea and throwing the spray higher than her tops, while the men clung to the standing rigging and rails, shaking themselves like dripping water-dogs as the ship rose from her successive drenchings, and bearing their duckings with that good-humor which almost always characterizes the sailor, while *grog* and *gruel* is plenty, and he meets with kindness from his officers.

Not more than an hour or an hour and a half after sail had been made on the ship, the bold, rough headland was in full sight from deck. And the ship had weathered even better than the captain had hoped, for with a clean full in her sails she made less lee-way; and as the point still lay under the lee-bow, he hoped to clear it if he could keep the canvas on his craft. The stanch old commander stood quietly by the helmsmen, watching now the compass, then the weather-lift of the sails, then

squinting away to leeward to see how the land lay.

“Will she go by, sir?” asked the mate, who had been forward, getting up relieving-tackle to ease the strain on the spars.

“As much as ever, but I think she’ll *do* it!” was the reply. “Luff there!”—(to the helmsmen)—“luff when the gale freshens, and ease her a little when it lulls!”

The sight now began to be as grand as it was painfully interesting. The great gray rocky point lifted its adamant head high in air, but scarcely so high that the foam from the monster waves which broke along its base, did not reach the top. Every eye on board was fixed on the peril—every heart was almost hushed in its throbbings, as each moment brought them nearer to the danger. Even Mrs. Mildollar and her graceless cub had come on deck; and pale, trembling and breathless, they stood with the rest, as the ship dashed on closer and closer to the point.

Calm in appearance, but in truth fearfully anxious in his deep responsibility, the captain stood by the lee-helm; for he had grasped the wheel himself, and calculated the chances. The roar of the breakers now sounded louder than the gale, and a few moments would seal their fate—they would be safe or lost; for there was no hope for a single life if the ship should strike.

On she plunged—the point was almost passed, when the face of the high rock seemed to beat back the gale, and the canvas flapped idly against the spars.

“God have mercy on us—we are lost!” groaned the brave captain.

“God have mercy on us—we are lost!” was the moan of many a heart.

The wild, jagged rocks—the seething breakers were before them. *Death* was there, with his great raven wings hanging cloud-like above them.

A monster wave lifted the helpless ship toward the rocks; she was almost upon them when some strong, unseen power seemed to slide her back from them; another wave lifted her in; but again she slid back, and the next wave hove her clear of the point and beyond it.

“Thank God for the under-tow! Ha! ha! ha! Thank God for the under-tow!” screamed the captain, and he fell senseless on the deck of the vessel; for with the peril passed his strength also.

It was true; the strong under-tow had alone saved them from a fearful fate. And now the ship, with wind enough to again give her head-way, forged ahead with a clear sea before her—heading a course which would take her under the lee of the Isle of Wight, if the gale made it necessary to run in. Doctor Watson had the captain carried below, where he could properly attend to him; while Mr. Marston gave the vessel a course, and looked over the chart to see what harbor he could now make, if the storm did not abate.

And the crew and the passengers still remained silent; for the peril of death had been so imminent that its memory clung like a wintry shadow unto them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN LONDON.

“WELL, doctor dear, here we are at Mynert’s—here in the great city of London at last, and the dangers of the salt, salt say are over!” said Tyrconnel, just one week later than the events narrated in our last chapter.

“Yes, and I am heartily glad of it!” said Watson. “If poor Jones was only well, I should be happier.”

“Isn’t he past all danger, doctor dear?”

“All danger of death is over—immediate death at least. But I fear that it will be long before his reason is completely restored. That was a terrible shock for him, and strange, too, in one who had been used to danger from his boyhood. But I hope he will soon come around. I have given orders to have him brought to our hotel, where I can more constantly attend to him, and he will be more comfortable than on board ship!”

“That’s a good idea, and like the kind heart that bates in your bosom, doctor dear.”

“Have you heard where the she-dragon and her whelp have put up yet?”

“Yes; I got a note an hour ago from my little French girl. And singular as it may seem, the old catamaran whom you call a she-dragon, has put up at the St. George and Dragon, feeling a liking for the baste’s last name, most likely.”

“Does she speak of returning to America?”

“Yes, she speaks of it, but you know when a woman speaks one thing, she almost always means another.”

“Poh, friend Terrence; I am astonished to hear you talk of the sex in that way! I thought you were almost a woman-worshiper!”

“Not so bad as that, doctor dear—not so bad as that, quite. Not to deny a small likin’ I have for the swate craychures, but it’s for their very contradictions I like ’em. If one of ’em says she hates the sight o’ me, I know she don’t; if she says she doesn’t care a mite for me, I know she almost loves the ground I tread upon. Och,

if it wasn’t for her contradictions, a woman wouldn’t be worth the time a man spends with her!”

“Well, you may be partially right,” said the doctor, with a laugh.

“Well, if I’m partially right, it’s full allowance for an Irishman.”

“When will you leave for your estates?” continued the doctor.

“Not while that auld catamaran is in your vicinity, doctor! I’ve a boding that she’ll try to give you trouble; and Terrence Tyrconnel is the boy that wouldn’t be absent from you in that hour for a ship-load of yellow gould. When your business is done, and you’re safe-shipped for America and beyond the ould hyena’s reach, I’ll feel contented, and turn my head toward my home in ould Killarney. Till then, I’m your shadow, doctor! Not a word—I’m as deaf as an adder to anything you say against it!”

“I am sure I shall not oppose you in your kind intentions,” said the doctor. “Although I do not fear the machinations of Mrs. Mildollar, I value your company as much as I would that of a brother.”

“Faith, you’re more than a brother to me—you’re a brother, and a mother to boot! But excuse me a bit, doctor; I must go and write a note to the little French girl. It won’t do to neglect her, for she’s a spy on the enemy, you see.”

And with this excuse, the worthy young peer left the room, whistling “Erin-go-Bragh” as he went.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN A THIEVES’ DEN.

No city in the world, not even the Gomorrah of America, New York, can vie with London in its number of low and infamous dens—in its dark and dangerous corners.

In one of the many smoky kennels of Saint Giles, a dark and dreary tap-room, redolent of the smell of bad gin and worse tobacco, and lighted miserably—some half-dozen rough-looking persons were seated by a greasy table in front of the bar, playing cards. Long pipes were in their mouths, and glasses before them, which were filled, when empty, from a black bottle, which stood near at hand.

“I’m three times, cap’n—low, jack, and the game!” said a one-eyed, red-haired giant, whose face looked as if it had been traveled over by sharp-shod horses, it was so full of cuts and slashes.

The man he addressed as captain looked a trifle more decent than the rest, so far as dress was concerned; but yet he was a ruffian as well as they. That could be plainly seen.

“So you are! That puts you hout, and I’m stuck for the lush! You’re in luck, Red Slasher!” cried the captain.

“For once in my life; and it’s a’most time!” said the other, with a coarse chuckle, as he tossed off a glass of raw gin.

Another “hand” was being dealt out, when a noise of approaching footsteps caused every one to raise their eyes in the direction of the door.

Two persons entered. One of them had the rough, hang-dog look which generally betokens the low villain—the face of the other was partially concealed by a slouched hat, and his figure muffled in a rough overcoat. But the glitter of a jeweled breastpin and gold chain, as well as a finger ring, told that, disguised though he was, it was not likely that he belonged to the gang that had made that “boozing-ken” (or drinking-place) their head-quarters.

“Who’ve you got with you, cadger?” asked the one known as captain. “Aren’t you break-in’ the rules, my swell cove?”

“Not without reason, cap’n! This ’ere cove wanted to see you, and tipped the blunt, so I brought him!” said the cadger.

“Who is he? A spy of the coppers? On or off the cross?”

“Neither the one nor t’other. But ’tain’t his fault if he’s honest! It’s honly his education w’ot’s to blame. But show yer figure-head, sir, and do your own pattering. I’m as dry as a suckin’ ben!”

The stranger took off his hat and threw open his coat, revealing the face and form of Harry Corryell. He was a little pale, for fierce eyes were glaring upon him, and rough men were around him, who were, as he well knew, so steeped in crime that to commit one was a pleasure—to avoid one, a difficulty.

“What do you want with Captain Barrington?” asked the captain, after he had measured his visitor’s caliber with a single, searching glance.

“Your services in a matter of importance!” said Corryell, tremulously.

“You know who and what I am?”

“Yes, the terror of—”

“Enough, sir!” said the captain, roughly.

“If you know, that’s enough, without telling of it.”

“Have you got plenty of blunt to pay me for work? I don’t do jobs for nothing!” he continued.

“Money, you mean?”

“Yes, what else?”

"I have plenty of it. There's a specimen!" and Corryell tossed a purse of gold down within reach of the captain, who took it up, weighed it with an air that showed considerable practice in such matters, and then put it in his pocket.

"That's talking up to the pint. Sit down and have a glass o' lush and let's know what's wanted—whose wizen is to be cut, or what crib cracked!"

"These people here?" said Corryell, looking around the room.

"They all belong to me! You needn't be afeard o' them! Look out there, Panel-Dick—let the gentleman's wiper alone, or I'll maul your cocoa-nut for you!"

This last remark was addressed to a ragged little urchin of not over five years old, whose name was probably given in consequence of his use in being shoved through a broken panel or window pane into a house to unlock its doors. The little rascal had very dexterously removed Corryell's handkerchief from his pocket, and as in obedience to the captain's repeated order, he handed it back to the owner, he sniveled out:

"I bonny did it to keep my 'and in!"

"Well, there's no 'arm done, younker, so you needn't get briny about it, but keep your 'ands bout of the pockets of your friends! And pickin' pockets is a low business for a cracksman! You hought to be habove it, if you are but a kid! Your dad would have walloped you if he'd ha' caught you doin' such ha'penny business!"

"Dad's lagged, and gone up, and can't wallop me no more!" said the young hopeful.

"But 'ere's one wot can!" said the captain. "You musn't forget that I'm your *gardeen*. He's a queer 'un!" said the captain, rather apologetically, to Corryell. "His father was the best cracksman in Hingland; but he liked his lush too well, and the coppers cotched him napping! So they took him, and he was lagged!"

"Lagged? What's that?" asked Harry.

"Bless my heyes! 'Ow hignorant the man is," said the captain, in surprise. "Why, he was took and 'ung! 'Ung by the neck till he was as dead as a froz-n cricket!"

"Ah—I see—I see!" said Harry, comprehending the term now.

"If you'd rather make your business known to me halone, there's a hinner room in the 'ouse where we can be by hourselves for a bit," continued the captain.

"I had rather; and, in the mean time, let your men order a bowl of punch, at my expense!" said Corryell, throwing down a piece of gold on the table.

"They never drinks no such weak stuff as punch," said Barrington, with unequivocal disdain. "We cracksmen go in for pure lush, and never water our grog. But your meanin' is all as good, and they can pitch into the blue-ruin, while you make me hunderstand wot you want. Here, Panel-Dick, here's my pipe for you to finish."

"I've got one o' my hown, old 'un," said the precocious youngster, showing a pipe, at which he was already whiffing with all the gravity of a Comanche chief.

"He's a game 'un, if he is little," said the burglar chief, as he led the way to the inner room of which he had spoken. "He'll make a tip-top cross-man, if he grows up as he's begun. He can creep through a seven-by-nine pane o' glass now, and there's not a handier chap at a lock in the three kingdoms. He hunderstands all sorts of 'em. If he don't get too fond of lush, like his dad, he'll be an invaluable—he will."

"I should think he was in a fair way for distinction in this line," said Corryell, as he followed Barrington in.

CHAPTER XXV.

HARRY CORRYELL'S NEW ASSOCIATES.

AFTER an absence of full an hour, Barrington returned with Corryell to the smoky tap-room. The company had been increased by a dashing-looking girl, whom the captain addressed as "Phone"—it being an abbreviation of the more classical name of Sophronia.

She had a bold, dashing style of beauty, quite new and very attractive to young Corryell; and as she was dressed in really handsome style, he bowed very low when Barrington introduced him as a "young Hamerican wot had business with him."

"That's a love of a ring on your finger," said the lioness to Harry, pointing to a cluster of brilliants on his little finger.

"Do you think so? I should be glad to have you accept of it," said he.

"Seeing that you're an American, I will," said she, with a gracious smile.

"You like Americans then, do you?"

"Yes; they're so precious green," she said, as she transferred the ring to her finger with the grace and air of a queen—a comedy queen, I mean."

Corryell was a little abashed by the remark; but so sweet a smile accompanied it that he began to feel as if his ring was not utterly thrown

away, and he asked her if she had ever visited America.

"Oh, yes!" said she; "I was in New York a little while. I boarded at the 'City' with my servant."

"You look very young."

"To be sure I do; and handsome, why didn't you add? I know it. We English women know how to take care of ourselves; but your poor, pale Yankee girls don't!"

"Hold on your chaffing a bit, Phone, and let me get in a word hedgeways!" interposed the captain. "Where's Gentleman Bill—does any of you know?"

"I 'eard 'im say as 'ow he was goin' to the hopera," said Panel-Dick.

"Then he has gone to the hopera? Phone, couldn't you git in there and tip him the wink, and let him know he's wanted 'ere? I've some 'otel work for him to do, for this gentleman, and he's just the chap to do it."

"Yes—I can go there! I'd like to see the place I couldn't get into, or get out of!" said the amazon. "Give us a taste of French brandy, Cap, and I'm off."

The captain smiled grimly, and went after the particular liquor she demanded; and she had time to turn her attention to Corryell again, apparently determining to finish the conquest she had commenced to make.

"Where d'ye put up at, young gentleman?" she asked.

"At the 'St. George and Dragon' hotel. My mother and myself stop there with our servants," said Harry, laying a stress on the word servants.

"Oh, your mother is along to take care of you, is she? Well, maybe I'll drop in to see you. If I do, remember, I'm Miss Coutts, the daughter of the rich banker. Don't forget it, or I'll forget you."

Harry stammered out a hope that she would neither forget him nor fail to call.

"Yes; I may 'ave to send her on business!" said the captain as he brought a bottle of brandy to the table.

"Come drink to me," said, or rather sung, the siren, as she poured out some of the liquor for herself, and filled a glass for Harry.

The latter, scarcely thinking of the strength of the liquor, drained his glass at a breath, nearly strangling himself in so doing.

"Now," said the girl, "if you're done with the captain, young man, I'll take you to your hotel. My carriage is just a couple of squares off."

"Don't fail to let me know the moment you've got his papers," said Corryell, in a stammering tone, which showed that he felt the liquor he had swallowed.

"I sha'n't; and mind that you 'ave the blunt ready to pay for the first job. When that's done, we'll know what to hexpect from you, hafterward!" said Barrington.

"The money shall be ready, sir," said Harry.

"Come along—come along, stupid! Don't you know it's shockingly vulgar to keep a lady waiting?" cried the girl, fairly dragging him off.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROBBED!

"WHAT the devil is the matter, doctor, dear?" cried Tyrconnel, a couple of mornings after they had located at Mynert's, as he rushed almost breathlessly into Watson's room. "What's the matter? The waitin' boy says you've sent for me, and that you're actin' like a crazy man, and swearin' like a tipsy praste!"

"I've been robbed! My trunks were broken open last night, right here under my very nose, while I slept, and every dollar I have with me, as well as my papers, taken!"

"And are you fretting about the money, doctor, dear?"

"Who would not? a stranger in a strange land!"

"Not yourself, sure, when my heart jumps with gladness at the chance to have it in my power to serve you!" cried the warm-hearted peer. "I'm at home in the money line, and a thousand pounds or two, or more yet, lies in my banker's hands, askin' in all the eloquence of silence, for a free circulation; and if you don't help me to circulate it, you're not a blood doctor! Mind that, will ye?"

"I thank you for your kind offer; but the loss of my papers is more than that of my money."

"Your papers? Was the will among 'em?"

"To be sure it was."

"And then, don't you see the secret of your robbery?"

"No; do you?"

"To be sure I do; even if I am half blind with fun and folly. That old catamaran, the widow, is at the bottom of all this. She's been and hired some thafe to get the will for her. That job over, she'll get us *burked*; and then she'll be ready to go back to swate Ameriky."

"Get us *burked*? What do you mean?"

"Get us properly prepared for anatomical subjects. Laid out to cool on a board, d'ye see? When the witnesses to the will are dead, and she has burned up the documents, what's to

hinder her from going back and being the queen o' fashion, and leader of the ton."

"Nothing. But what ought I to do, Terrence?"

"First, I'd advertise, with a liberal reward for my papers; sayin' that the gentleman that borrowed it was welcome to the money, and should have more for the papers; and I'd add, that no questions would be asked. Now all the papers will come but the will; and if that doesn't come, you'll know sure that the old she-dragon is at the bottom of the matter. In the mean time I'll get one of the police-detectives to work in concert with us, and maybe we'll hole the old fox before she's made half the run she thinks to do."

"Your advice is good, and I will follow it. And until I command funds of my own, I shall have to ask your aid."

"Take my pocket-book, doctor, I'll have another within an hour, and—"

"A lady wishes to see Lord Tyrconnel in his own apartments," said a waiter, entering.

"A lady! Is she handsome, my lad?"

"As good-lookin'—barrin' the color o' sherry wine that her face has, my lord—as any girl that ever throd a minuet," said the servant—who, being from the "ould sod," knew the worth of beauty.

"It's my little French girl. I'll have news for you, doctor, in the time that it takes an ould shape to shake his tail."

And the eccentric peer followed the waiter in a moment.

He was not long gone. He came back in fifteen or twenty minutes, and the doctor at once saw that he had news to communicate, and gratified him by asking for it.

"D'ye mind that I said the ould catamaran had a hand in the robbery?" asked Tyrconnel.

"Yes; have you proof of it?" replied the doctor.

"Not exactly proof, but strong circumstantial evidence; and that's hung many an innocent man."

"Well, in this case, what is it?"

"Why, the young fox went out early last night at the bidding of the ould one, and he was brought home as drunk as a beast in the carriage of a woman, and his watch and breast-pin were on him when he was lugged out of the carriage, and up to his room."

"Well, what do you make out of that?"

"That he'd been among thaves, and has consorted with 'em."

"How so?"

"Because he wasn't robbed. You know the ould adage, that 'there's honor among thaves.' Well, you see, he'd been among 'em, thafe as he was, and most likely paid 'em beforehand for robbing you; after that they asked him to drink with 'em somethin' stronger than lemonade, and it floored him. Well, one of them brought him home safe; so you see that he'd linked himself with 'em in some way, or they would have stripped him as close as a goose for the roast."

"There seems to be reason in your idea."

"To be sure there is. And moreover, Mam'selle Faralie says the ould lady is as happy as a clam at high water, and received a visit from a young lady, who hadn't a lady's ways with her, this morning; and that the carriage the lady came in was the same that brought master Henry home last night; and after she had stayed awile, she took master Henry out riding with her; and he hasn't come back yet. Now isn't that quite a batch of news for my little French girl to bring?"

"Yes, if your surmises are correct. But I will at once prepare the advertisement for the morning paper and get it off to the office."

"And I'll order a cab and run over to Bow street to see the professional thafe-catchers."

"I don't know how to reward you for so much kindness, friend Terrence."

"Oh, bother; don't be spakin' of the little that I'm able to do. If I'd the luck to break my leg, or catch the small-pox, wouldn't you do as much or more for me? Good luck to ye, till I come back."

CHAPTER XXVII.

GENTLEMAN BILL MAKES A DUPLICATE.

IN a private, and far better furnished room in the same building in which the tap-room was situated, when we introduced Captain Barrington and his associates, the last named individual sat, early on the morning following his first interview with young Corryell.

The room had more the appearance of a poor lawyer's study, than any thing else; for various law books were scattered about it; there was a desk with writing materials in abundance; and quite a variety of old clothes hung here and there.

Captain Barrington, sat with his feet on the fender, before a cheerful fire, holding in one hand a bright tumbler of hot brandy and water, and in the other the morning paper.

A peculiar signal given by one heavy and three very light knocks on the door, took his attention from the paper, and raising his dark eyes, cried out:

"Come in on the cross, whoever you may be!"

The door was opened from without, and a young man dressed in a quiet, genteel style, such a one as might become a student of divinity, or a young apothecary, just "set up" for himself entered; and, with the most unobtrusive air, took a chair, and cast a longing eye toward the table near the captain's elbow, where a black bottle, a pitcher of smoking water and a sugar-bowl, suggested the contents of the glass which the captain was sipping so pleasantly.

"Eh yourself, Gentleman Bill, eh yourself, and then report progress!" said the captain, as he laid the paper upon his knee, and took a cigar from a bunch on the mantle before him, and lighted it.

The young man promptly complied with the proffered invitation, and then said:

"I've got 'em cap'n—had tough work, but I've got 'em!"

"Hof course—I knew you'd 'ave 'em, but let's see what they are!" said Barrington to his subordinate.

The quiet looking young gentleman drew from various pockets of his black frock-coat, first, a large bundle of letters and papers; next, a purse of gold and silver coin; after that, a pocket-book; after that, a pocket-case of surgical instruments, a lancet-case, a pair of tooth-pullers, and a box of pills!

"You've been in the right room, Bill!" said Barrington as he opened the case of surgical instruments. "They've been to sea—they're rusty as a pair of old bracelets!" (handcuffs.)

"Did you hever know me to make a mistake, cap'n, when you'd put me on the lay?" asked Gentleman Bill, as he about half-emptied his glass.

"I don't think I hever did!" said the captain. "But we'll take a look into the papers, to see if that's hamong 'em what we're paid for to get!"

So saying, with a hand and eye that betokened education enough to overhaul a ledger or docket, the captain opened the papers, commenting on each as he did so.

"Certificate that Doctor Watson belongs to the Medical Hacademy of New York; letter of credit on Baring Brothers—that'll be stopped afore we can use it; check on the Bank of Hingland—that can be tried on, second-handed at an hearly hour; letters from Susan—who in 'evens is Susan? The will of Richard Mildollar, Esq., merchant, New York! That's the dockyment, Bill, that 'ere is worth a thousand pound to us now—the Lord only knows what we can make hout of it 'ereafter! I want you to copy it so nicely that we can keep the horiginal, while we 'and hover the copy and get the blunt for it."

"Ay, sir. I can do that heasy?"

And Gentleman Bill finished his glass of liquor, and then took the will to the desk. Here it took him some time to find paper which looked like that used in the will; but when he had done it, he speedily set to work to transcribe the article, having to alter the shade of his ink a trifle to do it. While he was thus engaged, the captain counted the money in the doctor's purse, examined the rest of his papers, and then filled another glass of hot toddy for himself, and one for his quondam secretary.

"Thank'ee, cap'n—thank'ee kindly. See 'ow the one will compare with the hother!" said Gentleman Bill, as he laid the two papers before the captain.

"For the life hof me, I can't tell which is the horiginal!" said the captain. "Bill, you're a hinwualuable hacquisition to our gang! Which is the horiginal?"

"That one with a blot in the corner. I must make a blot in this one like it, and add a private mark, for I can 'ardly tell 'em apart myself!"

"The job is done hup nice, Bill!" said the captain, admiringly. "And as this is a work known honly to Phone and you and me, we'll go thirds in it—that is the will part, and honly put the money you got into the reg'lar treasury!"

"That's a good hidea, cap'n, and one hexcessively hagreeable to me! Is this all you want me to do in the matter?"

"Yes, Bill! There's work for rougher 'ands than yours, by-and-by; work I'd like to be rid of. But if they pays—why, we can't refuse their work no more than we can their money!"

"That's so, cap'n—'ere's your 'ealth!" and the quiet young gentleman tipped his glass bottom up, while its contents went down a well-traveled path.

A similar signal to that which Bill had given was now heard at the door; and in answer to the captain's bidding, the door opened, and the same female entered, whom we described in a former chapter, under the familiar name of "Phone."

"Well, larks, you're stirring early," said she, as she stepped into the room.

"Himportant business, Phone—himportant business, my dear. 'Ow did you get on with the green 'un?" said the captain.

"First chop, captain," replied the girl.

"He's a regular green 'un; and I mean to skin

him and his old woman alive! I'm going to visit her to-day—what shall I say to the hopefuller for you?"

"Tell him to come 'ere and bring the blunt, for I've got the dockyment he wanted! That's hall, old gal!"

"How soon can I begin to draw on him, cap'n—you know he'll ripen fast in London, and I must pick him while he's green!"

"I'll let you know when we're done with him, Phone! Meantime, the deeper he gets in love the better!"

"He's in up to his ears now!" said the girl, laughing. "But I must be off, now. I've got something to say to you, Bill. Let's travel." And the young man and woman left the captain to enjoy his paper and cigar by himself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TWO DETECTIVES.

WATSON had but just returned from his visit to the *Times* office, where he had paid for the insertion of his advertisement, when Tyrconnel entered with two individuals, whom he introduced as Messrs. Grab and Holdem, of the Bow street Police office.

The first-named individual one would judge, from his looks, to be a retired merchant, he looked so portly, red-faced, easy and contented. There was nothing of that harsh, repulsive, bull-doggish expression, which one would expect to find in a regular thief-catcher. His expression was so bland and charitable, that even a professional beggar might have been deceived in his looks, and asked him to help a large family of seven children and the mother, all down with the measles. His dress was genteel—voluminous of cloth, and indicative of substantial comfort. No one would think that such large coat-pockets would be adapted to carrying hand-cuffs and pistols, instead of bandannas and sweet-cakes. But they certainly did.

Mr. Holdem, the partner of Mr. Grab, had the morose, bull-doggish expression which should be natural to a constable or policeman; was Bowyer-built—that is short, thick-necked, broad-shouldered, red-faced, strong-limbed. He looked as if he would hold anything which Mr. Grab, having secured, had placed in his care.

"Well, doctor, these gentlemen are from Bow street—the first, Mr. Grab—"

"Jonas Grab, if you please, my lord!" said the individual alluded to.

"The first, doctor, Mr. Jonas Grab, is the manager of the firm—the second, is the worker, Mr. Holdem!" said Tyrconnel.

"Both workers—both workers, my lord, though I have management by consent!" said Mr. Grab. "And, my lord, if your friend, the doctor, will inform us of the full particulars of the robbery, so far as he knows—also what inducements anybody had to rob him beyond the money he had lost, and every other particular bearing on the case, we'll take the matter in hand, and do our best for him!"

The doctor, after inviting the officers to be seated, detailed the specialties which Mr. Grab had asked for. The latter listened to them all, from time to time, noting down such as required attention in a small book.

"Now, if you please, doctor, let me see the trunks that were opened!" said he, after the doctor had said all that he had to say.

"Done neat, by a professional hand. He may have had keys, but your American locks troubled him, and he used a picker!" said the officer, as he looked at the trunk locks.

"Was your door locked?" he continued.

"Yes, when I went to sleep, and also when I rose and examined it in the morning!" said Watson.

The officer went to the door and took out the key. Pointing to some marks on it, he said:

"Nippers unlocked your door and locked it again! A professional has been at work. It's a pity he hadn't carried off your watch or clothing, or something he could pawn. That might help us on his track, but we've enough now to open work with. This lady whom you suspect and her son stop at the Saint George and Dragon. Our first work will be to see who visits them and whom they visit. Take my advice, sir, and don't go abroad much until I look into the matter. Send for me the moment you get an answer to your advertisement. No matter what it is, send for me. Here is our card—Grab and Holdem. But send to me—Jonas Grab, Bow street!"

"I will," said the doctor.

And the officers hurried away to prosecute the business in hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"HERE'S YOUR MONEY—AND THERE'S THE WILL."

It was about the hour of noon, not much if any later, when Harry Corryell again entered the private room of Captain Barrington.

"Well, sir, 'ow do you feel to-day?" asked the chief of the professionals.

"Prime, sir—prime! The young lady who took me away last night and brought me back just now, tells me that you've succeeded!"

"Ay—we've got the dockyment! But 'ave you brought the blunt?"

"To be sure, sir! we mean to deal fair with you, as we expect to be dealt with!" said Harry, as he drew forth a well-lined pocket-book.

"Hall's right, sir, hall's right, we know; but business is business, you see!"

"Yes, and should be attended to. Here are the notes for a thousand pounds on the bank of England!" said Corryell.

"And there's the will!" said Barrington, tossing over the well-executed duplicate, while he drew the bank-notes toward himself.

"Yes—it is the paper, written and signed, as my mother said it was!" said the young man, as he pocketed the other papers.

"And when that's put hout o' the way, it leaves you and your mother rich, don't it?" asked Barrington.

"Not until the witnesses are gone—when they're out of our way, we're well off, a couple of million will be nothing to us!"

"And you'll come down 'andsomely to see them out of the way, won't you?"

"To be sure we will. Name your price and do the job. That is all we ask!"

"And what 'll you do for me, dear?" asked Phone, with a most killing smile, as she looked the young villain in the eye.

"Make you my wife!" said Harry, as he pressed her small, white hand.

"Ah, but you're joking! You wouldn't take a poor girl like me for your wife, when you might do better with a fortune in your hands!"

"I couldn't do better; you're an angel!" said the infatuated youth.

"All but the wings!" said the girl, with a laugh. "Can't you find some champagne in honor of that compliment, cap'n?"

"I'll try!" said Barrington, and he went out of the room.

"Do you—may I hope that you love me, Miss Sophronia?" asked Harry, the moment they were alone.

"Oh, yes, you may hope; but before I swear that I love you, you've got to prove that you love me!"

And she smiled so kindly on him that his hopes rose above high-water mark in less than no time.

The entrance of the captain with a bottle of champagne prevented the young man from giving any very open signs of his joy, but when called upon to fill a bumper to the "good times" coming, he did it without any hesitation.

"You must keep a good look-out and see that none o' the Bow-street sharks get on our track through you!" said Barrington, as he put down his empty glass.

"Bow-street sharks! what are they?" asked Harry.

"The London police, dear!" said Phone. "By the way, did you give the cap'n all the brads you had with you?"

"The brads?" asked Harry, in his ignorance.

"Yes, the brads, my dear. Did you give him all the money you had along?"

"Oh, no—do you want some?"

"No, I don't want any money; but in a jeweler's store near Charing Cross there is the prettiest little watch that ever—ever you did see!"

"Or even a pretty girl wore! You shall have it. Is your carriage waiting?" said Harry.

"Yes; come along," and she drew young Corryell's arm within her own.

"Wait a bit, Phone," said the captain.

"The gentleman and I must come to to a hunderstanding about the witnesses he wants put hout of the way. What's the terms, Mister Corryell?"

"A thousand pounds each, paid the moment we know they're out of the way!" said Corryell.

"Well, you can count on the job as good as done. Take good care of the gentleman, Phone!"

"To be sure I will! Don't I love him better than life?" as she led the half-bewildered New Yorker away.

"That girl is a tramp, a face tramp in the last of a hard hand!" said Barrington, admiringly, as she led her dupe away! "She is as heartless as a rock, as sharp as steel, and as cool as a lump of hicc. She doesn't seem to care for money hafter she gets it, but goes into rascality just for the love of the thing!"

And he renewed his toddy and relighted his cigar.

CHAPTER XXX.

"BORROWED" PAPERS RETURNED.

IN answer to his advertisement, Dr. Watson received every paper that he had lost but the will, in a package, accompanied with a note, thanking him for the loan of his purse, and politely refusing the reward he had offered for the papers.

"I only wanted money," said the writer; "and your purse having supplied my wants, I cheerfully send back the papers."

Tyrconnel and the officer, Grab, were at once sent for by the doctor, after he had received the package.

"By the powers! but the thafe has a

gentility in his impudence that's amusing! Thanks you for the loan of your purse!" said the peer, when he read the note.

"Have you ever seen any handwriting like it before?" asked the officer.

"No—not that I know of; but, on a second look, it is very much like my own—a little more clerical; but, for all that, very like my own," said the doctor.

"So I thought," said the officer, dryly, as he produced the note the doctor had sent to him.

The doctor looked at the note, and then at the officer; and in a tone half of anger, half of doubt, said:

"You do not mean to insinuate that I wrote the answer to my own advertisement?"

"By no means, sir," said Mr. Grab. "Yet you must acknowledge that the two hand-writings are very much alike?"

"To be sure they are. But why, I cannot see."

"Yet I can. The writer of the note replying to your advertisement is, or has been, copying some of the papers in your writing which he has got hold of."

"The will was in my handwriting," said Watson.

"It may be that they have copied that: London thieves are deep, and look beyond momentary advantages. But this note is of no advantage to us now. We have already tracked out an intimacy between the son of Mrs. Mildollar and the head of a notorious gang of thieves. He has visited him twice, and been taken home both times by a woman belonging to the gang."

"Well, what would you advise in the case, Mr. Grab?"

"There's two ways of going to work, sir," said the officer. "One would detect them in the start, provided they hadn't destroyed the papers—which, if they're keen, they'd do at the outset. The other will give 'em a chance to work, but put 'em off their guard. The first way would be, to get out a search-warrant, and overhaul their traps, and let 'em know we suspected 'em. If we found the papers they'd be in a tight place. If we didn't, they'd be ahead of us, and maybe distance us, in the end. But if we keep quiet, and lay a watch for 'em, we may find out more, in a little while, than they'd think for in a year."

"That is so, Mr. Grab," said the doctor. "And as you are used to managing hard cases, we will leave this matter entirely to you, and be guided by your instructions."

"Very well, sir. You shall not be disappointed in your trust. All that I ask is, that you only do as I direct you to; and I think we'll be even with the tribe yet. But we've a hard set to deal with. Clint Barrington, the head of the gang, is as keen a rascal as ever worked on the cross. In the first place, do not go abroad without sending word to me where and when you are going, and giving me a chance to foil them, if they try to put you out of the way. I expect that will be their next game; for they'll be desperate, if they're paid for it."

And with these words, Mr. Grab excused himself and went away.

"Well, what do you think of matters, Tyrconnel, my friend?" asked the doctor, when the two friends were alone.

"I think I'd like to wring the necks of the old catamaran and that son of hers! He's a big lubber, any way. If it wouldn't be a disgrace to me, I'd provoke him into calling me out, and bore a hole in his carcass with an ounce of lead. But he's a blackguard, at best; and not fit to die, like a gentleman, on the field of honor."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CALL FROM GENTLEMAN BILL.

MRS. MILDOLLAR and her son sat alone in their private parlor at the "St. George and the Dragon," and spread out on the table before them was the package of papers which had been taken from Dr. Watson's trunk. Among them all, there was but one of interest to that wicked woman. It was the will—which, if executed, would leave her poor, and which she hoped, when destroyed, would leave her wealthy—if she succeeded as well in having the witnesses put out of the way.

"A pretty document for a dying man to sign!" she said, scornfully, as she read it over—"a pretty document!"

And she smiled yet more bitterly, as she cast it into the blazing coal-grate, and saw it consumed.

"There's an end of that!" she said, as she saw the last remnants fly in reddened ashes up the strong-draughted chimney.

"What are the other papers, mother?" asked the son.

"Nothing to us, and may as well go into the fire," said Mrs. Mildollar, taking them into her hands.

"Not just now, if you please, madam. The cap'n has sent for them," said a quiet and rather gentlemanly-looking young man, who had entered the room so silently that neither mother nor son had heard his footsteps.

"Who are you, sir, and what do you want here?" asked Mrs. Mildollar, drawing up in a dignified manner.

"I am an attache of the court of Captain Barrington; my name is Gentleman Bill; and I want all of the papers there that are of no use to you," said the intruder—"or at least the captain does."

"Why?"

"Because they are advertised for—and if they're sent back, may do us some good 'ereafter, and no ways can't do us any 'arm—so the cap'n thinks!"

"He wants me to send them back, eh? I'll look them over and see what they are," said Mrs. Mildollar.

Harry asked Gentleman Bill to go to the side-board and take something.

The latter said he was not a drinking man—seldom took anything strong, but on this occasion thought he might. He filled a tumbler with strong brandy, and emptied it at a single swallow without having added the qualifications of either sugar or water.

"There are none of these papers that will be of any use to us," said Mrs. Mildollar, as she laid down the package. "You can take them, young man."

"Thankee ma'am—thankee!" said Bill.

And bowing politely, he took the papers, and made his exit.

"Do you mean to say, Harry, that that pious-looking, steady, gentlemanly young man belongs to the gang of thieves?" said Mrs. Mildollar.

"Yes, mother. Why, the captain of the gang is a real gentleman, by the way. He dresses like one—looks like one—acts like one."

"Well, I wish their work was done, and we were on our way back. I don't feel easy in our connection with such people."

"It don't matter, so long as it isn't known," said the son, lighting a cigar, and seating himself by the window to smoke. "We can't do better than we are doing. We've got the will safe!"

"Yes—it is safe enough," said the widow, looking at the fire which had destroyed it.

"I only wish that the witnesses were as well out of the way. Have you heard of the condition of Captain Jones since he landed?"

"Yes—once. I sent my man to Mynert's to find out, and he heard that he was very low, and not expected to live."

"I hope the news is true. The captain would be a bad witness against us. Neither he nor the doctor could be bought over, while the steward might! When will the captain take steps to put the doctor and his officious Irish friend out of the way?"

"Immediately—the first chance that offers. I'd not like to insure their lives for four-and-twenty hours. I'd give a cool thousand to fix the Irishman off myself, for I owe him a grudge which his blood only can wipe out!"

"Don't speak so loud, my son. The maid is in the next room."

"Oh, she don't know what we're talking about, and, at the best, don't understand English well. As long as she gets her pay, and can dress well, and gets liberty to promenade, I reckon she'll not mind any of our business."

"Yet we cannot be too careful while we are walking on dangerous ground!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRAPPED.

FOR a week or more, nothing occurred to alarm or trouble the doctor or his friend Tyrconnel; though, from information received through Faralie, they knew that harm was intended them, and remained constantly on their guard. The doctor was obliged to be abroad considerably, in visiting the hospitals, and attending to the business for which he came over; but both he and his friend took care to move out only in the daytime—for they could not believe that harm could reach two well-armed and careful men in so great a city in broad daylight: the more especially that Messrs. Grab and Holdem had been especially paid and retained as a guard, as well as to endeavor to discover the whereabouts of the important document which the doctor had lost.

But in the afternoon of a cold, foggy, disagreeable day, an hour or two before night, yet almost as dark as it is usually at twilight, they met with a most serious adventure. They had been on a visit to a private hospital of which the doctor wished some knowledge, and were taking a near cut to return to their hotel, going on foot—preferring the exercise of walking to jolting along in a cab. Suddenly, at the corner of a street, they came plump against a small boy who was running toward them, crying bitterly—so plump, that the doctor unintentionally knocked the child down.

The urchin, at this, redoubled his cries; and the doctor, as he kind-heartedly picked him up, put a shilling in his hand, and tried to still his cries.

"I don't want no money! Money won't

save my poor mother!" cried the boy, pit-eously.

"What is the matter with your mother, poor child?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, sir! she's so sick, hand we're too poor to 'ave a doctor."

"Why, I'm a doctor, my little fellow; and if she lives near by, I'll see if I can do her any good."

"Oh, be you a doctor, sir? I don't mind your running hover me a bit, hif you'll honly go and see my mother! She lives just haround the corner—honly a little ways down the next street, sir," said the youngster, wiping his eyes with the ragged cuff of his jacket.

"A poor woman sick and destitute is a good excuse for a moment's delay," said the doctor to Tyrconnel.

"To be sure, doctor. 'Twas the good heart in ye that spoke then; and I'll go with ye, and maybe I've a trifle that'll help the poor sowl in her affliction."

"What is your name, my little lad?" asked the doctor, looking kindly on the boy, who clung to his hand, as if he feared that the doctor would not go with him.

"Mother calls me Richard, sir; but the boys call me Dick, for short."

"How much further is it, my little chicken?" asked Tyrconnel. "You said 'twas just around the corner—and we've turned two of 'em, I'll swear!"

"It's honly a little bit further, sir—just down this street," said the boy, pointing to a dark and narrow lane before them. "There's the 'ouse, sir—that dark-lookin' one. We has but one room, and 'ave to go hin at the back-door, d'ye see?"

"By the howly Saint Pathrick! by the dirt and smell of it in this neighborhood, I shouldn't wonder if there was sickness around here," said Tyrconnel.

"Is this the house, my boy?" asked the doctor, as they reached a dark, rough-looking old tenement.

"Yes, sir. Come in. It's dark in the passage, but lighter in mother's room. Come in, sir."

And the boy led the way into the dark entry. The doctor hurried on, thinking not of danger, but of the kind act he was performing, while his friend followed close after.

Suddenly the doctor stumbled over some impediment and fell, not upon the floor, but down apparently into a cellar, for he felt damp ground beneath him, and knew by the shock that he had fallen some distance. Scarce a second later he was followed by Tyrconnel, and at the same instant they heard the crash of something like the closing of a trap-door over them.

"What the divil is to pay now, doctor?" said Tyrconnel.

"Heaven only knows!" said Watson. "Boy! boy! where are you? You, Richard—DICK!"

"Call me PANEL-DICK, master. I likes to hear my whole name," cried the little rascal, with a shrill laugh from above.

"Get a light, and show us the way out of here!" cried the doctor.

"I'm not so jolly green as all that, Mr. Sawbones. When my mother gets worse, I'll come and call you."

"By the powers, we're in a trap now, doctor!" said Tyrconnel.

"I see we are," said the doctor, gloomily.

"I feel we are; but as to seeing in this dark hole, that's another thing! If we had a bit of a light, to know what kind of a hole we're in, I'd like it."

"We must tell by feeling. That young wretch has gone!"

"No he 'asn't, old julep! Can't you swear a bit? I likes to hear fellers swear when they're mad!" yelled the little fiend.

"By me sowl, I'll make you swear if I can get my hands on you!" said the angry peer; and he tried to feel for a staircase, or some method of getting to the floor above.

"You'll feel a bit 'ungry before that time comes, Mister Irishman. Wouldn't you like something now? Speak kind, and tip me a guinea, and maybe I won't git it for you."

"I'll give you five guineas if you let us out of here," said the doctor.

"Will you now? Well, the hoffer is liberal, but I reckon the cap'n'll get more for keepin' you there. So good-by till you see better company. I'm going to see my poor mother."

They could plainly hear his footsteps as he went away, and also heard him close a door behind him. After that, all was still. They could not even hear the rattling of vehicles, which almost deafened them when in the more frequented quarters.

By examining with their feet and hands, they found that they were in a damp cellar, not more than eighteen feet square, and not more than seven or eight deep. But a thick and heavy floor was above them, and they could get nothing to stand on to try and force it. Nor had they any tools, except their small pocket-knives, and a brace, each, of small, single-barreled pistols.

Tyrconnel, who was too full of expedients to

be yet thoroughly disheartened, now bethought him of another plan to elevate the doctor, so that he could work at the floor overhead. Getting down on his hands and knees, he bade the doctor mount upon his back, and try the floor above. This Watson did, but uselessly. There seemed to be no means of egress which they could reach or force; and they at last sat down, completely disheartened.

"That bloody ould catamaran is at the bottom of this business," said Tyrconnel, bitterly.

"To be sure! She has got the will, most likely, and now wants to destroy the witnesses," said Watson.

"The ould divil! I'd like to have her at the bottom of the cellar, just now. I think I should be after forgettin' that she was a woman! Ah, doctor, doctor! it's bad luck we're in! They say that it's always the darkest jest before daylight, though; and it's dark enough here for one to cut it with a knife."

The doctor made no reply, but sunk down, moodily, to await what might yet come.

"I hope, if it's death they mane, they'll not starve us to death!" said Tyrconnel, after a while. "If I'm of the right way of thinkin', it is a divilish uncomfortable way of lavin' the world! It makes a man cannibalish and inhuman."

"Hark—I hear footsteps!" said the doctor. They both paused and listened for some time, but heard nothing more.

"They must have been the footsteps that are used to threading the path of imagination, doctor dear," whose native humor had not, even yet, deserted him. "If you wasn't here, do you know what I'd do, doctor?"

"No; what would it be?"

"Why, if I thought the bloody thaves o' the wuruld meant to kill me, I'd chate 'em out o' the job."

"How?"

"Why, I'd put one of these pistols to my ear, and do it myself. Then, at last, my father's son could say, in the next world, that he died by the hands of a gentleman, instead of a black-guard!"

"The idea is like yourself, my dear Terrence; but, as it is, let me beg you to hold on to the loads in your pistols, for we may have use for them yet. Do not think, because I am so still, that hope has deserted me yet. When we are missed, the officers will be sure to make a search for us, and the chances are even that they get on our track."

"Hif you'll bet hods, I'll wager they don't!" said a gruff voice, appearing to be above them.

"And who the deuce are you, and why don't you let a chap see your face, now?" cried Tyrconnel.

"I'm uncommon hugly, and it might make you sick," said the voice.

"A breath o' fresh air might make us well again, my friend. Do you know that the atmosphere around here is damp?"

"That's a lucky go for you. It'll keep you from gettin' dry!"

"Faith! you're a thoughtful chap. Do you know what we're down here for?"

"To keep—like pickled herrings."

"That's comfortable. I say, mister, what's your name?"

"Call me 'Red Slasher,' or the 'One-Eyed Stag,' if you like."

"Well, Mr. Slasher, or Stag with one peeper, can't you let us have a little more comfort down here?"

"Yes, if you pays for it. D'ye want straw?"

"Well, straw would be better than the damp ground, if we're to lodge here! And a bit of a candle that we may see what we look like, and a drop of something strong to keep the chill off. Do as much for us as that, Mr. Stag, or Slasher, and I'll spake a good word for you to Saint Peter when I get up above!"

"I haven't nothin' to do with no saints—I belongs to the sinner-side: but if you'll fork hover the brads, I don't mind getting you some straw and a drop o' summat strong, and a bite to heat."

"You mean, if we'll pay you?"

"Yes—what helse? Folks as is in a quandary like you be, generally are glad to 'ave a chance to spend some of their loose change like gentlemen, before it's taken from em."

"How are we to hand you the money?"

"I will lower down my 'andkerchief through this knot 'ole 'ere—you tie the money in a corner bef it; and then I'll get you what I can, but it's against borders!"

The doctor produced a guinea, while Tyrconnel felt for the handkerchief; and when it was found, the money was passed up.

The "Slasher" seemed to be very careful, for he went away, to examine the money.

"Hit's all right," said he, as he came back a few moments after. "I'll go hand see what I can do for you. But mind you keep still, now; hif you go to makin' hany noise, the cap'n 'll do his job clean hup at once, and you'll 'ardly 'ave a chance to kick!"

"By me sowl, it's a chance to kick I'd like to have, for a little while," said Tyrconnel. "I wouldn't be particular about the weight of my boots, if I had those before me that I'd like to kick! I've heard it said, that 'liberty is sweet,'

and by me sowl I believe it. I'd like to try it a little while. Byron was a goose, when he said:

"Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For then thy habitation is the heart!"

Not a bit o' brightness is there here."

"Excepting that undying wit of yours, Tyrconnel."

"Wit, d'ye call it? I'm as dull as an ould hoe! And I'll be as rusty, as if I have to stay here long. Och hone! to think that Terrence Tyrconnel should ever get into such a hulla-baloo of a scrape as this."

"And all through his generous friendship for me," said the doctor with a sigh.

"Now be after hushing up, doctor dear. Sure it's a pleasure I feel in seeing you through your troubles—for through 'em we'll get, as sure as there's a famine o' snakes in Ireland. It is not the likes of us—an American sovereign and an Irish peer—that'll succumb to the whimsies of fortune! Erin-go-bragh! and Hail Columby!"

"Why don't you hadd, God save the King?" asked their friend Slasher, who had just returned to his station above.

"To blazes with the king! One of us is a republican and the other an Irishman, and he's the next thing to a rebel. But where's our food?"

"Make less noise, hand you'll get it!" said their gruff-toned jailer.

And he opened what appeared to be a small wicket, or trap-door, by the little grayish light they got a glimpse of, and lowered down a small basket with a light on top of it.

Tyrconnel took off the light—a tallow candle not more than a couple of inches long—and then investigated the contents of the basket. There was a bottle of brandy, another of water, and some bread and Bologna sausage. Also some cheese.

"How do you like that? D'ye think you've got your money's worth?" asked Slasher.

"Yes—by me sowl! this brandy is as strong as an ould cat's temper. And the bread and cheese look well, and so does the sausage."

"Anything more wanted besides the straw?" asked the Slasher.

"Yes; will ye do me a favor, Mr. Stag with one peeper?"

"To be sure, if it hisn't hagainst the captain's rules."

"Then just let me look at the purty face of you."

"Then look!" said Slasher, as he stuck his head down through the hole; while Tyrconnel was taking a draught from the bottle.

"By the hoofs of ould Satan, but you are a beauty!" said Tyrconnel, as he looked up at the one-eyed, red-headed, scarred face of the fellow. "But your ears are a trifle too short," he added, and before the Slasher could withdraw his ill-favored head, Tyrconnel had fast hold of his ears.

"Let go! let go! You 'urt!" yelled the Slasher.

"Why don't you come down here and kape me company, then, my beauty!" said Tyrconnel, holding on to all he had got.

"I can't—my shoulders can't follow my 'ead. The 'ole is too small," said the Slasher, struggling in vain to free himself.

"Then tell us how to get out of here, you one-eyed thafe, or we'll cut your throat before you're a minute older!"

"Let me go and I will," groaned the Slasher.

"Yes; but let you go and you won't," cried Tyrconnel. "Doctor, dear, just take your knife and draw it across the rascal's throat. Cut deep, so that he'll blade to death aisy."

"Don't—don't!" groaned the fellow, as he saw the doctor take a knife from his pocket.

"I'm sorry to say it must be done, my dear fellow, without you show us how to get out of this infernal hole!" said the doctor, blandly.

"And take comfort, Mr. Stag with one peeper. It will be done on scientific principles—the doctor understands his trade."

"Ave pity hon me, gentlemen," said the Slasher, whose face was growing black in his uncomfortable position. "I doesn't work on my hown haccount. It's not me that put you down there. Let me go, and I'll go right hoff to the cap'n, and beg 'im to let you hout!"

"There is no use in your promising—we have offered you your life on one condition: Open the door or trap, so that we can get out."

"I can't—you're 'oldin' me down hover it!"

"Oh, bother! cut his throat at once, doctor; there's no use in troubling with the rascal any longer."

"I will, just as soon as I take a nip of brandy to strengthen my arm," said Watson.

"Can you 'ave the 'eart to kill the man what brought it to you?" groaned the Slasher.

"Yes, if you'll not let us out of here!" said the doctor, ferociously brandishing his knife.

"Then Heaven 'ave mercy on me; there's no 'elp for me!" groaned the Slasher.

But at that instant the sound of hurried footsteps were heard coming.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WHAT SHALL BECOME OF POOR FARALIE?"

It was night, and poor Faralie sat in Tyrconnel's room, where she had been for hours, awaiting his return. She was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping; for she had heard that from the arch-conspirators, Mrs. Mildollar and her son, which made her fear for the life of the nobleman, whom she had learned to love with all the fiery ardor of her Southern temperament.

"Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! He comes not—he comes not nevare more to me!" she sobbed. "They 'ave murdare him—they 'ave murdare him!"

And with a shudder, she would close her eyes, as if to shut out some terrible sight.

Then, again, while her dark eyes flashed, and her bosom rose and fell with excitement, like the waves of an angry sea, she would mutter fiercely:

"If they 'ave murdare him, I will 'ave revenge! Zey shall find zat ze poor French girl 'ave a strong arm when she strike for revenge!"

A heavy footstep, approaching, caused her to raise her eyes.

"It is not him; his walk is light, and full of grace—so genteel!" she murmured.

A portly, red-faced, rather important-looking gentleman entered, who made a short stop, as he saw a female before him.

"Good-evenin', ma'am!" said he, with a jerk on his head, intended for a bow. "Good-evenin'! Where is his lordship?"

"Ah, sare! I do not know! I 'ave wait for two, three, four long hours, and he comes not—he comes not! Ah! if zey 'ave murdare him, I shall die!"

"Murdered him! Who has murdered him?"

"Ah, sare! I do not know!" sobbed the poor girl. "But a bad woman, and bad mens, desire his life. Zat I know; and he comes not—he comes not! Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What shall become of poor Faralie?"

"Oh! you're the little French girl that I've heard Lord Tyrconnel speak of?"

"Ah, sare! did my lord speak of me—of ME, poor Faralie? Was he so kind as to speak of me—even to zink of me when I was not here?"

"Yes; you are Mrs. Mildollar's maid!"

"I 'ave been, sare; but nevare no more will I go to her! She is one bad woman—one diable woman, sare!"

"A devil of a woman, as you say. But I must find out what has become of Lord Tyrconnel, and his friend, the doctor!"

"Ah, sare! zen you are his friend?"

"Yes; his particular friend. And, by the way, what is your name?"

"Mam'selle Faralie, sare!"

"Well, Mam'selle Faralie, had you any news for his lordship?"

"Yes, sare; I hear madame and her son exult zat somezing zey meant to do wiz him was to be accomplished *toute suite*—zat is, very soon!"

"Do you think that they meant to have him killed?"

"Yes, sare; I am sure of it!"

"If he is not found by morning, will you take your oath to that belief, so that I can have them arrested?"

"Take my oat, sare? Excuse me, but I do not understand all ze English!"

"Your oath on the Bible—be a witness?"

"Oh, yes, sare!—oh, yes! I shall be a witness! Any zing to recover his life!"

"Very well," said Mr. Grab; for this was he—"very well; you had better return, tonight, to Mrs. Mildollar; and if you do not find my lord to-night, you come here in the morning, and we'll take steps to haul madam and her son up!"

"I shall do as you desire, sare; but my poor, sad heart keep all ze time telling me zat he will come nevare no more—nevare no more!"

And Faralie went away, weeping.

The officer paused a few moments, apparently thinking out a plan of action; and then he went away, also.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

ABOUT an hour after Faralie had returned to the hotel of her mistress, and had been dismissed for the night, on her plea of feeling very ill, the quiet *tete-a-tete*, only enlivened by a bottle of wine, between Mrs. Mildollar and her son, was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of a person whom Harry recognized, and introduced as Captain Barrington.

"You must excuse my hacting habruptly, ma'am!" said the captain; "but we've no time to stand on ceremony now! If we do, it's all hup with us!"

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Mildollar, turning pale, and trembling with ill-suppressed terror. "Are our plans discovered—you made the attempt and failed?"

"No; we 'aven't failed—we never failed! The doctor and the Irishman we've got and done for; and the steward has gone on a whalin' voyage that he'll never get back from, I reckon; and the cap'n never 'll get about again. Hif he does, he'll be as he is now, stark crazy!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Why, the police are hafter the doctor and his friend, and they'll be hafter you and your son 'ere, if you 'aven't left afore daylight. I come to warn you in time, and to get my pay. One o' my men, Gentleman Bill, was in the Irishman's room, a hover'auling his wardrobe, and the like, when a French girl came there, and he 'ad to 'ide away hunder a bed! Well, she staid there for two or three hours, till halong come old Grab—one of the Bow street hofferers; and it happears that the girl belonged 'ere with you!"

"What! Faralie?"

"Yes, that was the name she 'ailed by."

"The minx! can she have heard enough to betray us?"

"She'd 'eard henough to want to put 'im—the Irish lord—on his guard; and the hofferer hagreed with 'er, if he didn't find his two men afore mornin', which he won't, to swear out a warrant hagainst you two in the mornin', and 'ave you harrested."

"Oh, misery! what shall we do?" exclaimed Mrs. Mildollar.

"Pay me hover the three thousand pounds hagreed upon for gettin' the three men hout of your way; then hadd five 'undred more to it, and I'll see you put haboard of a craft hbefore daylight that'll take you hover to France; and from there you can go to Hamerica and take possession of your fortune," said Barrington, coolly.

Mrs. Mildollar looked at her son beseechingly, as if she would ask his advice.

"It's the honly way to do, ma'am; for if they harrest hany of us, we'd honly 'ave to turn king's hevidence to git hoff; but 'twould go 'ard with you, seein' as 'ow you're foreigners 'ere."

"Yes, mother, pay him and let us be off. But don't take that French girl along; let her stay," said Harry.

"Yes, you can get haway from the 'otel without hanybody's knowin' it; and I'll see that your baggage is sent hafter heverything blows hover."

"Mrs. Mildollar, without a further word of objection, hurried to get the money. Before she paid the money, however, she asked:

"How are we to know that you have put these men out of the way?"

"Now you'll 'ave to take my word for it; but if you wait till mornin', you'll most likely 'ear hof it loud henough. When the 'ue and cry is hup, you'll know it hif you're in Hingland; for they hadvertises the description of hall that's concerned."

"Pay him, mother, pay him, and let him hurry the preparations for our departure," said Harry, whose cowardly heart was dreadfully terrified at the thought of an arrest.

His mother counted out the money—that required for the passage to France included.

"Hall's right. I shall be here hagain hin habout two hours, to go a-ridin'—you hunderstand? You'd better take your money and such light stuff has you can without hattractin' hat-tention; for the vessel will be hall ready, and my friend the captain of her, is a man that won't be kept waitin'."

"We will be ready," said Mrs. M., as she dismissed the captain.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"PHONE" FOLLOWS HARRY CORRYELL.

"PHONE, my gal, I thinks as 'ow you 'ave our hinterests at 'eart henough to do for us on a lay by yourself, as well as if we were with you," said Capt. Barrington to the dashing Sophronia, whom he had sent for, and who was in his room when he returned from his hasty interview with Mrs. Mildollar.

"Why, Cap, what's in the wind? What lay do you want to send me off on? I thought that I was regarded as one of your invaluable here. I've picked out more jobs for you than all the rest of the gang."

"That's so, Phone; and you are a binvaluable to us hin general, and me in particular," said the captain, as he helped himself to a glass of toddy, strong and hot. "But you've got the old woman's monkey, young Corryell, on a string, haven't you?"

"Yes, on a taut one, Cap; but I'll let him slide as soon as I've bled him a little more. I've got a watch and chain and some diamonds from him now. I can't get much more, for he hasn't got much of his own."

"Not this side of the big fish-pond, I know. But if he and his mother get back safe, and get hold of their property there, by managing right, we can make 'em go us 'alves, at hany rate."

"How?"

"Why, I've kept the horiginal will, which they think is destroyed. I don't care just now habout crossin' the water; and you can go hover and manage haffairs for me; and when you've bled 'em to the full 'alf of what they get, why, you can come back. I know I can trust you, Phone—not for the hoath you've taken, so much as for the likin' I believe you have for me."

"You're right, Cap, you can trust me; for you're game, and I do like you. So if you

think it's best to send me on this job, why, I am ready, and that's said."

"I think you'd better go, Phone; there's no one else I'd trust. They're going to start to-night, with old Van Hetchell, the smuggler, in his lugger; and you'd better get your traps ready, and make the feller Corryell believe you've followed 'im hout of love."

"That'll be easily done. He is as green as a goslin', and as vain as a peacock!"

"Ere's a lot of flimsies—and a purse of gold, my gal. Use 'em freely and make 'em pay. You can write to me hunder the old name, you know. You can 'ave Gentleman Bill, if you want any 'elp."

"I don't want help," said the girl. "Bill is all very good in his line, but he's careless when he gets a drop too much in his head. I can do better by myself."

"Is there hanything helse I can do for you, my girl?"

"Nothing but to take good care of yourself, and don't let the coppers get hold of you," said she.

"Not much fear o' that. They're sharp, but when they get ahead of Clint Barrington he's forgot his trade. Old Grab thinks he's smart, but I've headed him off an 'undred times. He'll be here to-morrow, lookin' for the Yankee and his friend; but I'll be as bin-nocent as a lamb, and he can't disprove it. Hif he hever finds 'em above ground, he's smarter than he's showed up yet! But I'm a-keepin' you when time's valuable. The lugger lies down just below the bridge—you know where—by David's old store-'ouse. Get haboard as soon as you can, but don't let the woman or her goslin' know you're there, till you get to sea! I'm to meet old Van Hetchell in a little while, and I'll let 'im know you're to be haboard. Good-by, dear!"

"Good-by, Cap! If trouble crosses you, come over the water quick, to your Phone. The Yankee coppers love money as well as our own, and I know their ways. Good-by, Cap!"

And the girl, with sighs of real affection, embraced and kissed him, while her great, dark eyes were for a moment moistened with tears.

"We'll take one glass before we part, Phone!" said the captain, and his lip quivered with feeling as he spoke.

The captain went to a closet and took a bottle down, which looked old and dusty, and was sealed up. Drawing a dirk from beneath his vest, he knocked the top of the bottle off, and poured out two brimming tumblers of the liquid, dark and clear as a garnet.

"That's more'n fifty years bold, my gal," said he, as he raised one glass to his lips, while she took up the other. "Ere's hall the luck you can 'ave, and a little hextra hif possible."

They both drained their glasses.

"That is stuff!" said the girl, while her veins seemed to send a little fuller tide up into her cheeks, and a brighter light flashed in her handsome eyes. "Who'd drink wine when such lush as that could be had. But good-by, Cap; I must be at work if I'm to be off to-night!"

"Good-by, Phone. I'd like to say God bless you, but somehow I'm afraid to 'ask a blessin' from Him whose laws I break so hoften!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

THE lugger Frau-der-Tuyvel was at sea, if that ever-boiling, treacherous, shifting-currented space known as the "British Channel," can be called "the sea." She was a low, sharp, black, snakish, villainous-looking craft, and her crew, mostly composed of silent, dirty, smoking Dutchmen, looked as if they were fit for her. The only talkative man on board was the captain, Heinrich Van Hetchell, who cursed and swore almost incessantly, and occupied all the rest of his time in drinking schnapps and smoking. If he swore like a pirate, he looked like one. He was a great, brawny, sun-browned man, with grizzly-gray hair and whiskers. His sharp eyes looked fiercely out from beneath overhanging, cliff-like brows, and his expression was scowling and repulsive.

If he looked black, and his crew savage, and his craft devilish, the night and the ocean were on equal footing with them all. Black, ragged clouds flew in ghostly squads overhead, now and then leaving an opening for the red moon to look down through their cavernous apertures. The wind blew strong, though in fitful gusts, and the head-sea tossed and foamed, while the lugger pitched and bounded through and over it, sometimes under water, and at others almost out of it.

"Dunder and blitz!" muttered old Van Hetchell, as he drew long whiffs from his pipe, and looked to windward. "Dish is such a night as never was! Why can't I never cross der channel mit a woman apoard, mitout havin' a gale of wint!"

Having thus given vent to his feelings against the fair sex whom he charged with raising a gale, Van Hetchell told his mate to keep a look-out "mit both eyes open," while he went below to look at the chart.

That was generally his excuse when he went down to take a glass of schnapps; any one not knowing that, would have been led to think him

a most careful navigator, he looked at his chart so often.

Upon entering the low, black cabin, darkened with "the dirt of ages," and many a cloud of tobacco-smoke, the captain opened a little cupboard near the ladder, from which he produced a huge square bottle of schnapps, and a pewter tankard, calculated to hold a pint or thereabouts. This he filled with a steady hand, to the brim, and drank it off.

"Goot! Goot schnapps!" he muttered, and then he put the bottle down on the cabin table, and seating himself by it, he proceeded to refill and light his pipe.

While he was doing so, one of the dingy state-room doors opened, and the very pale face of Mrs. Mildollar looked out from amid a mass of frizzled hair, looking like a sickly moon peeping through the fog on a misty night.

"Oh, captain! what makes the vessel jump so?" she asked.

"Der wint and der water!" grunted the captain, looking sourer than *kraut*.

"Are we in any danger? We must be!"

"Yaw!" said Van Hetchell, and he blew a cloud of smoke from his huge pipe.

"It does seem as if the vessel would break all to pieces!" continued Mrs. Mildollar.

"Yaw!" said the captain, catching the bottle, which a sudden lurch of the vessel nearly pitched from the table.

"I'm dreadfully sea-sick—what is good for it, captain?" continued the lady.

"Schnapps!" said Van Hetchell, gruffly, as he poured out another mug of the raw article and tossed it off.

"Are we not near the land?" asked the lady, not heeding the rudeness of his replies.

"Yaw—a pig sakes too near! Go to shleep, and maype you vakes up in a petter world dan dish!"

"Is there danger of our being wrecked?" cried another voice, from an opposite state-room, and the pale face of Master Harry Corryell was stuck out from an opening in the door, like the face of a calf looking through the air-hole of an Erie railroad cattle-car.

"What's der matter mit you?" asked Van Hetchell, looking as if he meant to smile if he could. "You look like a sea-sick monkey mit a hant organ pehnt him."

The mate of the vessel, a square-built man, with a face that looked as if it had been hurriedly carved out of a wart-covered pumpkin, came down the ladder at this moment, looking as if he had something to communicate, but felt in no very great hurry to do it.

"Take some schnapps, Hans!" said Van Hetchell, "and den tell me vat ish der matter apove; vat makes you down here?"

With great deliberation, the mate poured out a mug of schnapps and drank it, and then said:

"I dinks dere are preakers put a little vays pefore us. I dinks I heerd 'em, und dat was vat makes me down here to tell you!"

"Yaw! Well, you go on deck and wake up all de mens—and when I 'ave drink anodder schnapps and smoke mine pipe a little times, I will come up dere und see what I hear!"

"What! you take it so easy when breakers are ahead?" cried Harry, scared almost to death.

"Yaw, we'll take it easy while we can. Py-und-py, maype, it'll come hard plen enough!" said the phlegmatic skipper.

"My God!—we will be lost—I can hear the breakers roaring now!" groaned Harry.

"Then, my dear love, there is one comfort," said a pleasant, fearless voice—it fell strangely familiar upon Harry's ear, and he turned to see a lovely face and form just emerging from a state-room—"one comfort, dear Harry, we can die together!"

"Miss Coutts!" cried Mrs. Mildollar in surprise.

"Ob, Sophronia! you here?" cried Harry.

"Yes—I learned, no matter how, that you were about to leave England forever, and it was worse than death to endure the thought of parting with you—and I am here!"

"Captain—der preakers is close apoard, on poth pows, and ahead!" said the mate, still as cool as before, as he came partly down the cabin ladder, to report.

"Well, den, you may as well come apout mit the lugger und get her head de odder way!" said Van Hetchell, as he drank another cup of schnapps, and then followed the mate on deck.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"THANK HEAVEN WE'RE CLEAR OF THE ROCKS."

THE skipper was almost immediately followed by his passengers, and terrific, indeed, was the sight which met their eyes when they reached the deck. Though all was dark above, the phosphorescence of the foaming waters lighted up things below, and they could see a huge wall of black rock close at hand, against which the wild breakers lashed fearfully. The lugger, under close-reefed tri-sails, had just come up in the wind, her helm having been put a-lee; and now, as she was sidling in toward the danger on the crest of a huge roller, it seemed uncertain whether she would "come about," or whether she would "fall off" toward

the shore. If the former, there was some hope of her being able to work off from the shore; if the latter, farewell to every chance for her or the lives of those on board.

During this terrible moment of uncertainty, while Harry Corryell and his mother were only speechless from intense horror, and even "Paone's" almost dauntless heart was stilled in its lawless throbbings, Captain Van Hetchell quietly smoked his pipe, and neither spoke nor exhibited the least change of countenance. At last the head of the foremost sail ceased to flap in the gale—the wind had caught and filled it. Then, almost entirely buried, as it was in foam, the lugger's bow veered off to leeward, the after-sails filled just in time to save the vessel, which was making stern-board from striking the rocks, and she plunged away madly into the darkness again, free for the moment from peril, near enough and dreadful enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

"Thank Heaven, we are clear of the rocks!" cried Mrs. Mildollar, as she stood holding on to the rail at the companionway, shivering from the cold spray which had drenched her.

"Petter'tank Hans Van Pelt for seein' der preakers, and puttin' der lugger apout in time!" growled the skipper, as he pushed by her and went down into the cabin to look at his chart again.

Mrs. Mildollar followed, and soon found her way into the state-room.

"Wasn't it terrible?" asked Harry of "Phone" as soon as he dared to speak after the danger was over.

"No—only grand, almighty grand—as a true-blue Yankee would say," said the girl. "Harry, are you scared, my dear?"

"Not *exactly* scared, Sophronia—but then I did feel a little nervous. But I hope the worst is over. This is a terrible night. But now I have time to ask why you are here?"

"Does not your heart tell you, my dear Harry? Have I not loved you from the hour we met?" said the artful siren, as she laid her hand on his arm, and looked into his eyes.

"Sophronia, you are a glorious girl," said the enraptured young man. "I thought you loved me before; but now I know it."

"Yet you would have left me without a parting word," said the girl reproachfully.

"I surely would have written, but the captain hurried us off with scarce a moment's notice," said the young man.

"I know it. It was well he did, or you and your mother would have been in prison. But you'll be safe, now—that is, if we live to get ashore in France, for the officers will never think of your going there."

"And shall we be married, dear, when we get to France?" asked the anxious youth.

"I'm not in quite such a hurry as that," said Phone, calmly. "At any rate we'll wait till we get to America and your mother enters on her fortune. The old lady will be liberal with you, won't she?"

"I reckon she will," said Harry. "If she isn't I'll make her so. She'd be glad to fork over, rather than I should expose her secrets."

"You wouldn't inform on your own mother, surely?" said Phone.

"Not without she made me," cried Harry, not happening to notice the contempt in tone and look with which she regarded him as she spoke.

"Does she know who or what I am?" continued Phone.

"No; she thinks that you are Miss Coutts, the daughter of the banker."

"Well, let her be kept in the same way of thinking. My knowledge of French will serve you in France; but if your mother is wise her stay there will be short. The French police work sharp on an English scent."

"Everything shall be as you advise, my dear girl. I can manage my mother—you only need to tell me what you wish her to do."

"Very well, Harry. And now let us go below. I'm as wet as a drowned rat."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"A 'ARD CHAP TO 'ANDLE."

WE left our friends, Watson and Tyrconnel, in rather a tight fix; and it is but just to them and our readers, that we return and see how they get along there.

Let me remember—ah! yes—the Irish peer had the "Red Slasher," alias "The One-Eyed Stag," by the ears, and the doctor was about to cut his throat, when the sound of rapid footsteps approaching overhead were heard.

"Cut the villain's throat quick, doctor, if you're going to. His ears will come loose if you don't," said Tyrconnel.

"What in thunder is going on 'ere?" cried a gruff voice above. "Slasher, you fool, where's your 'ead?"

"Save me, cap'n—save me, or I'm a goner," groaned the helpless wretch.

"'Ere, some hof you take 'im by the 'eels, hand pull 'im hout. You coves down below there 'ad better let loose of the chap or you'll rue it, as sure as my name is Clint Barrington," cried that individual from above.

Several men appeared to have grasped the Slasher by the heels; for, while he yelled with

pain, he was forcibly drawn up from the grasp of Tyrconnel, who held on until he found himself going up.

"You're a purty pair of ducks, you here!" cried Barrington, angrily.

"Yes—tolerably sound on looks. Hadn't you better come down and see us?" asked the peer.

"No; you may come up here, though. Boys, hopen the trap, and put down the ladder!"

The door, or trap, above them was pushed aside, and a ladder put down, up which the doctor and Tyrconnel ascended.

"Be careful not to expose the fact that we are armed, till we have a chance to use the weapons," whispered the doctor to his friend, as they ascended.

They only had time to see that a dozen or more of rough-looking, lawless men were around them, when, before they could offer any resistance, they were seized and their arms bound behind them.

"By what right do you treat us so?" asked Watson, indignantly.

"Where *might* is, *right* hisn't halways questioned," said the captain, with a smile.

"You're the cove what pulled my hears, aren't you? Take that, rom the Slasher!" cried that indignant individual, hitting Tyrconnel a "stinger" on the cheek with the flat of his brawny hand.

"By me sowl, you'd repent that, you dirty coward, if my hands were free!" cried the angry peer.

"You bought to be hashamed of yourself for striking a man when his hands are tied," said the captain, rebukingly.

"Huntie 'is 'ands and I'll 'it 'im hagain," said the Slasher, moodily.

"Do, captain, and by me sowl I'll stand still to have 'em tied again as soon as I've given him a taste of my fist."

"Good—a mill, a mill!" cried several of the men.

"Very well. You shall 'ave one. Bring 'em hinto the square room, and lock the doors be'ind you," said the captain, leading the way.

The doctor and his angry friend were at once conducted into a large, square room, furnished with a long table and a number of rude benches and chairs—a room evidently used, by the looks of the table, for a meeting and drinking-room by the gang. There was no window to it—it was lighted by a dingy lamp which hung from the ceiling, and by candles held by the men.

The table and seats were in a moment removed from the center of the room, the men, proving by their haste, their anxiety to see the "mill."

"He's a 'ard chap to 'andle, and I'd hadvise you not to try 'im," said the captain, rather kindly, to Tyrconnel. "You've got a rather 'andsome face, and 'twere a pity to 'ave it spoiled."

"Reserve the salve of your pity till you see whose physiognomy suffers the most. Untie me, if you intend to," said Tyrconnel.

The captain made no reply, but untied his hands, while the Slasher stripped to the waist and stepped out into the middle of the room, whither he was quickly followed by Tyrconnel, who had merely laid aside his coat.

The parties looked most unequally matched, in a physical point of view. The Slasher was a huge, muscular giant, long-armed and broad-chested, with a thick bull-neck and a round head, which looked hard enough to serve a blacksmith for an anvil. His repulsive face was seamed with many a pugilistic scar, and his one eye gleamed vindictively upon his antagonist; while his short, red hair stood erect like bristles on the back of an angry boar.

The figure of Tyrconnel was about as tall as that of his antagonist, but far more slender. Yet it was well-knit, elegant in shape, and showed considerable muscle, which had been developed by judicious exercise.

The attitude which he took as he confronted the Slasher, showed that he had "taken lessons" in the "art;" and his calm eye and confident look rather reassured the doctor, who had felt faint-hearted when he looked upon the immense proportions of the other.

"Come on! I'm a-waitin' for yer!" said the giant with a brutal grin.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before he received the "left" of Tyrconnel so fairly between the eyes that he had a *stellated* view of the universe for nothing, and very nearly turned a back somersault as he went down to the floor.

"Game, by 'okee!" muttered the captain, while Tyrconnel, who had struck without any apparent over-exertion, quietly waited for his opponent to rise.

This the latter seemed in no hurry to do, until several of the gang cried out "time," when he got up and rushed at Tyrconnel with a bulky fierceness which seemed to be sure to overwhelm him.

But again the peer met him fairly, this time with right and left, one between the eyes and the other under his left ear, sending him down like a log to the floor.

This time he neither got up nor moved, until, by direction of the captain, some of his mates

took means, with water and a bottle of rum, to revive him.

"You 'it 'ard! I'd as soon 'ave a 'orse kick me!" said the captain to Tyrconnel, speaking without any vindictiveness.

"'Ave you 'ad enough?" he asked, after the Slasher had been restored to a state of consciousness.

"Yes—he's a stunner!" muttered the defeated giant. "He's the honly man in the Three Kingdoms that could lay me hout in two rounds though!"

"Now, gentlemen, you can take a walk with me into my private bapartment, where, hafter you've refreshed yourselves a bit, we'll settle our haccunts, and see what's to be done with you. But first, I'll borrow the little trinkets you 'ave habout you, for fear 'arm might come hof 'em."

And with a dexterity which only long use could have given him, the captain in a moment took the pistols, knives, watches and purses from the doctor and his friend, and put them in his own capacious pockets.

This done, he preceded them into a smaller room, where he dismissed the other men, with one exception, bidding them see that no strangers entered the house while he was engaged.

"You'll bring in *that* wine and brandy, and something to heat, Sam!" said he, to the man whom he had directed to remain.

"We want no refreshments—we want our liberty," said the doctor.

"Be heasy, sir. It's hagainst my principles to talk business with men on a hempty stomach; so, if you don't choose to heat and drink like men, why, you can go down cellar hagain, hand wait till you feel 'ungry."

"Oh! if you'll talk reason after we've eaten and drank with you," cried Tyrconnel, "we'll be satisfied!"

"That's right—you're a trump in a full 'and," said the captain, admiringly, while the man went out for the articles which he had ordered.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DRUGGED.

THE man who had been sent out brought in several bottles of wine and liquor on a large tray, and silver cups to drink from, and placed two of them before Tyrconnel and the doctor and the other before the captain.

Opening a bottle of wine, the captain filled the cups of his involuntary guests and then his own; and as he raised his cup to his lips, said:

"'Ere's to you 'aving better luck next time, gentlemen."

As he drank from the same bottle, no suspicion of the wine being drugged ever crossed the minds of the doctor or his friend—nor even the thought that an opiate could easily have been concealed at the bottom of their cups before they were filled; and wishing to propitiate him as much as they could, they partook of the wine without any hesitation.

The doctor noticed a peculiarity in its flavor, and with a suspicion quickened by, and peculiar to his profession, alluded to it.

"The wine is hold, that's hall!" said the captain, filling a second goblet for himself and drinking it off. "Fill hup hagain, gents; fill hup and be sociable."

"I don't like the wine!" said the doctor, upon whom a strange feeling was coming so fast, that he felt almost sure the wine had been drugged.

"Then try the brandy!" said the generous chief of the burglars.

"Faith I will, for the wine had a kind of buttermilk taste that I didn't like," said Tyrconnel.

"Do not touch a drop of his liquor—that wine was drugged; I feel the effects plainly!" said Watson.

"Drugged, d'ye say?" said Tyrconnel.

"Hit's no such thing! Don't you see me drinking from the same bottle?" cried Barrington, angrily.

"To be—sure—he is! Doc—doctor, you must be mistaken!" said Tyrconnel with a yawn.

"Mistaken? Why, you are half asleep already!" cried the doctor. "Drink a full cup of brandy as I do—it may counteract the effects of the opiate, for an opiate of some kind we have taken."

But the doctor and Tyrconnel drank full cups of brandy, while a grim smile of satisfaction stole over Barrington's face.

"The wine would have done it alone," he muttered, "but the brandy has doubled the dose!"

And so it proved; for in spite of their efforts to keep awake, both the doctor and his companion were in a sound slumber in a few moments—so sound, that a fall from their chairs to the floor produced no awakening effect on them.

"They're hin for it now!" said Barrington with a smile. "The sooner Cap'n Tubbs comes, the better now."

He had hardly uttered the words, before the man who had waited on him entered, and said:

"There's a man in the tap-room, who says you've sent for him, and he's 'ere, cap'n!"

"What kind of a look 'as he?"

"He looks summat as hif he'd been dropped

into a tan-vat, and then got dried in a smoke-house!" said Sam.

"Short built?"

"Yes; hand thick as a 'ogs'ead o' rum!"

"That's him! ask him if his name is Tubbs. If he says yes, bring him here. But first and foremost take these bottles away, and bring others with the reg'lar stuff in 'em. The sleep-in' stuff has worked, you see!"

"Yes, sir, band hamazin' quick!" said Sam, as he carried out the bottles.

He returned in a few moments, bearing a couple more bottles, with glasses, and ushering a man, answering very well to his rather original description—one whose dress and looks both betokened his occupation to be that of a seaman.

He started back as he entered, for he saw the forms of Watson and Tyrconnel on the floor, and evidently, at the first glance, supposed them to be victims of foul play.

"Dead men?" he asked, with a shudder.

"No, you greenhorn!" said Barrington, with a laugh. "You're a cute 'un, Cap'n Tubbs, not to know a drunken man from a dead 'un!"

"Oh—drunk—that's all!" said Captain Tubbs, looking again at them, and then taking the seat offered him by Sam.

"I s'pose you sent for me to see if I could not pay up part of what I owed you, before I sailed, Clint!" said Captain Tubbs, rather uneasily, as he sat down.

"I've endeavored to prove myself a friend to you, Bill Tubbs, 'aven't I?" said Barrington.

"You have, and I shall never forget you. You saved my wife and children from the next thing to starvation, when I was where I could not help 'em; and when I came back a poor, wrecked, and broken-down man, you put me on my pins again, and it's owing to you that I'm in another ship, and ready for another trip," said Captain Tubbs, warmly.

"You see, Tubbs, what I 'ave done bon haccount of our hold hacquaintance hand friendship, since hever we were boys! Hand I stand ready to do as much more whenever hit's needed!"

"God bless you, Clint—God bless you! I'm sorry you make your living in the way you do, but it is not for me to blame you. I only hope you'll keep clear of the law-sharks, and have the power and inclination to lay up in a snug harbor, out of danger, and that soon."

"Thank'ee, Bill—thank'ee kindly, 'cause I know as 'ow you mean well. I ham what I ham, and I can't be no t'other now! A hegg that's once spiled can't never be fresh again. But that's neither 'ere nor there! I saw that your ship was cleared for a whalin' voyage to the South Seas; hand I saw a chance w'ereby you might do me a great favor, and save me from committin' a great crime, without 'urtin' yourself the least possible!"

"Explain yourself, Clint! Anything I can do for you, you know I will!"

"Give's your 'and on that, Bill!" said Clint, eagerly.

"Providing that you don't mean nothing that is criminal!" added Captain Tubbs, as he reached out his hand.

"Didn't I say 'twas to prevent my doin' a crime?" said Barrington, rather testily.

"Well, out with it, man. I owe you too much to refuse you any favor that is in my power to grant."

"You see them two chaps there on the floor?" said Barrington.

A nod of the head signified that Captain Tubbs did see them.

"They're hasleep, and will be for the next four-and-twenty hours," continued Barrington.

"I thought you said they were drunk!" said Tubbs, looking at them with a glance of distrust.

"Well, so they be; but there was somethin' in the grog they drank that put 'em hasleep afore they knowed it. I know you won't peach on me, Bill, so I'll tell you hall habout it. These 'ere chaps was in the way of a woman—an Hamerican woman—and she 'ired me to get rid of 'em for her! Now, I've took the job, and she thinks I'll kill 'em, and pays me hacordin'ly."

"But you won't?" cried Tubbs, with a look of horror.

"I don't want to, and if you'll 'elp me, I won't," said Barrington. "When I saw your ship up in Lloyds' list for sailing, the hidea struck me that, with your 'elp, I might get the money, and save the gentlemen's lives. Says I to myself, there's Bill Tubbs, whom I've known hever since we wore bibs and played in the mud together. He's got a good 'art, and 'll 'elp me hout of the scrape, when I show 'im there'll be no 'arm done, 'specially when I give 'im the 'alf of a thousand pou'nds to make his folks the more heasy with, while he's gone to sea!"

"How can I help you, Clint, without doing wrong myself?"

"Why, you know of some pretty hisland or hother, hall halone by hitself haway hoff in them South Seas, where a couple or three fellers could live forever without starvin' or freezin', don't you?"

"There are such islands—some with Indians on 'em, some without," said Tubbs thoughtfully.

"Hisn't there one as you knows of, where there's no Indians, and where ships won't be likely to stop?"

"Yes—I like to have been lost on one last voyage not laid down on my chart. I took its position down, and run into a bay in it, and got wood, and water, and fruit."

"That's hit—that's hit!" cried Barrington.

"The very place. Now, Bill, if you'll take them 'ere chaps, hand hanother one that I've got in a like fix, to hact as a servant for 'em—if you'll take them as passengers, hand leave 'em bon that hisland, I'll plank down five 'undred pounds, and be more hoblged to you than you hever was to me."

Tubbs looked perplexed, and shook his head, gloomily.

"Clint, I'd do almost anything for you; but, you see, this would be abduction, or something of that sort; and if the law-sharks got hold of me, transportation would be the least I'd get."

"But they wouldn't get a 'old of you. The honly witnesses would be there on that hisland, while you'd be hoff on the hoocean, and your family living like 'ares hin a clover-field at 'ome."

The last argument was a powerful one with Captain Tubbs. Like those of most seamen, his home attachments were strong, all the more fervent for the frequent and long deprivations of an opportunity to enjoy them.

"What could I say to them, when they came to be themselves, and found out that they were at sea?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"That their friends 'ad sent 'em on a voyage for their 'ealth, and paid their passage."

"But they would kick up a rumpus."

"Aren't you cap'n aboard of your hown ship, Bill? Won't it be heasy to show 'em that you are?"

"Yes; if I take it into my head to do so, they'll know I'm captain."

"Well, Bill, it's for you to say. If you'll take 'em, I'll 'ave 'em haboard in less time than 'twill take hus to hempty a bottle of wine. If you won't, why it's honly one more crime to my soul, for they'll never wake hagain!"

"You'll pay me five hundred pounds now, if I'll do it?" asked Tubbs.

"Yes."

"Then, Clint, for my family's sake, to save you from doing a murder, and for the good you have done for me and mine, I'll do it, though it roughs the edge of my conscience a good deal, I tell you! Get 'em on board as soon as you can, for I shall slip out on the morning's ebb. I don't want to be laying around here with them on board, you may be sure."

"Have them aboard as soon as you can—I shall just run over and see Mary and say good-by, and then I'm off," said Tubbs, as he received the money.

"I'll do that, for I want 'em hoff my 'ands h afore the h officers over'aul the crib," said Barrington.

The bargain was made while its victims lay as unconscious as the "Seven Sleepers," or Rip Van Winkle, on the floor.

CHAPTER XL.

THE BOW STREET DETECTIVES.

MR. GRAB, of Bow stree', was generally very punctual in his engagements, but poor Faralie had been sobbing and weeping for over two hours in the deserted quarters of Lord Tyrconnel before the first-named individual found his way to her side.

"'Ave you see my lord—'ave you heard of heem?" asked the distressed girl, as soon as the officer entered the room.

"No, not yet," said Mr. Grab. "What news have you?"

"Madame and her son have disappeared from the hotel in the night, and are not nowhere to be found. Madame left for me a note upon her table, saying I was a *traîtreuse* to her, and I might whistle for my wages—the monster! As if a lady could whistle! But I do not care that I lose my wages, if I can only find my lord. Oh, *mon Dieu!* I fear zat zey 'ave murdare heem!"

"Things look squally," muttered the officer. "I must put more bands to work; if they've cut and run, it shows quite plain enough."

"What shall I do wiz myself, messieur? I cannot live at ze hotel wizout money."

"That's true. Hotel folks aren't in the habit of keepin' folks without money. But you sha'n't suffer for a home as long as me and my Susannah have one. You'll like Susannah. She's solid—she is! Weighs two hundred and twenty, and hasn't a bit more of room in her than will hold her big, warm heart. You'll like Susannah. Come home with me and see her, then I'll raise all London, but what I'll find Lord Tyrconnel and his friend!"

"Ab, sare, you are very kind. Nevare shall I forget zis—nevare, nevare!" And poor Faralie's tears ran more freely than ever.

"Don't cry—that's a good girl, don't cry! It makes me kind o' shaky to have anybody cryin' where I am! My Susannah never cries."

After this consolation and confession, the officer gently urged Faralie to weep no more, and took her away to see his Susannah.

CHAPTER XLI.

BOUND FOR THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE ship *Jonah*, William Tubbs, captain, bound on a voyage after sperm whales in the South Seas, was pitching and rolling before a fresh easterly gale, and driving out of the Channel as fast as she could, with all the canvas she could carry, on the day after that when her captain had concluded his bargain with Barrington.

And the "salt air" appeared to have excited his thirst in a slight degree; for Captain Tubbs was in the act of "freshening his nip" from an ancient-looking square bottle that spoke Dutch almost—so Hollandic was its build—when a head protruded from a state-room in the cabin where he was, and from it, in a rich Celtic brogue, came these words:

"Can you tell me where I am, you man over the bottle?"

"Ah! Woke up, eh?" muttered Mr. Tubbs to himself. Then, in a louder tone, he added: "Yes; you are at sea, on board the whale-ship *Jonah*, William Tubbs, and that means me, master."

"The *Jonah*—a whaler? Sure, am I draming? I know *ould Jonah* went a-whaling; but why Terrence Tyrconnel should follow his example is more than I can see into. Your name is Tubbs, you say?"

"Yes."

"You're one of the Tubbs that can stand on its own bottom, I should think then."

"I am, sir. That's a pretty good idea. Won't you join me in a glass?"

"Wait till I bite my finger, to see whether I'm awake or not. Och! botheration to the shark teeth in my head! I'm awake, by the blood of my fathers! Why, let me see; I was drinking in a rascally crib in London the last I can remember. What the deuce am I doing here?"

"Asking questions, just now."

"So I am. But how came I here?"

"Your friends brought you here."

"My friends? Not a friend had I who'd be takin' the trouble."

"Oh, yes, you had. They brought you, and your doctor, and servant, and paid your passage to Lookoheva, in the South Seas."

"Mr. Tubbs—"

"Captain Tubbs, on board my own ship!" said that individual, with a tone of dignity.

"Then, 'Captain Tubbs, aboard your own ship'—what do you mane by this yarn you're spinning?"

"I mean to state facts—neither more nor less. Your friends brought you and your doctor and servant on board of my ship just before she sailed, and paid your passage to Lookoheva—and there I shall land you. They said you were out of your head at times, and imagined yourself an Irish lord, and that the sea voyage, and a few months' residence in Lookoheva were all that you needed to restore you to health."

"They did, did they? How did they account for bringing me aboard in my slape?"

"They said you were drunk, and I didn't think they were much out of their reckoning in that."

"You didn't? But where's the doctor you spake of?"

"In that room next to you, forward."

Tyrconnel opened the state-room door to which Tubbs pointed, and saw Watson in a berth, still asleep.

"There is the doctor," he muttered.

"Didn't I tell you so? Next time you'll believe me," said Captain Tubbs, drinking off the gin and sugar which he had just mixed. "You'd better take a drink, sir, and be sociable. We've a long voyage before us, and might better be friends than enemies."

"There's truth in the last, if the first is a certainty—which I hope it isn't. So I'll take a glass, and then see if I can't wake up the doctor."

"Was there a female woman among the friends you've been talking about, Captain Tubbs?"

"I believe there was, though I didn't see her."

"Oh, the haythen! That thafe o' the wur-ruld, Misthress Mildollar, is at the bottom of all this. There's a mistake in the matter, captain; and I think, when it's explained, you'll put us ashore."

"There's no mistake about your passage being paid, and undoubtedly I'll put you ashore when the passage is made. When William Tubbs, master of the ship *Jonah*, commonly known as Bill Tubbs, the whaleman, makes a bargain, it's as safe as a sperm whale with the iron into his life! You and your friends will go to Lookoheva just as sure as this ship makes the run without sinking! There's no use in talking any other way! I'm always willing to argue a point that's got two roads to it; but this hasn't."

"Can you tell me where this Lookoheva is that you're telling me of?"

"Oh, yes. It's in latitude 13° south, and longitude 43° west—or very near that."

"What! an island in the South Seas?"

"Yes; one of my own discovery. I called it Lookoheva because it looked some like Nooko-

heva, where I'd watered ship three or four weeks before."

"What kind of people live on it? Cannibals, I suppose."

"There was nothing there but a few wild hogs; and how they got there, it puzzles me to think."

"By me sowl, a most inviting prospect! I must try and wake up the doctor, and see how he'll enjoy the news!"

"Doctor, doctor dear!" cried Tyrconnel, as he shook Watson's shoulder; "wake up, will ye, and find yerself inside of Jonah, the whaler!"

"It's drugged—I know it's drugged!" muttered the yet unconscious physician.

"Wake up, doctor, and hear a story. It's Robinson Crusoes we're to be; and you can kape a drug-store, and I'll be your patron as long as you sell anything good to drink—I'll cling to you as close as a Maine deacon to his town-agent."

The doctor, so roughly shaken, began to show strong signs of waking; and with an uneasy moan he turned over, and would have rolled out of the berth had not Tyrconnel prevented it.

"Aisy—aisy there, doctor dear! When you rowl on your own axis, don't think yourself the wurruld, or you'll rowl out of your sphere."

"What's the matter?—where in creation am I?" muttered the doctor, as he opened his eyes.

"Nowhere in creation, but here aboard of Jonah, doctor dear. Come out o' that, and then I'll help you to study out the diagnosis of our case."

"Are you crazy, Tyrconnel, or I—or both? It seems to me that we are at sea!"

"And so it seems to me. And if there's any truth in the words of Captain Bill Tubbs aboard his own ship, we'll be at sea some time before we see land; and when we see land, it'll be many a mile from it we'll pray to be."

"How came we here?" asked the doctor, who could not comprehend a word that Tyrconnel had spoken.

"Capt in Bill Tubbs aboard his own ship says our friends brought us here. I think the ould cat o' brimstone, Mildollar, is at the bottom of it. The poor little French girl will godemented intirely when she finds out that we've been spirited out of sight and bearing, as much as if we were dead and buried."

"We are at sea, then?"

"To be sure. "Don't you feel the ship rowl and pitea like a shaky cart on a rough road?"

"What ship?"

"The whale-ship Jonah—Captain Bill Tubbs, when he's on board."

"What are we doing here?"

"Faith, you can answer that as well as I. But turn out, and take a drop to wake you up, and maybe we can find out the particulars from Captain Bill Tubbs, aboard his own ship."

The doctor could not refuse attentions so kindly offered; and he managed to get on to his feet, and to walk out into the main cabin, where Captain Tubbs was leisurely sipping a glass of gin.

"That is Captain Bill Tubbs, aboard his own ship," said Tyrconnel to the doctor. "And, Captain Bill Tubbs, aboard your own ship, this is Doctor Watson, Prince of New York, in the United States of America."

"By Moses! the man is crazy, after all," muttered the captain to himself. Then he acknowledged the introduction by a bow as short as the nod of an automaton mandarin; and, pushing a glass over toward the doctor, pointed to the bottle, and said that he hoped he would help himself, and feel quite at home.

"First, I'd like to know how I came here," said the doctor, as he sat down.

"You were brought here," said Captain Tubbs.

"So I suppose; but how?"

"You were brought alongside in a boat, and over the side by your friends; for all three of you were too drunk—or sleepy, if you like the word better—to help yourselves."

"All three of us! Who else is on board?"

"Is it the French girl?" asked Tyrconnel, excitedly.

"There he lays on the transom bench," said Captain Tubbs, pointing aft.

"Why, it's the steward of the Merlin!" said Watson, in surprise.

"Yes; the poor fellow was a witness to the will. I can see through the whole plot now! That ould bundle o' sin, Mrs. Mildollar, has got us out o' the way so that she can go back and enjoy her fortune."

"But surely the captain is not a party to her villainy!" said the doctor. "You look like an honest, well-meaning man, sir," he continued, to the captain.

"I believe I am, sir," said Captain Tubbs. And he hastily swallowed his glass of gin, and said he must go on deck to see how matters went there.

"But hold on a minute, sir," said the doctor.

"I'd like to talk with you for a few moments,

and to show you how much better it would be for you to run your ship into the nearest harbor, and there to land us."

"As I told your friend, I never object to arguing a point that has two roads to it; but this hasn't. Your passages are paid, and there's an end to it," said Captain Tubbs, firmly.

"But let me show you that there are two roads in the matter: one is black with crime; the other is light as day—and we will brighten it with gold. You commit a crime if you carry us off against our will; but if you land us, we will pay you well, and all will be right."

"No; all wouldn't be right. I've taken money, and agreed to carry you to a certain point; and there you go, just as sure as my name is William Tubbs—commonly called Bill Tubbs, the whaleman."

"But, Mr. Tubbs—" continued the doctor.

"Captain Tubbs, aboard his own ship," said Tyrconnel, correcting him.

"I must go on deck, gentlemen; and let me say, once for all, that all talk or argument with me on this subject is useless. If you'll make yourselves comfortable, and be quiet, we'll get along well together; if you do not, it will be the worse for you, as sure as my name is Bill Tubbs!" said the captain, as he left the cabin.

"Aboard your own ship, why didn't ye add, you ould son of a sea-cook?" muttered Tyrconnel, bitterly. "What do you mane to do, doctor dear?" he added.

CHAPTER XLII.

ELFRIDA.

SOME three or four weeks had elapsed since good Dr. Watson had kissed little Elfrida, and bade farewell to her excellent guardians, Betsy and Jonathan Birdsall—who each night and morning remembered him in their prayers, and besought Him who holds all power to carry him safely over the ocean, and in good time to bring him back to his native land.

One evening about this time, just as the old man was closing his shop for the night, a man wrapped in a large cloak, with a felt hat drawn down over his brow, entered.

"What do you want in our line, sir?" asked the old man, supposing him to be a customer wishing a cigar, or some other little matter.

"Shut up your shop. I want to see my child, old man. Shut up your shop; for I don't want to be disturbed by visitors."

Birdsall at once recognized his visitor—Gerald Andros.

"Go inside, cap'n; go into t'other room, and my Betsy will show you the little beauty—it's asleep in it's cradle—or, if you'll wait half a minute, I'll go with you."

Andros made no reply, but stood until the old man had shut his windows and door—when he threw his cloak aside, and lifted the hat from over his brows.

Birdsall led the way into to the inner room, and Andros followed.

"Betsy," said the old man, "here is our little Elfy's father, come to see her."

"So it is!" said the old lady, raising her eyes from the Bible which she was reading, and taking off her spectacles. "So it is! Sit down, sir."

And she brushed a dustless chair with her apron, and placed it for him.

But he did not sit down. With a single stride, he crossed the little room, and stood beside the cradle which contained his motherless child.

There it lay, the little angel-bud of humanity, breathing as softly as a flower, and looking as if sorrow ought not ever to cross its spotless path. And while the strong man looked down upon it, his frame quivered with emotion, and his great, fierce eyes lost their wild light, and became dewy.

He knelt down, and pressed his lips to the child's sweet face. It awoke, and a look of terror told him that to it he was a stranger. He attempted to take it in his arms, but its cries of fear brought Mother Birdsall to the cradle; and when she took it and caressed it, the little thing hid its face in her bosom and hushed at once.

"She won't be so timersome of you, sir, when she gets older. But she never sees any strangers, you see, and she gets scared easy," said the old lady, in a quiet tone.

"It may be a long time before she sees me again," said Andros, gloomily. "I am going far away from America, and do not know that I shall ever return. But if I do not, she will be well cared for. She will be rich and happy—all the happier that she does not know her unhappy father! Is there any way that you can get her into a very sound sleep?"

"Why, what do you want to do?" asked the old lady, suspiciously. "You don't think of carrying her off, do you? No, no—we couldn't bear that! I couldn't spare her—I couldn't spare her!"

"I shall never take her from your care," said Andros, quietly. "I wish you and Doctor Watson to watch over her until she is of an age to act for herself; and then I know

that she will never drive such good friends away."

"Doctor Watson has gone to Europe," said the old man.

"I know it," replied Andros. "But he will soon return, and bring you good news about your pet. Her grandfather is dead, and has left her all his property."

"Old Mildollar dead?" asked Jonathan, doubtfully.

"Yes; and in his last hours he made amends for his cruelty to that poor child's mother—so far as he could. But Doctor Watson will tell you all when he comes back."

"Have you seen him since he left?" asked the old lady.

"Yes; I saw him at sea! But you have not answered a question I asked you, some time ago. Is there no way in which you can get the baby into a very sound sleep?"

"I can give it paregoric; but I must first know what you want to do to it."

"I want to put a mark on it, so that if any accident happens to you, or it should ever get lost, it may be found and recognized."

"That's a good idea—I like it; for sometimes children do get lost in the city, and sometimes they're stolen by the worthless beggars that prowl around, to help them do their begging. I've known more than one such case in my lifetime," said Jonathan.

"How 'll you mark it?" asked the old lady.

"With India ink, just as my name is marked on my arm," said Andros, baring his right arm as he spoke, and showing his own name marked there, beneath a well-defined American eagle.

"It's curious. Won't it hurt?" asked the old lady.

"Not if she is asleep. I'll do it carefully," said Andros.

"Then I'll give her the paregoric; for as Jonathan says, it's a good idea. We're getting old, and when she gets to running about, she might get out of our sight. But if she does, it sha'n't be for want of watching."

And the old lady went to the closet and got the paregoric, a few drops of which she gave to the child.

In a short time, its regular and heavy breathing showed that the drug had taken effect; and while the old lady held it tenderly in her arms, Andros bared its arm to the shoulder, and between the elbow and shoulder, with a bit of moistened India ink, drew in plain letters the name ELFRIDA. Then, with an instrument formed of sharp-pointed needles, he pricked over the spots darkened with the ink, and in a short time the operation was complete.

"It looks cruel. I'm so glad it's done," said the old lady, as Andros put away the articles which he had used. "Won't it never come out?"

"No—it is indelible. Wash it off now, and put on some simple salve, to relieve its soreness, for a few days," replied Andros.

Then, resuming his seat, he drew out a heavy purse of gold, and laid it on the table.

"Keep this for your own use, my good friends," said he. "When Doctor Watson comes, tell him I have been here, and have gone away, perhaps forever. Tell him to keep my secret and do his duty by my child, and God will bless him."

"We don't want no more money, captain," said the old man. "You've made us too rich already; and I'm afraid we'll be getting too proud for true Christians, if we have so much. Money and goodness don't seem to go hand in hand together. Rich folks always seem to try to ride down the poor."

And the old man sighed over the truths which he had just uttered.

"All the wealth of the world cannot chase the goodness out of such hearts as yours, my good friends. Keep the gold—take good care of my sweet babe."

Andros said no more; but taking his hat and cloak, put on the one, wrapped himself in the other, and kissing his sleeping child once more, departed.

"That man isn't a professor, but he has a heart and a soul for all that," said Jonathan, when he returned, after closing the front door.

"There were tears in his eyes when he went out, and a man that can shed a tear isn't without heart, no way. I'm sorry he isn't happy!"

"So be I," said Betsy. "Let's kneel down and say a prayer for him, Jonathan."

"That I will, my Betsy. That I will."

And those two true Christians knelt and prayed—prayed as those, and those only pray, who believe that God hears and will respond to their petition.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. MILDOLLAR'S RECEPTION.

RICHARD MILDOLLAR had been dead one year—yes, rather more than a year. The dust of summer, the sleet and slush of autumn, had passed away, and dreary winter hung its shivering pall over the city. But what cared those who, in dashing carriages, drew up before the brilliantly-lighted residence of the wealthy widow Mildollar—what cared they for the keen

blast that howled along the streets, or the driving snow which found its way into many a dreary room, where fuel and food were not.

It was a "reception night" with Mrs. Mildollar, who, having laid aside her full mourning, worn only because custom had demanded it, had once more opened her doors and devoted herself to the world of fashion.

Mrs. Mildollar, to show how well she looked out of mourning, had donned the most elegant dress which she could procure in the city, and she literally sparkled with brilliants. Thanks to the discovery of a young and rising hair-dresser, she had succeeded in having all of the silvery hairs in her head changed to a darker hue; and with the aid of another benefactor of fading beauty, her complexion was as fresh as that of a maid in her teens. She was dressed so superbly, and *artificially* so completely, that she was almost the belle of her own party.

Her air was stately and grand as she passed through her magnificently-furnished rooms, greeting her guests and responding to their compliments. She leaned upon the arm of her son, whose beard having grown, and manners become a little more gentlemanly since his European trip, of which he now spoke so often, enabled him to look somewhat like a man of the world—his tailor, barber, and jeweler having each done their best to finish his appearance.

The two had nearly completed the circuit of the crowded rooms, when a tall, elegantly-dressed, and dashing-looking female entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman who was remarkable from the profusion of his whiskers and the abundance of his flashy jewelry.

Mrs. Mildollar trembled, and almost turned pale in spite of her rouge.

"How dare *she* come here?" she asked of her son, as she pointed to the woman—who was none other than our old friend Phone.

"*She* dare do anything!" said Harry Corryell, in a whisper. "But that fellow with her takes my eye! By thunder, it is Barrington! I know him in spite of his whiskers!"

"They must not stay here. Do get them away, or I shall faint!" said Mrs. Mildollar.

"I'll try, mother; but if she won't go, she won't! I know *her*, now—I wish I never had."

"Order them out of the house!" said Mrs. Mildollar.

"That would never do. They have our secret; and you know she says the will is not destroyed. In fact we have both seen it."

"I don't care; the witnesses are dead, and I'll proclaim the document a forgery, and *law* the matter out. Mr. Bitters, my lawyer, can drive them from the country."

"I know there's a good deal of the blood-bound in him; but, for all that, he'd not be a match for that English she-fiend. You've never seen her in a rage. I have, and felt her, too; and I shall be careful how I raise the tiger in her again!"

While this hurried and whispered conversation was being carried on, the two persons whom it most concerned were approaching the spot where Mrs. Mildollar and her son stood.

The lady would have turned away, but her son whispered:

"You must help me out, mother—you must help me out!" And she was forced to stay.

"Good-evening, madam; you look charmingly this evening!" said Phone, with a graceful inclination of her really fine head. "Permit me to introduce to your notice my friend, Lord Ponsonby. My lord, will you attend madame while I accept the attentions of Mr. Corryell?"

So coolly was this said and done, and the *ci-devant* Lord Ponsonby so quietly offered his arm, while "Miss Coutts," as she was known to Mrs. Mildollar—who, however, knew her real character—took possession of the arm of Harry, that the transfer was made before Mrs. Mildollar knew what she was about.

In a moment more, she found herself alone with Barrington, or Lord Ponsonby as we must call him—for Phone had led *her* captive away.

"Well, this is cool!" remarked Mrs. Mildollar.

"Rather cool, houtside, ma'am; but decidedly pleasant in the 'ouse! 'Ow 'ave you been, madam, since I 'ad the honor to see you hin London?" said Barrington.

Mrs. Mildollar could have fairly screamed for vexation, but she dared not make a scene—for the ear and tongue of fashionable society are ever on the alert.

"I don't recollect ever having met a Lord Ponsonby in London!" she said, at last, with an air of dignity calculated to overwhelm the captain at once. But it utterly failed, for the captain very composedly answered:

"Not hunder the name I *choose* to be known by 'ere, madam. But you know you met me there, and may thank your lucky stars you did, or you wouldn't be here, now. You needn't put on *hairs* with me, for if you do, this 'ouse won't 'old you long!"

"Do you dare to threaten me?"

"Yes; I dare to *threaten* and to *hact*! If I say the word, the will and the witnesses will be before a court in no time!"

"It is false—the witnesses are dead!"

"Not by no manner o' means!" said the captain, in the same low tone which both had used so far. "Do you think I was so green as to slip my 'ead into a noose for a few 'undred pounds? Not I! The witnesses are hout of the way; but I can produce 'em at hany time I want to, at very short notice."

"For Heaven's sake, discontinue this conversation, and come to me to-morrow, and tell me how I can forever secure your silence and my safety!"

"I will, hon condition that you hact toward me to-night as if I was a real lord—introduce me to your friends as Lord Ponsonby, etc. Do that, and we'll drop the hunpleasant subject till to-morrow!"

It was a bitter pill for that proud, bad woman to swallow, but she could not avoid it; and for the rest of the evening, Miss Coutts and Lord Ponsonby were predominant stars of the soiree.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DEATH OF THE BIRDSALLS.

It was midnight—the same evening as that spoken of in the last chapter. Midnight, and scarcely half of the people in the great city were asleep. It was but the beginning of the day of pleasure to the wealthy in their revelry—it was but the beginning of day for the outcast or the gambler.

Suddenly, amid the howling of the winter wind, arose the shrill clangor of fire-bells, and warm-coated watchmen rushed along, springing their rattles, and shoutaig "Fire!" as loudly as they could.

Soon the rattle of rapid wheels, the hoarse orders of strong-voiced men, and the rush of rapid feet, told that the noblest soldiers in the world, the brave and devoted firemen, were aroused and rushing to their work.

"Where's the fire?" asked a man of a young fellow, who, despite the chilling blast, was in his shirt-sleeves, hurrying along with only his fire-bat in his hand, to signify what he was.

"In de Fift' Ward—can't you tell by the stroke o' the bell?" cried the gallant fire-laddie, as he sped on toward the fire. A few moments and he was there, working with "old 13" as hard as he could, before a mass of fire, for the buildings were all ablaze when he got there.

"There's folks live there—in that house—two old folks and a baby!" screamed a woman, who had come out from a neighboring house in her night-clothes.

"Folks in *that* house, alive? If there *were*, they're as dead as herrings afore this!" cried the foreman of "13"—as good a fireman as ever run with the machine.

"By de Lord Harry! I'm a-goin' in to see, *I am*!" cried the coatless young man whom we have just spoken of.

And quicker than thought, he dashed in the already tottering door of the burning building, and disappeared amid the smoke and flame.

"Come back, Sam Latrobe—come back, the walls are tumbling in!" shouted the foreman. "Work, boys, work! let the water fly—poor Sam stands but half a chance!"

With a quick and heavy crash, the men worked the brakes, almost hopeless for him who had so daringly ventured his life within that terrible belt of fire.

After a minute or more of breathless suspense, the noble fireman was seen to stagger out, bearing a human form in his arms. He dropped it into the hands of those who rushed forward to help him, and cried:

"I reckon de old lady's dead; but I heard a baby cry as I was coming out. I'll have him, or spile!"

Again, though warned that the walls were trembling, and likely to fall at every instant, the heroic fellow rushed back, while the excited spectators could only groan, and pray for his safety.

He was gone longer this time; and at last, the walls of the building tottered more and more, and then, with a thundering crash, fell inward.

"Poor Sam's gone!" cried the foreman of Thirteen.

"No, he isn't!" he shouted a moment later, as the poor young hero staggered out from amid the smoke and blaze, blackened and burned, but holding a bundle clasped to his breast.

"Thirteens, take me and der baby home, will yer?" he gasped, as he staggered and fell forward among his noble fire-mates.

With such a cheer as firemen know how to give, the words were received, and though poor Sam Latrobe fell senseless as he spoke, there were sturdy arms to catch him ere he touched the earth, and plenty of strong men to fulfill his request.

"Poor old Auntie Birdsall, she's dead!" said the woman who had at first given the alarm that people lived in the burning house. "I reckon her husband is dead, too."

And she wept over the form which the noble fireman had first dragged from the flames;

for Auntie Birdsall had no enemies, and many friends.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAM LATROBE, FIREMAN.

BURNED almost to a blister, his hair and eyebrows almost singed away, Sam Latrobe, the noble fireman, lay on a bed in his widowed mother's humble dwelling, in Laight street. And his kind mother was bending over him, when, with the aid of the doctor, he was brought out of the first deathlike swoon, into which he had fallen after his superhuman exertions.

And another woman—a girl-woman—was there, bending tearfully over him, repressing the sobs which shook her lovely little figure—a beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, of sixteen or seventeen summers, whose plain dress, and that "poor forefinger" all blackened with the prickings of the cruel needle, betokened her to belong to the working-class—though many a belle of the aristocracy might well have envied her the loveliness which made her almost angelic.

"Mother, dear mother!" murmured the young man, as he opened his eyes first on her loved face. Then, as he saw that other tearful face, a smile of gladness stole over his scorched features, and he said:

"You here, too, Susy?"

"Yes, Sam; they said you was a'most killed; and I couldn't keep away!" said Susy. And a blush stole over her face, like a glow of sunshine on a bed of roses.

"Where's my baby?" asked the noble fireman. "Where's de little baby I saved from de fire? Didn't de boys bring it along?"

"Yes; it's asleep in my bed, poor little thing! I suppose it hasn't got any father or mother—the folks were all burned up, I hear," said Mrs. Latrobe.

"Hasn't got any father or mother? Oh, ain't I glad!" said Sam.

"Why, Sam?" said Susy.

"'Cause I'll be father, and mother, and everything to it!" said the poor fellow.

"Doesn't the burns hurt you dreadfully?" asked Susy.

"Not half so bad as they would if you wasn't here, Susy," said Sam.

Whereupon a yet deeper blush overspread her features, and she put up her apron to wipe away something that shone brighter than a diamond on her cheek; for it was a tear of joy!

The doctor had pronounced him out of danger; and Sam—*her* Sam, her openly-avowed lover—was glad that she was there!

"I do wish you'd quit going to fires, now, Sam," said his mother. "This is the second time you've been brought home almost dead!"

"Yes; and de second time I've saved life, too, mother! I s'pose dey'll have my name in de papers again for dis? I hope dey won't forget what company I belong to."

"I wish you didn't belong to any company," continued the widow.

"Wish I didn't belong to no company? Wish I didn't run wid any machine? Why, I'd be nobody, and worse, too, if I didn't. Mother, you don't mean that!"

"Yes, I do, Sam. The fire-bell never rings but it makes me tremble for your life! If you should be killed, I should be childless."

"Why, no; you'd have Susy, there."

"Susy will not be my daughter till she is your wife; and she, poor thing, frets as much as I do over the danger you incur."

"She doesn't say anything against de machine, mother."

"No; for she loves you so well, she hates to cross you even in a thought. But lay still, and don't talk."

"I will, mother; but just let me see de baby."

The good woman smiled, and went and brought the little creature from her bed. It had waked up, and was now as smiling and rosy a cherub as ever came wingless to the earth; for it had been carefully wrapped up by the thoughtful fireman, and borne through the flames unscathed.

It extended its little hands toward Sam, and laughed a bird-like carol as the widow held it toward him.

"Bless her dear little soul! What'll we call her, mother?"

"I'll call it Martha, after you, or Susy, if you like it better."

"It has a name already marked on its little snow-white arm—a real, pretty name!" said Susy.

"What is it? Is it Susy? for that is the prettiest name in this world!"

"No; it is ELFRIDA!" said Susy, with a blush at Sam's compliment to her name.

"Elfrida! Well, that'll pass; but I never knew a machine, or a race-boat, called 'The Elfrida.'"

"I must go to my work now," said Susy. "I've got to finish it before night. When I've got it done, I'll come and see you again, Sam."

"Do, Susy—do; I sha'n't need any doctor, if you only come once in a while."

"Isn't there somethin' nice I can bring you from the market, Sam?"

"I reckon not, Susy. I don't feel like eatin' much, I can tell you; I'm as well done as a cheap porter-house steak. I'll tell you what you may do, Susy, if you like."

"What, Sam?"

"Why, you may get some candy and peanuts for de baby; I reckon it'll go peanuts."

"Tain't old enough for that. What do you know about feedin' a baby, Sam?" said his mother.

"Nothin' to what I expect to, by and by; but I want the baby well fed, that's all," said the fireman.

"It shall be. I've bought a quart of new milk for it, and it shall have as much as it can drink."

"Well, you know best, mother. I hope there won't be no fire till I get well."

And the noble fellow, who had almost forgotten his agony while Susy was there, groaned with pain when she went away.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A HIGH PRICE FOR SECRECY.

On the day succeeding the evening of her soiree, Mrs. Mildollar sat, pale and anxious, in her private boudoir, with only her son present.

"It is two o'clock, and that is the hour the villain appointed for his interview," said she, looking at her diamond encircled watch. "I wish he and that brazen-faced girl would drop dead in their tracks before they could reach here! Can't you get them put out of the way, Harry? If you could, we would have no other drawback to our enjoyment. But while they live, we will be in perpetual danger, and subject to annoyance whenever they choose to persecute us."

"They're both so sharp, it would be hard to trap them," said Harry, as he shook his head despondingly.

"Lord Ponsonby and Miss Cutts are in the parlor, madam," said a liveried servant at the door of the room.

"I will go down to see them in a moment," said the lady.

"Harry!" said she, as the servant retired, "I want you to see that no servant hangs around to listen to our interview. I will make the best terms I can with the wretch. Oh! if I were only a man, I'd murder him!"

And she looked as if she would indeed if she could, as she left her boudoir for the parlor.

"How are you to-day, madam? Really you look charming in that lilac satin; for a woman of your age, you really wear well!" said "Phone," as Mrs. Mildollar entered the room.

"I do not want compliments from you, miss; if we must have business together, let it be done at once."

"That's the talk—let's have the business over first, and then hif there's hany refreshments or the like hof that, we won't hobject to 'em!" said Barrington, turning from before a mirror, in which he had been admiring himself, and nodding to the widow.

"Sit down, ma'am—sit down and make yourself at home," he added, as Mrs. Mildollar remained standing.

"Where's Harry?" asked Phone, as she seated herself on one of the satin-covered sofas in the elegantly furnished room.

"His presence is not necessary here. I attend to my own business!" said Mrs. M., sharply. Then addressing Barrington, she asked abruptly:

"How much will buy you off from troubling me forever?"

"Well, a trifle; henough to make me hand Phone 'ere comfortable. We've made up our minds to get married, and want to 'old our 'eads hup in society 'ere. I must be hable to belong to a club, 'ave my fast 'orses, my box at the hopera, my seat on the 'Udson, and my 'ouse in the city! Phone must 'ave means to dress as well has hany hother woman that travels, hand—"

"I don't want to know your plans, sir!" said the widow, impatiently. "I only want to know what will buy your silence forever!"

"Heasy, my good woman, heasy!"

"I'm not a good woman, sir! I'm a lady!"

"Well, ma'am, I beg pardon for callin' you hout of your name. I suppose you're worth a couple of million dollars, or thereabouts?"

"Oh! not the half of that!" cried the lady in alarm; for she feared that his demand would be fearfully exorbitant, if he really knew how large the fortune was which she had come in possession of.

"You can't blind my heyes, ma'am!" said Barrington. "I've seen the hassessors' books, and I know just 'ow much you're taxed for. Hand I've seen the little gal what's mentioned in the will!" he added; though he spoke falsely when he said so.

"Where—where is she?" asked Mrs. M. eagerly; for a new and horrible thought flashed across her wicked mind.

"That's more than you'll know, with out payin' hup my demands first, and a little

hextra for the news," said Barrington, coolly.

"I suppose you'd like to see the little hinnocent—like to hinquire habout its 'ealth!"

"No; I care nothing for the brat!" said Mrs. M., angrily. "Answer my first question: what sum will buy you off?"

"Well, we'll be reasonable; eh, Phone, hold gal?"

"Oh, yes, captain! I should think we could get along decently with five or six hundred thousand dollars!"

"Yes; 'alf a million down, and a note for a 'undred thousand more in a couple o' years! I reckon that would do to live on hamongst the haristocracy!"

"What!" almost screamed Mrs. Mildollar.

"Do you mean to beggar m'?"

"No; we could do hit werry heasy though, if we liked!" said the captain, quietly.

"I cannot raise the sum!" said Mrs. Mildollar.

"Not with more than that in the banks, and 'alf a dozen ships and store-'ouses that you can sell any day? You can't gammon me, hold lady!"

"I will give you a hundred thousand dollars!" said the widow, in a pleading tone. "A hundred thousand dollars is an immense sum!"

"To some folks 'twould be; but we Hinglish don't count it much. We've named our price, and hif you don't like hit, why say so, and, maybe, you'll 'ave a chance to think 'alf a 'undred thousand would 'ave been worth sayin'! I reckon you won't be givin' hany more soirees, and Master 'Arry will 'ave to come down a peg, and learn 'ow to learn 'is livin'!"

"Mother, give 'em what they ask, and be done with 'em!" said Harry, who had been listening at the door, and had no desire to learn how to earn a living.

"Come in, Harry; come in, and sit down here!" said Phone. "You needn't be afraid of me now; the captain and me are going to get married as soon as your old woman shells out the needful!"

"You shameless hussy! I'd have you know that I'm not an old woman! If you don't leave the house, I'll have you put out!" cried Mrs. Mildollar.

"You will, you—"

"Stop, there, Phone—stop! No quarrelin' till this business is hover, one way or hother!" cried Barrington, interfering, to prevent a threatened collision; for "Phone" was in truth a tigress, if once her temper was aroused.

"Now, ma'am, speak hout!" he continued, "hither say you will, or you won't; for we're not goin' to wait 'ere hall day. Hif you say you will, we'll give you a week's time to raise the blunt; hif you say you won't, the will goes to the Register's office, and the Surrogate gets the news hof hit, hand Doctor Watson's lawyer halso; hand the doctor 'll soon be 'ome to see to the haffair!"

"Come again in a week!" said Mrs. Mildollar, faintly.

"Not without you say you'll 'ave the 'alf-million ready! Hour time is too waluable to be fooled with!"

"It shall be ready! But bring the original will with you this time; for our settlement now must be final!" said Mrs. Mildollar.

"That shall be hall right, ma'am. And now that business is hover, if you 'ave hany little refreshment to hoffer, we 'aven't the slightest hobjection to it!"

Mrs. Mildollar turned almost white, in spite of her rouge, she was so angry; but she rung for a servant, and ordered him to bring in some cake and wine.

"I'd rather 'ave brandy!" said Barrington. "We Hinglish can't go such weak trash as you Hamericans do!"

Brandy was also ordered, though evidently with disgust.

When the refreshments were brought, the captain filled his glass, and said:

"'Ere's your 'ealth, ma'am, and hanother 'usband!"

"One suited to your age!" added Phone, spitefully, as she filled and drank off a glass of undiluted brandy.

Mrs. Mildollar almost choked with rage; but she made no reply, nor did she speak until they were gone.

CHAPTER XLVII.

EXILED ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND.

HAD they been willing passengers, on a voyage of pleasure, Watson and Tyrconnel would have enjoyed themselves on board the *Jonah*, on her passage south. Her master was at heart really a good fellow; and though upon several points he was obstinately firm, on all others he was as kind and liberal as a brother could have been.

He would not permit them to have any conversation with his crew—would not permit them to be on deck when any vessels were near, and positively refused to run into any port until they had reached the island where he was bound by his contract to land them. But his stores, which were various, of good quality, and not stinted in quantity, were placed freely at their disposal—books, writing-materials, etc., were allowed them—and he was personally as

attentive to their comfort as he could be. He was ever ready to converse on all subjects but the one which "hadn't two roads to it," and therefore couldn't be argued—permitted them to use his instruments, and aided them in becoming acquainted with the science of navigation, which they studied, not only as a pastime, but also with the hope that it might be of eventual service to them.

But for all this, the time passed wearily to them, and it was almost with joy that they heard the cry of "Land, ho!" from aloft, which announced that the island of their destination had been sighted at last. And as the captain handed the doctor his telescope, after he had assured himself that the land "made" was the island which he had discovered and named, he expressed his sorrow that they should so soon have to part company.

"The sorrow isn't all on one side, as Phelim O'Neil said to Bridget, his wife, when she wished bad luck to the day that saw her wedded to him," said Tyrconnel. "But you'll not leave us without stores and weapons, will you, Cap'n Tubbs?"

"You shall have everything that I can spare. I will pack up the things which I can allow you, and see them put on shore myself."

"Won't you let me help you, cap'n?"

"Thank you—no! I can get along better by myself!"

"Then sure you've nothing to thank me for. Don't forget to put a shovel in the lot; for we may want to dig our graves, d'ye see?"

"You shall have a shovel."

"And an ax, cap'n, and a handsaw, and a plane, and a few pounds of nails, to make our coffins with."

"Or to build a boat! I must think about that request before I grant it," said the captain.

"What is it to you, captain, what we do, after you have landed us, and fulfilled your contract?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing, sir, nothing—only, in my contract, it was made a special point that I should not in any way aid you to leave until your friends sent for you! To give you the means to build a boat would be to break a part of my contract, and I must not do it!"

"How do you like the looks of the land, doctor?" asked Tyrconnel.

"I see nothing but huge cliffs, against which the great waves break in foam. It has a hard look."

"Yes, sir—from the outside, like some men; but inside of those rugged cliffs, there are as lovely valleys as ever the eye of man looked upon! You will say so when you get there," said the captain.

"I doubt it," said the doctor, sadly. "Paradise would lose its charms if one knew that it was his prison!"

The captain made no reply; but after giving some sailing directions to his mate, went below to arrange the stores which he intended to leave with the unfortunate men.

Meantime, the doctor and Tyrconnel remained on deck; for both had written letters directed homeward, containing directions, so far as they could give them, up to the previous day, of their then latitude and longitude; and they hoped by some means, to be able to bribe one of the crew to conceal these letters, and to carry or send them home.

But the mate had his orders, and they could not find the sought-for opportunity. The captain remained below for an hour or more, until the mate sent to inform him that he had reached the bearings of a peak which indicated the entrance to the only harbor on the island.

The doomed passengers expected, of course, that the ship would be run in; but when within a mile or thereabouts of the bold, rocky coast, against which the white surf thundered incessantly, the captain ordered the ship hove to, and the long-boat hoisted out, as well as a quarter-boat lowered.

Into the long-boat, as soon as it floated alongside, a half-dozen large chests were lowered, while the other boat was made ready for the passengers.

The second mate took charge of the long-boat, and the captain stepped into the quarter-boat, followed by Watson, Tyrconnel, and poor Jones, the steward of the *Merlin*, an unhappy being who had filled various capacities before he became a ship's steward in the *Merlin*—each occupation resulting alike disastrously to him.

As Jones was in his way quite a character, it seems as if we ought to describe him. His sallow complexion and cadaverous features indicated a natural tendency to bile, and there was gall in his disposition as well as in his physical system. His long, lank figure was bent as with the weight of grief, and his face expressed, all the time, dissatisfaction with what he called his luck. Such a man, a regular grumbler, was not calculated to make a pleasant companion for the doctor and his friend; but to give him his due, Jones was a worker, and could make himself useful when he felt so inclined.

Leading the way with the smaller boat, Captain Tubbs steered in through a narrow cut or passage in the cliffs, and after a row of a mile, or a little more, the boats entered a small bay,

almost entirely land-locked, where, indeed, a scene of beauty lay spread out before them. A valley, extending inland some ways, to the foot of a lofty and ragged peak, and plentifully wooded with cocoanut and bread-fruit trees—and a variety of other fruits also met the eye. A limpid stream of fresh water ran gurgling along until it emptied into the sea. Flowers of every hue grew plentifully about; and with the exception that there was no sign of man there, the view was most inviting.

The articles were landed from the long-boat, which immediately shoved off, and returned to the ship; and then Captain Tubbs, for the first time exhibiting much emotion, bade the unfortunate men good-by.

"I'm sorry to leave you here, gentlemen—very sorry!" said he; "but I had no choice, the way I was situated, and had to make the contract I did. If you knew all the circumstances, you'd acknowledge I did the best for you; for I believe if I hadn't agreed to bring you here, your lives wouldn't have been worth a ha'penny to the pound! And it sha'n't be my fault if you have to stay here very long. Good-by, gentlemen! I've put up everything I could think of to make you comfortable; and I hope you won't think too hard of Bill Tubbs for this!"

"You have been very kind to us while on board your own ship, Captain Tubbs," said Tyrconnel. "We'll do you the justice to say that."

"And we hope that you will in truth try to make our stay here a short one!" added Watson.

"I hope victuals won't taste good to you till you take us home again!" muttered Jones, looking yellowish-black, like the sunside edge of a thunder-cloud.

"Good-by, gentlemen!—good-by!" said Captain Tubbs.

And the next moment, his boat was darting through the water toward his vessel.

The doctor and his companions looked at the receding boats until they reached the ship, and at her until she filled away and ran out of sight beyond the cliffy point which bounded the outer edge of their harbor. And all of this time they passed without uttering a word; for their hearts were full. It seemed as if the last tie to civilized life was being severed forever.

Tyrconnel was the first to break silence.

"Well, if there weren't three of us here, we'd be all alone!" said he. "What do you say, doctor, to a tour of observation over our territory?"

"I think we had first better prepare some kind of a shelter for ourselves, and to protect our stores; for if I am any kind of judge of the weather, there's a storm close at hand!" replied Watson.

"I hope there is," growled Jones. "I hope there is; and that it'll scatter the wreck of the *Jonah* on this island!"

"Avast there, you heathen! Is it because we are in bad luck that you wish the same to everybody else?" cried Tyrconnel.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said the steward, meekly. "But I haven't your lordship's happy disposition, and can't take things easy."

"Always take 'em as they come, and smooth 'em a bit if you can," replied Tyrconnel. "But the doctor's right; there's a storm brewing, and we must knock up some kind of a shelter. If there's an ax among the stores we can soon cut down trees for posts and rafters, and the broad leaves of the cocoanuts will thatch a house a heap better than straw. Rouse yourself, Jones, and we'll have a government palace erected here by the side of the brook in an hour."

An ax was soon found, for the captain had filled one chest with arms, ammunition and tools, and in a few minutes the three were as busy at work as a gang of North Woods sportsmen, pitching camp.

Not more than two or three hours were occupied by our "islanders" before they had erected a firm and substantial cottage, the shape being somewhat between that of an Irish cabin and an Indian wigwam—a modification and union of the architectural taste of the doctor and Tyrconnel; for Jones, being but a hewer of wood and a bearer of burdens on this occasion, had nothing to do with its shape but to growl at it.

It was quite large, and roofed and walled so nicely with the palm-like cocoanut leaves, that they had no fear whatever that the drenching rain of the gathering storm would reach them or their goods, which they now removed within their house.

"Let's christen the tenement, now that it's built, doctor," said Tyrconnel, opening a chest and producing a bottle of "old Holland."

"What will you call it?" asked the doctor.

"Castle Sorrowful, if I had my way," muttered Jones.

"But you haven't your way, you long-faced baboon. Don't be after throwing cold water on everything sunny you see, or we'll banish you."

"Where to, my lord?" asked the steward, so

innocently, that both the doctor and Tyrconnel could not refrain from laughing.

"Where Ould Nick couldn't find you, if he wanted a fresh mourner for funerals," said Tyrconnel. But, I say, doctor, let's have a name."

"Name it yourself, friend Tyrconnel," said the doctor.

"I'm bothered to think of a suitable cog-nomen," replied the peer.

"Call it Emerald Hall, after your own place in Ireland. It is green enough to merit the name."

"That would be mockin' my own memory. I can't ache my heart by calling it that. Haven't you some sort of a name for it now? Let us call it after the old 'City' in New York."

"I've the same objection to that which you just gave in reference to your own happy home."

"Then let's call it Liberty Hall."

"Why?"

"Because the name will be indicative of our hopes of liberation before we grow much grayer than badgers."

"Liberty Hall be it, then," said the doctor, with a smile.

And it was duly christened in that name.

And while they raised the christening cup to their lips, a heavy peal of thunder rolled along through the sky almost shaking the earth.

"I mane no irreverence to the powers above, but by my faith that sounds mightily like a salute," said Tyrconnel.

"I hope the lightning won't strike us!" moaned Jones. "They say 'tis terrible in southern latitudes."

"What aiser death could a man desire? and it's gentale, besides—the next thing in dacency to having a bullet for a passport to the other world," said Tyrconnel.

"Just as if any death was decent," muttered Jones.

"What an ignoramus you are, sure!" cried the peer. "A man that's never lived dacently in his life may die dacently after all. But you'd grumble if you didn't have to die at all, but were to be translated like Elijah of ould! You take all patience out of me—you grumble like the toothache."

"You'd grumble, too, my lord, if you had a wife and seven little ones at home, and never expected to see them again."

"That would depend upon circumstances," replied Tyrconnel. "If the wife was *stormy*, and the little ones *squally*, I might thank the luck and the bright waters that divided us."

The steward said no more, and while the storm, which had now opened, raged and poured, the doctor proposed an investigation of their stores.

The captain had indeed provided for them with a liberality and judgment beyond their hopes. Stores of every kind that he had on board, cooking utensils, clothing, books and arms were all there.

One small bag was marked for Tyrconnel. He opened it, and found it contained potatoes, which had become so scarce on board the ship that they no longer appeared on the table.

"By me sowl! the captain has a tinder and a thoughtful heart. Here's the swatest fruit that ever grew on Erin's sod; and be, knowin' my likin' for it, has saved this bag of seed for me. Sure it's ten sins the less he'll have to suffer for when he gets to purgatory."

"He'll never stop there when he dies—he'll go down, down to the bottomless pit!" said Jones, solemnly.

We regret to leave our friends at this interesting juncture, but duty calls us elsewhere; and as they are as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances, we will make no further apology for departure at present.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DETERMINED TO "RUN WITH THE MACHINE."

THOUGH Sam Latrobe, the heroic fireman, had been severely injured in rescuing little Eufria from the flames, he rapidly recovered; for he had three advantages not possessed by every victim of untoward accidents. He had youth, a strong constitution not impaired by dissipation, and tender nursing by those who loved him dearly.

Only a few weeks elapsed, before he was able to be around at "Thirteen's house" again, where he was received by his brother firemen, with every demonstration of love and respect that their warm hearts could dictate.

"The papers had de company in dis time, when they spoke about my savin' de baby. Didn't you see *that*, boys?"

"Oh, yes!" said several.

"I told the feller what come and axed my name, and said that he was a reporter, dat if he didn't put in de company I belonged to, I'd lam him out of his boots as soon as ever I got well. And I'd have *done* it, too, you may go your lives I would!"

"How is the baby, Sam?" asked one of the boys.

"It's as fine as a sea-bass in deep water," said Sam. "Mother thought that it wouldn't

go peanuts, but it *does*. I'm sorry that it's a gal, though."

And Sam heaved a heavy sigh.

"Why?" asked one of the company.

"'Cause it can't grow up and run wid de machine!"

And Sam sighed again. Then his face brightened, and though he blushed like a girl as he spoke, he said:

"Boys, I'm going to be doubled up."

"What?" cried several.

"Yes! Me and Susy are goin' to be married. You see, mother is gettin' old, and it's a heap o' trouble to take care o' the baby, all by herself; and Susy and me has been courtin' so long, we thought we might as well get slung now, as to put it off till wrinkles come in our faces. My boss, when I told him of it, said he'd put on five dollars a month more to my wages; so I guess I can get on first chop, and no mistake."

The boys all congratulated Sam heartily, and one of them proposed to exempt him from fire-duty, though they kept him on their roll.

"Look, there—none o' that, if you love me," cried Sam, very much excited. "If I had to leave de comp'ny, I wouldn't get married. Jest as long as my legs last, and I can hear de alarm, I shall run wid de old machine. Mind I say that, and it's jest as good as sworn to!"

The offending member withdrew his proposition, which delighted Sam so much that he wouldn't take a refusal from any one of the party to go around to the "widow's" to take a "snifter" at his expense.

The "widow's" was a favorite house, where, in hot weather, they could find lemonade with a stick in it; or in cold weather, the delectable (?) beverage known as "Tom and Jerry" could be had. The rosy-faced lady who kept it had made herself popular by naming her saloon the "Firemen's Retreat," and even holding herself ready to open her doors at any hour of the night, when the weary firemen were dragging the "machine" home from a fire.

CHAPTER XLIX.

JUST PUNISHMENT.

FIFTEEN years have passed away since the occurrences of our last chapter.

It was near the close of a December day, one of the coldest, rawest, and bleakest of the month.

Two men, yet young, or approaching middle-age, but wearing the marks of dissipation—*gentlemen*, I suppose I ought to call them, for they were fashionably dressed, and appeared to think a great deal of themselves—were walking up Bleeker street toward that lovely triangular square known as Abingdon, where the said Bleeker street ends on Hudson street, and Ninth avenue commences.

The two well-clad, gloved, and cloaked individuals, seemed to be very comfortable, however, for their faces, as well as their "walk and conversation," indicated that they had recently come from some region where ardent spirits had been convenient, and their ardor had not neglected the opportunity to make familiar acquaintance therewith.

They were Harry Corryell and his friend Mr. Joram Jalap, son of the wealthy Mr. Adoniram Jalap.

They were walking arm-in-arm, and were endeavoring to wheel on the right pivot from the corner of Bleeker street, when a young girl, who was hurrying down the street, keeping close under the lee of the houses to avoid the sleet which was flying with the harsh easterly wind, ran against Mr. Corryell with such force that he would have fallen, had he not caught hold of the iron railing in front of the newly-erected brick house there. The effect of the collision was yet more severe upon the poor girl, for it threw her back upon the pavement, and a small bundle which she carried was pitched nearly into the gutter. Her hood, too, was thrown back, revealing one of the loveliest faces that ever a good man loved to look upon, and a bad and sensual one could call up blushes on.

Mr. Corryell muttered a bitter oath, and would have said more, had he not observed the bewildering beauty of the girl, and he staggered forward to help her up, saying:

"By Jove, I didn't mean to run against you, miss! Jalap, my boy, pick up the young lady's parcel, will you? Thunder and Mars, it isn't every day a man runs against so much beauty!"

"Please give me my bundle, sir—I am in a hurry!" said the young girl, for she was not more than fifteen or sixteen, though very womanly in figure and expression.

"Not till you tell me your name and where you live, my dear," said Corryell, who at once saw, by her dress and the bundle she carried, that she belonged to the most cruelly-abused and worst-paid class of toilers in the great city—the working girls.

"That is information which a stranger has no right to demand!" she said, with a dignity which would have silenced a *man*. "Please

give me my bundle—it is work which I am carrying home."

"Let me carry it for you—I have plenty of time. Jalap, you go on up to my room, old boy; I'll be there as soon as this adventure is over."

"You had better give me the bundle, sir," said the girl, while her dark eyes flashed the indignation which she felt.

"I shall do no such thing, my little beauty. I'm going to see where you live."

"It will do you no good to know," said the spirited girl.

"That's more than you know, my dear—so lead the way," replied Corryell, bold with liquor and reckless in his libertinish nature.

"Very well, sir—I will go home, and if you choose to follow me, you may look out for the consequences."

"I never fear consequences, my dear—I'm rich, and money needn't fear any thing in this city!"

The girl made no reply, but hurried on into Hudson street, down which she passed until she reached Laight street, never once replying to the fulsome compliments which Corryell from time to time paid her.

She went but a little way down Laight street before she stopped at the door of a small frame dwelling, which, by its looks, denoted that its occupants, at best, were merely comfortably off in the world, and most likely had to toil hard for a living.

She knocked at the door, which, in a moment after, was opened by a man whose age might be about the same as that of Corryell, but whose honest face and vigorous frame told that, in all but age and wealth, he was a thousand times superior to him.

"What's the matter, Elfy? You look pale and frightened!" said this man, as the young girl stepped in past him, while Corryell stood on the door-step with the bundle in his hand, looking as if he wished he wasn't there.

"That fellow ran against me in the street and knocked me down, and then would come home with me against my will, and has been insulting me all the way!" replied the girl, bursting into tears.

"He has, has he?" said the man. And by the time Corryell could speak, he was grasped by the collar with a strength which was almost giant-like.

"Do you think you're too handsome, that you want to get your mug spoiled?" asked the man, as with the flat of his brawny hand he struck Corryell such a blow on the side of his face, that the blood flew from his nostrils.

"I didn't mean to insult her—quit, don't hit me!" bawled the coward.

"Didn't mean to, eh? Well, I don't mean to lam you very hard this time."

And the man gave him a cuff on the other side of the face, which nearly set his head askew on his shoulders.

"Murder—murder!" yelled Corryell.

"Get out—I'm not handlin' you rough! Now go and follow some other gal home!" said the man. And with a kick which a mule could not have outdone, he fairly lifted Corryell across the sidewalk into the gutter.

"What is your name? By Heavens I'll have satisfaction for this, if it costs me a thousand dollars!" cried the baffled villain.

"You'll get all the satisfaction you want for nothing, if you don't move your pegs away from here all-fired soon!" cried the man. "My name is Sam Latrobe, and if you want to know anything more about me, go over to Thirteen's house and ask the boys; or go to my boss—he'll tell you that the man that fools with me or mine had better have his life insured."

"I'll remember you, my fine fellow—I'll remember you!" said Harry, as he hurried off, completely sobered; but bruised and smeared over with blood.

"I guess you will," said Sam, with a laugh, as he picked up Elfrida's bundle and went in to the house.

CHAPTER L.

A USED-UP MAN.

It was an hour later. Joram Jalap was seated most comfortably in the private apartment of his friend, Harry Corryell. A glowing coal-fire shone in the grate, and a glass of hot toddy was on the table before him, and a cigar was in his mouth. Mr. Jalap could hear the cutting sleet dash against the closed windows. But he didn't care for it. In truth it seemed rather musical to him.

"I reckon Harry must have prospered in his adventure!" he said, as he took a sip of toddy. "He stays so long. He is death on the girls, he is! Good-looking men like him and me, with lots of money to spend, generally are!"

Harry Corryell at that moment entered the room, and the man who would have called him good-looking, just then, would have been guilty of slander, to say the least.

His eyes were both encircled with a cloud, his nasal protuberance was extensively enlarged, his clothes were smeared with blood and dirt, and he looked as if "up and dressed,"

to sing "The Used-up Man," to a Bowery audience.

"Why, man; what's the matter? You look as if you'd been run over by a train of cars; been trod on by an elephant, or been looking at a dog-fight! That girl didn't turn out to be a man in petticoats, did she?"

"No, curse her, no—but I got beaten and kicked like a dog, by a gang of rowdies, who were her friends! I knocked six of them down, but they were too many for me!" replied Corryell, as he hurriedly took some medicine from a black bottle, labeled "Old Cogniac."

"Did you find out where she lived?"

"Yes! and by Moses I'll make her pay dearly for this beating. She shall rue the day that she ever met Harry Corryell! I'll have my revenge upon her before she's six months older!" said Corryell bitterly, while he proceeded to wash his battered face, and to change his clothing.

"How do I look now, Jalap?" he asked, after nearly a half hour's labor had been expended in washing, combing and dressing.

"As if you'd been butting a stone-heap, Harry!" replied his friend. "You'll have to lay up for a week or two; it won't do to go on the street with such a face."

"I don't care! I can nurse my revenge; and you'll come here every day to play eucher and drink with me, won't you?"

"Of course, Harry. I'm the last man to desert a friend in trouble. But you turned me off rather short when you saw the girl. If you hadn't, and I'd been along, you wouldn't have come out so rough. I'll bet the oysters!"

"I don't know, Jalap! It was a terrible hard crowd that I got into! Pass the toddy and a cigar, old boy! I feel better now!"

He lighted his cigar, and sipped his toddy, without speaking again of the crowd which he had met and not conquered.

CHAPTER LI.

"A SHIP—A SHIP!"

It would seem singular to one who did not study the close analogies of the body and the mind, and observe how one affected the other—or, rather, how the ailments of the one exhibited its effects on the other—that a naturally-contented disposition should bear the body up, and preserve youth in one person far more than in another, in the precise situation of the first, but not so happily constituted in a mental sense.

For instance, though years had passed since Watson, Tyrconnel, and Jones had been left on their lonely South Sea Island, the Irish peer did not seem to have lost a year in looks; for his cheek, though tropic-bronzed in a slight degree, was as fresh as ever; his eye as bright, his well-knit frame as lithe and vigorous, and his sparkling wit as lively and redundant as it had been in the most joyous of earlier days.

The doctor was altered, though he had borne his fate with a philosophical calmness which had mellowed the change very much.

But Jones—poor Jones!—in him the change was so great that his nearest friend, neither his wife nor the cherished "seven little ones," ever would have known him. Hogarth's curve of beauty was fully developed on his back; his hair and unshaven beard were long and white, and dragged on the winds like bleached hay from the crest of an old stack. His face was hollow; his features sharp; and his voice expressly adapted to singing:

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!"

without need of any accompaniment.

One of the first things which they had done after having made a tour of observation over their island to discover its resources, had been to erect a lofty tower on the cliff, near their harbor, in which they reared a flag-staff, from which, at all times, night and day, fair weather and foul, fluttered a white flag; as a signal of distress; for they lived in the hope that some vessel, driven from her course by stress of weather, might come in sight of their place of exile. Many a night, also, after with weary toil they had carried up fuel there, a beacon light blazed out in the darkness. But all seemed in vain; for years passed, and they saw no sign of relief, no vestige of anything human beyond themselves, and that which they had with them.

Beyond this isolation (which in itself was a misery), they had lived comfortably. For food, they had fruit of various kinds, (Tyrconnel's "fruit of Erin" had also produced well), they had any quantity and variety of fish: wild fowl were plentiful; and a small species of wild hog ran thick through the groves—so thick, indeed, that they had to fence in their garden-ground. The meat of this animal, instead of being gross and cloying, was very delicate, juicy, and nice.

For clothing, they had not suffered. They had been provided with a good deal by Captain Tubbs, and having before read and heard of the native tapa, or cloth (made from bark, by the natives), had tried their hands in its manufacture, and succeeded admirably.

Each morning, one or all of them hurried to their look-out on the cliff, to see if sail was in sight; and so frequent had their visits been,

that a regular step-way was worn into the rude precipice, which now is, and long will be the wonder of visiting seamen to that now famous island. But, I am anticipating my story.

One morning, the sun rose clear for the first time in many days; for a fearful storm had lately been raging, and they had been kept indoors almost altogether by it.

Tyrconnel, who was ever an early riser there, aroused Jones, and bade him go up to the look-out and air himself, and see if he couldn't see a sail.

"What's the use, my lord?" moaned the poor fellow. "You know I'll not see one; we're doomed to die here!"

And he uttered a groan as hollow as an echo in a tomb.

"Oh! be off with your nonsense! Go up and taste the breeze that's comin' in as fresh from the east as the breath of a Tipperary girl, coming from milking the cows in the dewy morning, and come back, and have a drop of my 'mountain-dew,' made from sugar-cane, with a tay-kettle for a still, and you'll feel a year younger for it!"

Jones groaned like a weary ox, and then, gathering up his long, slender legs, started off up the cliff.

"Come, doctor, dear! rouse up, and look a bright day in the face once more!" said Tyrconnel, giving the doctor's bark hammock a shake. "I'm getting an appetite for a drop of our home-made *potheen*. If ever I get back to the old country, I'm going to take out a patent for the discovery and manufacture of the same. Won't it be a feature in my life: Terrence Tyrconnel, of the House of Peers, manufacturer of sugar-cane whisky—late king of the Cannibal Islands besides! Hallo! What the deuce is the matter with Jones? Has he trod on a hornet's nest? He's dancing up and down as if he had two hot shovels fastened to his feet!"

"A ship—a ship!" yelled, or rather screeched Jones, from his elevated post.

The doctor bounded from his hammock as quickly as he would have done had he been stung by a scorpion; while Tyrconnel ran as fast as he could up the path to the tower.

When he got there, he saw a ship, indeed, not more than two or three miles distant in the offing, but she was in a pitiful condition—a dismantled hulk, with almost every spar gone, drifting bodily in toward this boiling surf in the roll of the sea, and impelled by the easterly wind.

She was in fearful peril, even though the storm had passed; and her officers and crew seemed to know it, for they were busy in trying to get some sail on her to work off the coast with.

The crew seemed to be very large—and the long, low, black, sharp-built hull looked like that of a man-of-war. But if she was such, not a gun had been left on her deck—they had probably been cast overboard to ease her in the storm.

"What is she?" asked the doctor, as, almost breathless with exertion, he reached Tyrconnel's side.

"She's a ship *now*, all but her upper works; but she'll be a *wreck* in an hour, if something isn't done to get her into the harbor, or to keep her off the rocks!" replied the latter.

"Our canoe will live with two of us in her in such a sea, I think. Let us go off, Terrence, and try to pilot her in. It can be done easily, if they can get enough sail on to allow of her being steered!" said the doctor.

"Oh, for mercy's sake! don't you two go off and leave me here alone!" groaned Jones. "You'll be drowned; the ship'll be wrecked, and I'll be left here to die, without a single one to bury me!"

But the doctor and Tyrconnel were already half-way down the cliff, on their way to a small canoe which lay bottom-up on the beach; and before he had made up his mind whether or not to follow them, they had launched the little craft in the harbor and were swiftly paddling it out toward the open sea.

With a groan he again turned his eyes toward the vessel, and saw, by the actions of the crew, that they had discovered the tower and signal.

CHAPTER LII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

As the doctor and Tyrconnel slowly worked their canoe out against the head sea and wind, they were seen by the crew of the endangered vessel, and loud cheers, from men who had been almost despairing, now came down upon their ears, for from the ship no sign of a harbor could be seen; nothing but the ragged, rocky cliffs, where no boat could land, met the eye. And they could also see, as they neared the ship, that her boats had been swept away, or else taken off by a part of her crew; for none could be seen at her davits.

It seemed a long time, but it was not more than a half-hour before they were alongside of the vessel, on which the crew had just managed to set two old try-sails, so as to give her steerageway.

Clambering up the side, they stood for the

first time in many years, among white men; and a hard-looking set they were, to be called white.

But had an angel appeared to Doctor Watson, he could not have been more astonished than he was when one, who appeared to be the commander, sprung forward, and, grasping him by the hand, cried:

"Gracious heavens! what are you doing here, Doctor Watson? I supposed that you were in New York."

"You have the advantage of me, sir; I do not know you!" said the doctor, as he looked at the heavily-whiskered, elderly-looking man before him; for time, and sorrow, and dissipation had indeed changed one of our former acquaintances.

"Forgotten Gerald Andros?" asked the other.

"Why, it is Andros—how are ye, captain?" cried Tyrconnel. "But we mustn't bother just now to ask or answer questions, or else we'll soon have the roar of the surf thundering in our ears, and the hard rocks under our keel."

"Can we make a harbor?" asked Andros.

"Sure, it's already made, cap'n!" assured the peer.

"Can we run into it, then?" asked the captain.

"Yes, if you can steer your ship according to directions. You see the flag-staff there, on the top of the tower?"

"Yes."

"Well, the harbor's mouth is about three jumps of a good horse to the south of that. If you'll steer a little more to the east than you're heading now, you'll soon get where you can see the entrance for yourself, though it's little wider than a decent farm-yard gateway, at first. But never a better harbor did a ship go into than it is, when you're in; for you can run right up to the shore, and tie your ship's nose to the trees."

"He speaks the truth—if the vessel will only keep headway enough for steering, we can easily get her in!" said Watson.

"We have indeed had a tempest, the hardest that I was ever out in. Our sails went to ribbons—but we've another suit below, if we can rig up spars for them. But how came you here, doctor, and what are you doing here?" asked Andros.

"It is a long story, and one in which you are much concerned," replied Watson. "But I had best defer the relation until the vessel is safe in the harbor. When were you last in New York?"

"I have not been there for fourteen or fifteen years, only once since I saw you, and but a few weeks after that time."

"Then that she-devil, Mrs. Mildollar, has probably been enjoying your child's property ever since; for it was through her agency that I and my companions were sent here soon after the arrival of the Merlin in England, and here we might have died, had not strange fate driven your vessel here."

"You may well call it strange fate, for I am more than a thousand miles out of my course. I was bound up the coast of South America when the gale came on."

"Keep your ship steady now, and be careful, for the entrance is as narrow as the mouth of a miser's purse," said Tyrconnel.

The directions were obeyed, and the ship gliding smoothly on before the wind, soon ran in through the passage; and her worn-out crew could not refrain from uttering a shout of joy as she moved into the placid little basin which seemed to have been providentially hollowed out on purpose to receive her.

The scant sail was taken in, and her headway proved sufficient to run her in alongside of the beach, when ropes were run out and fastened to trees, which seemed as all-sufficient moorings.

"You see we're in safe, don't ye, Jones? Why don't you look glad, you woe-stricken devil?" cried Tyrconnel to the ghostly-looking steward. "You'll soon be on the way home to see Mrs. Jones and the seven little ones—though it's likely they're all but the little by this time!"

"I expect they're all dead!" said Jones sorrowfully. "If I should live to get home, I expect to find my wife has married to some Smith, or Brown, or White, or Green. I don't care if I never see home!"

And the steward uttered an unusually doleful groan, and went into the cottage to get out of sight of so many people.

CHAPTER LIII.

DINING AT EMERALD HALL.

AFTER Andros had heard from Watson all that the latter knew concerning his abduction and exile on the lonely island, he at once agreed with him that no one but Mrs. Mildollar and her wretch of a son could have been at the bottom of it, for he, Tyrconnel, and the steward were the only witnesses to the will, except the captain, and his life had been despaired of by the doctors; while, if he lived, his reason was almost hopelessly dethroned.

"And they now are probably reveling in the wealth which rightfully belongs to my child!" said Andros bitterly. "By the Hand that made

me, they shall rue their villainy! I fear that the old people with whom Elfrida was left may have grown poor, or died! Confident that you were there to act as her guardian, and be more to her than her wretched father could be, I have avoided going to New York, and have not even sought to hear from that place."

"But now you will hasten to go there, or at least to help me to get there!"

"Of course I will, doctor. As soon as we can fish up our spars and bend sails, take in some wood and water, and refit the ship as well as we can under the circumstances, I shall steer for the nearest port, which I shall enter, disguising the real character of my vessel—which I now can well do, for her guns and most of her arms are overboard. Then I will give the ship and their share of treasure over to the crew, and with my share—which is enough for Elfrida, you, myself, and a half-dozen more fortunes—I will go with you to New York, to see that justice is done, perilous though it is—for well I know I can never make my home there!"

"But you can at Emerald Hall, in old Ireland, cap'n, and it is myself that will give you the *ceade mille faltaigh* whenever you'll go there with me, or with your own convenience!"

"Dinner is ready, such as it is!" said Jones, in a doleful tone.

"Such as it is? Haven't we fish for a first course?" asked Tyrconnel.

"Yes, my lord!" replied Jones. "Fish full of bones—got one in my throat the other day, and came near choking to death!"

"And haven't we ducks, and plovers, and roast pig, and hashed liver, and giblet stew, and plantains, potatoes, bread-fruit and berries?"

"Yes, my lord, such as they are!"

"Such as they are, ye ould rook! Why, they're fit for a board of aldermen! And haven't we plenty of my sugar-cane whisky?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then stop your croaking, or I'll pray to Saint Peter to turn you into a bull-frog, ye omadhaun!"

"Come in to dinner, captain!" said the doctor, laughing. "Our friend, Terrence, is so lively himself, that he can't endure the solemnity of our ghostly steward."

"Solemnity do you call it, doctor, dear? It's worse than a solemnity! It's a regular calamity. A grunt or a groan every third word, and the looks of the man would make a monkey turn serious and set him to thinking of his latter days. I'm going to engage him to go to Ireland with me, to *look swate* crame into buttermilk without the trouble of churning it!"

And with this the peer led the way into the cottage, where an excellent dinner awaited them.

CHAPTER LIV.

A VILE PLOT.

It was more than a week before Mr. Harry Corryell was in a fit condition to be seen upon the street, notwithstanding the care and skill of his doctor—for the blows of Sam Latrobe had been heavy. But the villain did not suffer half as much as he deserved—he did not suffer enough to deter his mind from looking back at the beauty of poor Elfrida, and forward to the time when he should possess her.

Mr. Joram Jalap has been his constant visitor during this time, for he looked up to Corryell as a kind of mentor—as a leader—for Corryell had taken him by the hand and introduced him to his "set," when Joram became a gentleman in consequence of the retirement from business of his wealthy father.

Corryell could very well afford to patronize Joram, for the latter had a full allowance of spending money, was ignorant of the world, and as pliable as an old hat. He was ready to assist in any mischief which Harry had afoot, would come when he was called, and go when he was bidden.

Of course Mr. Joram Jalap was Harry's attendant the first time that he was able to go out after his "accident," and attired as unexceptionably as their tailors could make them appear, they sauntered down Broadway.

In front of one of the drinking-saloons Harry's eye fell upon a man of full middle-age—for his superabundant whiskers were slightly tinged with gray—whose dress indicated him to be one of the "fancy," though it was not in the best condition.

"Joram, I wish you'd walk on down as far as the 'Arbor' and wait there for me," said Harry as he saw this person. "You can look over the papers and smoke a cigar till I come."

"To be sure," said Joram; and he passed on, while Harry stopped and spoke to the person alluded to.

"How do you do, Captain Barrington?" said he.

"I'm well enough," said the person addressed, in rather a morose tone. "I s'pose I ought to congratulate you on the recovery of your hey-sight."

"Oh, you heard of my accident, did you?" asked Corryell, in a friendly manner.

"I haven't heard of bany haccident that you were concerned in," said the captain.

"Well, I mean the fight I had with some rowdies!"

"I never 'eard of that heither."

"No? Why, what did you mean when you said I'd recovered my eye-sight?"

"Why, I meant that you 'ad got so you could see me. You've passed me dozens of times within the past two or three years within five feet of me, and couldn't recognize me."

"You must be mistaken, captain; but the truth is, that I *am* near-sighted."

"When you want to be."

"Oh, pshaw! you're gruff to an old friend this morning. Let's step into Florence's, and have a hot punch in memory of old times."

"I'll go the 'ot punch—'twould be hagainst my principles to refuse that; but the memory of old times 'ad better be dropped. I shouldn't think you'd care to recall it. For my part, I'd like to drown memory haltogether. It's a huncomfortable mate to sleep with, and none too pleasant company when a chap is hawake!"

"It don't trouble me none," said Harry; but his uneasy look gave the lie to his words.

"But come in; I want to talk to you—I've something on hand which you may be inclined to help me in, if you're well paid for so doing!"

"I don't know habout that," said the captain, as he followed Corryell into the building.

"I've done work for you and your hold woman, and got my pay, and cried quits with you both. I don't care to risk my neck in the 'alter hagain!"

"Oh, there's no hanging danger in the matter I have ahead!" said Harry, as he led the way to a retired stall or box at the further end of the saloon, where their conversation would be likely to be uninterrupted, and to which he ordered a waiter to bring a pitcher of punch, hot and strong.

"The matter I have spoken of," said Harry, after the punch had been brought and a couple of glasses disposed of, "is rather trifling to a man of your nerve and capability, but I am willing to pay well to have it done quietly, so that my name won't come out, and I can get my game. I know you've run through the most of your money, and a trifle of four or five hundred dollars won't fall amiss into your pocket."

"Per'aps not—me and Phone 'ave lived fast for a few years 'ack. But what's hup—bexplain your business!"

"I want a young girl abducted from her home. She has pleased my fancy more than I have suited hers, and I have got to get her by force."

"And you can't get a young girl haway from 'ome without 'elp! You're smart—smart as a goose with clipped wings. What do you want with 'er?"

"That's my business. All I want you to do is to get her away from where she lives, and to leave her at a certain place which I will direct you to, and you'll earn your money!"

"Ow much? Did you say five 'undred?"

"I didn't—but I will! You shall have five hundred the moment the job is done."

"I must 'ave 'alf in hadvance. Most likely I'll 'ave to spend money in the work!"

"Well, I will agree to that, provided you undertake your work soon."

"I'll go right hat it."

"Very well—here is the money," said the villain, as he counted out two hundred and fifty dollars in bank-bills.

"Ow'll I know the girl, and where does she live?" asked Barrington, as he carefully recounted the money, and then stowed it in a lank-looking pocket-book.

"She lives at No. — Laight street, in a little frame-house, painted lead color. You'll know her by her beauty, for she's the handsomest girl in New York. Hair and eyes as black as night, cheeks rosy, figure splendid, age about sixteen, I should think."

"Do you know 'er name?"

"The man who lives there calls her 'Elfy,' his name is Sam Latrobe. What relation she is to him, is more than I can tell. She is too handsome to be related to him. Now you know as much of her as I do, and I hope you'll work up the business soon. On that card you'll find the number of the house where I want her taken, and the name of the person who lives there. Say that 'Harry Belden' sent the girl there for safe-keeping, and then let me know as soon as the bird is caged. The rest of the money will be ready for you on the spot."

"Hall right!" said the captain, as he took another glass of liquor. "I'll 'ave her fast hbefore twenty-four hours are gone by."

"I hope you will. By the way, where do you live, and what are you doing?"

"Why, me and Phone have a drinking-crib in Canal street—it goes in 'er name, though. We're doing a heavy business. We 'ave music from a pianny and a H Irish professor that we 'ire to play hon hevenings for 'is supper, lodg-ing, breakfast, and what rum he can drink. We call it a concert-saloon."

"I must give you a call some night."

"Do—Phone 'll be glad to see you! She hisn't quite so proud has she was when she lived hon the havenue."

The pitcher of punch having been finished, and the business agreement concluded, the parties now separated—Harry to rejoin Joram at the Arbor, and the captain to visit his "concert-saloon," and concert a plan with Phone to carry out the infamous work which Corryell had bargained for.

CHAPTER LV.

PHONE'S SERVICES ENLISTED.

PHONE was the only one in the saloon when Barrington came in after his interview with Corryell.

With the freedom to which he was entitled, the captain helped himself to a glass of brandy from a black bottle set apart from the array of bright decanters, and which contained a far superior article—a bottle kept expressly for the use of himself and Phone.

After he had done this he said to Phone, whose form was enveloped in a dirty wrapper, her hair in curl-papers, and her face rather haggard from the effects of late hours:

"Come and sit down, hold gal, and 'ear some news."

Phone threw herself languidly into one of the arm-chairs near him.

"Who d'ye think I've been 'aving a talk with?" he asked.

"How can I tell?" she replied. "Was it some one from over the water?"

"No; but it was some one that 'ad plenty of mopusses!"

"Did you make a raise?"

"Yes, a bit of one," said the captain, as he exhibited his pocket-book.

"Halves, Cap—halves!" said she, extending her hand.

"Hin course, my love," he replied, handing her the pocket book. "Elp yourself."

"Two hundred and fifty," she said, after counting the money, and putting one half back in the pocket-book, while she retained the remainder. "Where did you get it, Cap? Have you roughed a greeny?"

"No—I got it from a hold beau of yours."

"An old beau of mine? Now I know you're gassing, for I've no old beau on this side of the big fish pond!"

"No? Forgotten 'Arry Corryell, 'ave you?"

"What, that booby? What did you get money from him for, when we've cried quits on him and his old mother ever since we trimmed 'em out and promised to let 'em alone!" said Phone, angrily.

"Old hon till you 'ear 'ow it come habout! He 'ad a little job that he wanted done, and hofferred me five 'undred—'alf in advance, to do it. So I hagreed to do it, seein' has 'twas easy done!"

"What was it? A murder or something of that sort?"

"No—honly to get a girl haway from home that he's got a fancy for, and to take her where he can put his 'ands hon'er!"

"I guess you can do that easy enough. Go on Cap, and do your job—but let the girl be brought here!"

"He wanted me to take 'er to the place that's down on this card."

"Pshaw! Bring her here—I'll keep her as safe as they will and the money will be better for us than any one else!"

"That's so, hif 'e'll be hagreed!"

"Curse him! Bring the girl here, and I'll see that he's satisfied! Better yet; I'll help you in the matter, and save you all trouble. Tell me where the girl lives and all about her, and I'll bet a dozen of champagne to a bottle of trash, that I have her here in less than twenty-four hours!"

"Well, Phone, hif you'll do the job, and I know you can, it'll be hall the heasier for me, and hand I'm satisfied to 'ave 'er brought 'ere! Has you say, he can't 'elp 'imself hafter hit's done!"

"No—and if he don't like it at first, I reckon he'll come down if I threaten to take the girl back again, and to tell her folks who it was that caused her abduction!"

"Phone, you're a great hold gal!" said the captain, admiringly, as he went to the black bottle and poured out another glass of brandy.

"Fill me a glass, Cap, while you're up!" said the woman. "I feel as dull as an oyster-knife this morning."

"That's hall of keeping hopen so late, Phone!" said the captain. "You're a-wearing yourself hout."

"No danger, Cap! I'm sound stuff, and will last a good while!" said the woman, as she swallowed the liquor which he brought.

CHAPTER LVI.

MRS. EMMA HARCOURT.

SAM LATROBE was away at his work one day, but little more than a week after he had so unceremoniously dismissed Harry Corryell with a battered frontispiece, but Susy was at home, looking quite as handsome as when we saw her first; while juvenile Sam was on parade as "Colonel Postley," using his grandmother's

cane for a charger, and sweet, beautiful "Elfy" was busy with her nimble fingers over some embroidery.

Suddenly an unusual noise in the street, and a crash, startled all the inmates of the little house, and Susy rushed to the door to see what was the matter.

"Oh my! Here is a splendid carriage all broken to smash right against the curb-stone, the horses are rearing and plunging, and a lady, dressed ever so fine, has fainted away!" she cried.

"What's de muss, muzzer?" cried little Sam, as he went to the door.

"May I bring my lady into your house, madam? she has fainted quite away!" said the liveried footman, as he bore a lady from the broken carriage, while the coachman tried to quiet his spirited horses.

"Of course, sir!" said Susy. "Here, Elfy, and fix up the lounge to lay the poor lady on, and get mother's hartshorn bottle."

Elfy hastened to assist, for she was a kind-hearted girl.

Both of the women looked with surprise on the magnificent dress of their unexpected guest, who was a rather handsome lady, of middle age, evidently one of the aristocracy, to judge from her own appearance, her equipage, and the attendants attached to it.

In a few moments she showed signs of recovery; and when she opened her large, dark eyes, and saw the beautiful face of "Elfy" bending over her, she started in real surprise.

"Where am I? Dead and among the angels?" she said, in a low tone, as if dreaming.

"Your carriage was broken; but you are not hurt, ma'am!" said Susy, withdrawing the hartshorn from her nose.

"If you'll remain quiet, madam, with this good woman a little while, I'll have the coachman go after the other carriage!" said the footman.

"Do!" said the lady. "I am sorry to put you to so much trouble," added she to Susy. "I don't know how it occurred, but I believe some part of the harness broke and made my coach-horse run away!"

"You are not putting me to any trouble, ma'am," replied Susy. "It is a pleasure for me to be able to help any one! Do, Elfy, go out and bring little Sammy in from the street; that boy will surely be killed, one of these days, he is so venturesome!"

"Is that lovely girl your sister?" asked the lady, as Elfy went after the child.

"No, not my sister; but she's almost the same thing; I love her as if she was!" said Susy.

"Ah, me! I wish I had such a sister! She looks so good and kind!" sighed the lady.

"She is as kind a soul as ever lived!" said Susy.

Elfy coming in at that moment with little Sammy, caused a change in the conversation.

"That bright-eyed little cherub is yours; I can see that by the likeness," said the lady to Susy.

"Yes, ma'am; but he looks more like his father than he does like me!" said the proud young mother.

"Come here, Sammy, and let me wipe your face," she added to the boy.

"Jess as if I wasn't big enough to wash my own face, muzzer!" said Sammy, as he went to the wash-basin in the closet, and proceeded to make a grand splashing therein.

"How smart he is! Ah! what a treasure such a child must be!" said the lady; and then she almost wept, while she made it known that, though wealthy and blessed with a kind husband, she had no children, nor even a near relative to love and care for.

"Now, if I had only such a young lady as your sister for a companion, I should be less lonesome," said she. "I do hope that this accident, which has given me the happiness of meeting you, will be the cause of our forming an acquaintance which will be mutually agreeable. You will come and visit me often, won't you?" said she to Susy and Elfy, but with her looks most particularly addressing the latter.

"We are poor folks, ma'am, and not used to going into society above us," said Susy.

"Oh, do not speak in that way. I have no false pride about me. I shall ever welcome you to my house as warmly, yes, more warmly than I would one of my most wealthy acquaintances, for I can never forget your kindness to me. You will surely come, will you not? I will send my carriage for you."

"Mother is an invalid, and I cannot leave her and Sammy alone," said Susy. "But I shall be glad to have Elfy go—she has more time than I."

"I, too, will be most happy to see Miss Elfy," said the lady. "I will send my carriage for you to-morrow—now, I'll take no refusal—it will make me happy if you come, wretched if you do not."

The footman arrived at this moment; and the lady, who gave her name as Mrs. Emma Harcourt, prepared to go, but did not leave until she had extorted a promise from Elfy to visit her the next day at her house in Bond

street, she promising to send her carriage for her.

"Did you ever see such a fine lady?" asked Susy, after her accidental visitor had gone.

"She was dressed very elegantly, and spoke kindly," said Elfy.

"She wasn't half so gallus, muzzer, as de lady me seen when fazzer took us to de Bow'ry Theater! She waved de 'Merican flag in one hand and a big knife in de udder, and told de boys to go in; she wasn't afraid!" cried little Sam, warming over his only theatrical remembrance. "I wish Elfy would do like her—'twas so grand! I hurrah'd with all my might; didn't I, muzzer?"

"Yes, you made so much noise that I was ashamed of you."

"Fazzer wasn't, for he gave me a whole handful o' peanuts, and laughed till he cried!"

When Sam Latrobe came home, Susy gave him a long account of her elegant visitor, and the accident which had caused the visit, and dilated at length upon the invitation which she had received to visit Mrs. Harcourt, taking to herself a great deal of credit for her refusal of it, and determination to stay at home.

"I'm glad you did it, Susy," said Sam. "There's no good in poor folks like us making ourselves common with the big-bugs. If you had said you'd go to her house, you'd have had to do it. And you couldn't have gone without getting a new dress, and fixing up a heap. Then when you got there and saw the splendid furniture, and ate the nice things which she would set before you, you'd feel discontented with our plain living, and maybe feel sorry that you were a mechanic's wife."

"Oh, never, Sam, never!" said Susy, warmly. "I had rather be your wife—poor as we are—than have a king for a husband, if he owned all the United States, and Jersey besides!"

"Bless you, Susy, you look as handsome as a picture when you talk so! Has Sammy been a good boy to day?"

"No, fazzer!" replied the young hero for himself. "I has been awful bad! I broke gran'muzzer's pipe!"

"Was that all? Well, I'll get her another, and take the price out of your Fourth-of-July money."

"Fazzer, I'd razzer you'd whip me," said Sammy, after a moment spent in apparent thought.

"Why, Sammy—why?" asked his father.

"'Cause I want all my Fourf of July money, fazzer, for powder and fire-crackers! I'm bound to have a bu'st on de Fourf of July, or I'll spile."

Sam laughed, and promised his hopeful that the Fourth-of-July fund should not be encroached upon.

"I've been more bad, fazzer," said Sammy, encouraged by the good-humor in which his father was—though, to tell the truth, Sam Latrobe was seldom out of humor.

"Well, what else have you been doing?" asked the father.

"I gave de cat some of gran'muzzer's snuff, and it 'most sneezed its head off. And I took de ribbons from your trumpet to make my bride when I played Colonel Postley on his horse; but I put 'em back again."

Susy's announcement that supper was ready put a close to the youngster's confession; for, with a labor-sharpened appetite, Sam sat down to his frugal, but abundantly supplied table.

CHAPTER LVII.

RETURN OF THE EXILES.

NEW arrivals at the City Hotel! We announce this, not that new arrivals at the old City, while "Father Jennings" was at its head, were a rarity, but because we are rather interested in the "new arrivals" alluded to.

First came the baggage, consisting of several very strong-built and enormously-heavy chests: which, from their salt-waterish look, came from seaward, if they did not belong to men who followed an ocean life. The steward of the Rio packet, and a very grave and serious man whom he called Jones—who was an attendant of the "new arrivals"—came in charge of the baggage, and engaged three bed-rooms and a parlor for the owners of the baggage, causing their names to be registered as Senor Blanco, of Peru; Doctor Black, of Valparaiso, and Terrence O'Reilly, of Callao.

In a short time after the baggage had been placed in their rooms the gentlemen arrived—a sun-browned and awfully mustached and whiskered set they were.

Senor Blanco was a tall, splendidly-formed man, with black, flashing eyes, and a look as fierce as that of an untamed Comanche.

Doctor Black was not so tall; but his whiskers were fully as heavy as those of the senor. But Mr. Terrence O'Reilly out-did either of the others in the whisker line, and seemed to be full enough of fun and devilry to make up for the gravity of the rest of the party—not excluding their man Jones—who seemed to have been naturally fitted to take the part of Grief in a tableau.

The first order he gave, after he reached his

room, was for "a bowl of punch made from old Monongahela, with a scattering of New England rum in it."

The waiter, not understanding the order at first, asked to have it repeated.

"Get out, you blockhead," said Mr. O'Reilly, "and tell Father Jennings to make me a bowl of just such punch as he used to make for my friend, Lord Tyrconnel, d'ye hear that? Be off with you."

"Be careful, for the sake of Heaven, Terrence, or you'll betray our true names before our plans are carried out!" said Doctor Black.

"Don't fear, doctor, dear! But, did you ever see such a stupid rascal as that waiter was? I wonder if I can't raise a cigar? Jones—Jones, where are you?"

"What's wanting, my lord?" said that solemn-looking individual coming forward.

"Didn't I tell you to drop the 'my lord,' and to call me Mr. O'Reilly, ye blackguard?"

"Yes, my lord—Mr. O'Reilly, I mean; but I forgot!"

"See that you remember not to forget after this. Go and get me a bunch of good cigars, d'ye mind? There's a quarter 'agle to pay for them with, and see that you get the change, and put it in your own pocket!"

Jones gave a solemn bow of assent, and went slowly away to fulfill his orders.

The readers, of course, now understand who the new arrivals were, and why they came under assumed names. If they do not comprehend the *why*, we will inform them, and so come to an understanding all round. It was an idea of Doctor Watson's, who, changed by long exposure in the South, and his heavy growth of beard, wished to preserve his incognito until steps had been taken to bring Mrs. Mildollar to justice, and to secure the fortune of Elfrida.

"I wish it were already night," said Gerald Andros, who was the *Senor Blanco* of the party. "It is better that we should wait till night before we go to seek out my child; but I feel so impatient to clasp her to my arms that I can scarcely retain myself."

"Take a glass of punch, *senor*," said Mr. O'Reilly, that beverage having arrived. "Take a glass of punch and grease the wheels of Time. They'll rowl all the 'asier for it."

"No liquor for me, thank you. Mental excitement is enough for me at present," said Andros, quietly.

"Mental excitement is all well enough in its way; but when my spirit is in a fog, there's nothing lightens its path like a drop o' punch," said Mr. O'Reilly, as he poured out a glass of the smoking liquid and tasted it.

The moment he did so, however, he put his glass down with a look of intense disgust.

"Jones! Jones!" he cried.

"What's wanting, sir?" asked Jones, with a profound sigh as he came in.

"Will you go down to the bar and ask them what they call this stuff they've sent to me as punch?"

"Yes, sir."

Jones was absent but a few moments, and returned with a message which angered Mr. O'Reilly considerably, and astonished him more.

"They say below, sir," said Jones, "that it is punch, such as they often made for Lord Tyrconnel, from a recipe he gave them."

"Why, I never gave them a recipe for making punch; it was original with old Father Jennings himself—he often told me so when I praised it. But this stuff is as sour as butter-milk, and as weak as an epicurean's prayer when dinner is ready! Go and tell Father Jennings that he is wanted up in room thirty-four immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, departing on his errand.

"You'll be sure to expose our real names, Terrence! For mercy's sake, have a care!"

"Never fear, doctor, dear—never fear! I'll not do that. But I want to catechise old Father Jennings on the subject of punch."

The bland and ever gentlemanly proprietor of the hotel, at this moment made his appearance.

"Are you the proprietor of this hotel, sir?" asked Mr. O'Reilly.

"I have that honor, sir!" said Mr. Jennings, with a bow.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to taste this punch?"

"Certainly, sir!" and Mr. Jennings did so.

"Do you like it, sir?" asked Mr. O'Reilly.

"I cannot say that I do; but it is made from a recipe given me by a wealthy patron, Lord Tyrconnel."

"Do you mane to say, Mr. Jennings, that Lord Tyrconnel ever gave you a recipe to make such stuff as that, and then disgrace the name of punch by calling it after it?"

"Lord Tyrconnel certainly gave us the recipe not three weeks ago," said Mr. Jennings, seriously.

"Mr. Jennings, do you often get drunk before dinner?" asked Mr. O'Reilly.

"Neither before nor after, sir!" said Mr.

Jennings, reddening up—for he began to think that his guest meant to insult him.

"And yet you say Lord Tyrconnel gave you this recipe three weeks ago. Do you know where Lord Tyrconnel was at that time, sir?"

"To be sure, sir. In this hotel, which he has made his head-quarters for nearly two months."

"Gentlemen, do you hear that? By the faith of me fathers, Mr. Jennings, it's either you are drunk or you think I am! Terrence Tyrconnel was beneath the burning sun of the Equator, aboard the *Rio Packet*, three weeks ago!"

"I did not speak of Lord Terrence Tyrconnel, sir—who may, indeed, be in a very hot latitude, for I learn that he has been dead for years—though I remember him well. He used to stop here fourteen or fifteen years ago. I could make punch to suit him—it was old Monongahela and New England rum that he liked!"

"Troth it was, ould boy; and 'twas that I sent for just now. But what Lord Tyrconnel have you been sp'aking of?"

"Lord Dennis Tyrconnel, the nephew of my former patron, who has come into the title and estates since the death of his uncle."

"Oh, that's it! Is it dead I am, and my title and estates gone to my nephew Dennis?" exclaimed Tyrconnel, so drolly, and so much like his "old self," that Jennings recognized him at once as the same patron to whom he had alluded.

"But what does it mean, my lord—your name is booked as Mr. O'Reilly?"

"I'll explain that in good time, Mr. Jennings; and though I'm Terrence Tyrconnel, if ever he lived, you must only know me as Mr. O'Reilly until I choose to reveal the secret."

"Do you not know me, friend Jennings?" asked Watson, in his usual tone.

"On my honor I do not, sir. It seems to me that I have seen you before, but where or when I can not say."

"And yet Dr. Watson was a steady boarder with you for five years."

"Doctor Watson! Why, it is supposed that he is dead; but, on my word, you bear a strong resemblance to him!"

"If this beard was off, and we sat in number eleven—my old room—over a bottle of your choice Amontillado, I think you'd know me!" said the doctor.

"It is Doctor Watson, as I live!" cried Jennings, in utter surprise. "When will wonders cease? Why do you register in another name?" And the worthy host grasped the extended hand of his old friend and boarder.

"I cannot explain now; we have got to keep our names concealed until we put the officers of the law on a track which will avenge us for a long and cruel exile from our native homes. But keep our secret, friend Jennings, and you will be the first to hail the hour when we shall be known again as we were!"

"How does this nephew of mine support the dignity of the title?" asked Tyrconnel.

"Very well, my lord—hat is, Mr. O'Reilly; though I do not think he's quite so fast as you were! He doesn't knock over so many watchmen, or use quite so much liquor, though he is free with his money, I must say!" replied Jennings.

"You must introduce me to him as a countryman of his, who has long been a resident of South America. Call me O'Reilly, and never drop a hint as to who else I am. I must sound him and see what kind of a chap he is. He's a Tyrconnel on one side and an O'Brien on the other—good ould stock, if it hasn't degenerated."

"I will introduce you at any time—he is in his room now."

"Well, send me up a bowl of punch made in the ould way; and after I get a little of that into me, I'll give him a call, and show him how to make a punch that's a thousand times better than this crame of intemperate timperance here!"

Jennings left; and in a short time sent up a bowl of punch which suited Tyrconnel perfectly, for he took to it as naturally as a horse would to oats.

CHAPTER LVIII.

TRUE GRIT AFTER ALL.

AFTER he had drank several glasses of the punch, Tyrconnel went with his host to receive an introduction to his nephew, as Mr. O'Reilly.

"You have seen him before, I presume?" said Jennings.

"Never, since he was a bit of a boy! He'll not know me, now—I don't know myself with all this hair on my face, and catch myself bowing to a stranger every time I look in a mirror."

The next moment they were in the presence of Lord Dennis Tyrconnel—the legal heir to Terrence Tyrconnel, if the latter had indeed been dead.

"Mr. O'Reilly, my lord, whom I take the liberty of introducing because he is a countryman, though long a resident of South America!" said Jennings.

Lord Tyrconnel—or Lord Dennis, as we will

term him—was about twenty-one, and his pure English, without the brogue, and his rather slender frame, showed that he had not been educated at home, and used to home exercise, like his uncle, but probably had been sent to school and college in the more fashionable vicinity of London.

"I am glad to see Mr. O'Reilly," said his young lordship with an air of condescension. "A countryman of mine will ever be welcome, no matter where I meet him. Take seats, gentlemen. Jennings, you are near the bell-pull, have the kindness to ring for some wine."

"Is it wine you drink this early in the day, my lord?" asked O'Reilly.

"Sometimes—perhaps you would like something heavier. Brandy, or punch?"

"Ah, there you hit the target in the center, my lord! Let Jennings mix us a punch of ould Monongahela with a scattering of New England rum in it, and just water enough to apologize for its being found in strange company, and I'll join you in any toast that may come uppermost!"

Mr. Jennings went out to compound the punch, and Mr. O'Reilly sat down with the air of one who intended to make himself perfectly at home.

"And so, Lord Dennis, it is yourself that has stepped into the ould shoes of my ould friend, Terrence Tyrconnel?" said he.

"Ah, did you know my uncle?"

"Troth, you may well say I did! He and myself were as intimate as brother and sister, when we were boys! Many is the bottle that we've emptied together. He was born a devil for fun, that uncle of yours. How did he die? Did he break his neck in a steeple-chase, or end his days like a gentleman, with a pistol in his hand and another at ten paces in the hands of a better shot than himself?"

"We have every reason to suppose that he was murdered in London!"

"Murdered? Did they ever find his body?"

"Not to a certainty; although a corpse, terribly mutilated, was picked up in the Thames some weeks after he was missed from his hotel; and the general supposition was, that it was his. He was missing for several years before I assumed the title and took charge of the estates, by permission of the House of Lords and the Master in Chancery!"

"Did you ever see your uncle, my lord?"

"Yes; when I was quite young. I remember his trying to teach me how to jump a gate, and he came very near breaking my neck in the lesson."

"I suppose you can ride better, now?"

"Some; though I'm not very fond of the saddle."

"Can you handle the shillalah?"

"I am sorry to say that I am deficient in a knowledge of that weapon."

"You can box, though, can you not?" asked the uncle, throwing himself into an attitude which Heenan could not have bettered.

"I never had the gloves on in my life."

"Oh, sainted fathers! how your education has been neglected. Why, your uncle was a complete master of the art, and could handle a black-thorn with any man that ever throd on shoe-leather! If your uncle could only come to life, 'twould break his heart to know how you'd been neglected in your bringing up!"

"Mr. O'Reilly!"

"I beg your pardon, my lord; but you see, knowing your uncle so well, I take an interest in you!"

"For the sake of his memory, sir, I excuse you!" said the young lord, with an air of consequence. "But I do not think that it is necessary to learn the art of handling a stick, or pugilism, to make a man a gentleman!"

"Perhaps not, my lord. But such things are very convenient to know sometimes. But you can shoot well—that would run in your blood!"

"I am a fair shot!" replied Lord Dennis.

"Have you been out, yet?"

"I do not understand you, sir!"

"Have you been on the ground, and winged your man?"

"Even yet I do not understand you!"

"Have you ever fought a duel?"

"Fought a duel? No, thank Heaven, I have never been placed in a position where it became necessary to fight one!"

"And you thank Heaven for that! If I hadn't been told by Mr. Jennings that you was a Tyrconnel, I'd never believe the fact. Why, your uncle would rather fight any time than to sit down to the best dinner in the land!"

"I have not my uncle's taste or education, thank Heaven!"

"You haven't—that's as true as gospel! I suppose you can translate Latin; can't you, my lord?"

"Yes; I am happy to say I can!"

"Then, will you be so kind as to translate these words into Latin for me: *Lord Dennis Tyrconnel is a white-livered coward!*"

"Sir! Mr. O'Reilly, do you mean to insult me?" cried the young Tyrconnel, turning as red as fire, and springing from his chair.

"I thought I'd bring you to your feet, if you had a drop of your uncle's blood in your veins! I suppose you'll be after asking satisfaction, and I shall only be too happy to grant it. I've a friend and a doctor both in the house, and over at Weehawken is one of the nicest bits of ground that ever was paced out for an un-peaceable purpose!"

"I do not fight with men beneath me in rank!" said the peer.

"Then I'll post you for a coward without the translation!"

"Leave this room, sir!"

"I'll not leave!"

Lord Dennis rung the bell furiously! A waiter soon appeared.

"Go and call four more waiters!" said the elder Tyrconnel before his nephew could speak.

The waiter obeyed, and in a few moments five servants entered the room.

"Turn this man—this villain out of my room!" cried Dennis, almost choking with rage.

"Let me see you try it!" said the uncle, squaring off scientifically.

The servants hesitated. The looks of Tyrconnel were not very inviting.

"Turn him out, and I will pay you well!" cried the young lord.

The servants, thus encouraged, advanced in a body upon their formidable opponent.

The next moment three of them lay at full length on the floor, while the other two ingloriously fled from the field of battle.

"Now that I'm disengaged for a moment," said Tyrconnel, turning upon Lord Dennis, "I'll trouble you to take back the word villain you used a moment ago! Do it quick, or I'll not have teeth enough in your head to masticate milk-toast with!"

The probability is that the threat would have been executed, had not Mr. Jennings at that moment entered with the bowl of punch, hastened by the report received from the servants he met on the way.

"Heavens and earth! What is the matter here, gentlemen?" he exclaimed, as he put the bowl of punch down on a table, and sprung between them.

"Nothing, friend Jennings—nothing; only I'm improving this young gentleman's neglected education. He was so impolite as to bid your servants put me out o' doors; and they were so imprudent as to attempt it. I'm sorry to disturb the place of your house; but blood is blood, and when mine gets excited, it is apt to boil over!"

"Come, come, gentlemen; this quarrel can be settled, I hope!"

"To be sure; nothing in the world 'asier! Let his lordship find a friend, and I'll put a bullet through his jacket, and shake hands with him afterward!"

"But, my lord—but, Mr. O'Reilly, the relation—"

"Hist, ye omadhaun! Would you betray me?"

"But, sir, surely this matter can be settled without a hostile meeting!" said Jennings pleadingly.

"No, sir; it cannot!" said the young lord, stepping forward, having recovered from his agitation. "This person has insulted me, and he shall see whether or not I have the Tyrconnel blood in my veins!"

"There, by me sowl! That sounds like your uncle Terrence! There's the true grit in you yet, and it's only the fault of your education that it doesn't show more plainly. You'll not have to say no the next time you're asked if you've been out! Here's luck to you in a glass of punch that is punch. I'll send my friend to you immediately, so that we can settle our affair at sunrise, when our hands will be steady."

And Tyrconnel the elder very coolly helped himself to a glass of punch, and then, with a low bow, left the room.

"You surely will not fight him, my lord?" said Jennings.

"I surely will, sir!" replied Lord Dennis.

"Not if I can help it," said Mr. Jennings to himself, as he left the room.

"What on earth did you quarrel with him for, my lord?" he asked, as he overtook the uncle in the passage.

"Flesh and blood couldn't help it. He's been spoiled by his education, and hasn't learned the first rudiments of true gentility."

"But you'll not fight him?"

"I'll not hurt him; but by me sowl, he shall smell powder!"

"My lord, it must not be. Remember he is your relation."

"Not if he shows the white feather. That's a plume that was never worn by the Tyrconnels. He's got to meet me and prove himself a man—if he does that, he shall have my friendship; but if he doesn't, I'll ruffle his pin-feathers, and send him back to the ould country with a slim purse and no title, to teach dirty-faced boys how to construe Latin. And mark you, friend Jennings, don't you try to make an interruption in the matter; for if you do, you'll lose four guests to a certainty, and my friendship forever."

"But, my lord—"

"Mr. O'Reilly, if you please, Mr. Jennings."

"Mr. O'Reilly, then. You will promise not to shoot him?"

"I won't, without he turns his back to me."

"Then, sir, I will promise not to interfere. I hope the affair will be conducted as privately as possible. It would injure my house if it were to get out."

"It will be your own fault if it does get out," replied the other.

CHAPTER LIX.

SEEKING IN VAIN.

WHEN Tyrconnel returned to the rooms of his party, and informed Watson and Andros of the quarrel and the probability of his being engaged in an "affair of honor," or rather the certainty of that event in the morning, both of them were surprised and pained at his imprudence. But Watson—who had learned to love him dearly from long association and consequent knowledge of his truly good heart, though sometimes led astray by quick impulses—agreed, of course, to accompany him to the field as surgeon, while Andros was to act as his second.

"It shall not in the slightest interfere with your other business," said Tyrconnel. "It can all be attended to in less than two hours in the morning."

When night came on, Andros and the doctor, wrapping themselves in their cloaks, set out to look for the Birdsalls and Elfrida, for they could not restrain their impatience any longer.

Tyrconnel had persuaded Jones into going on a search for Mrs. Jones and the seven junior Joneses; and having settled himself comfortably beside a fresh bowl of punch, with *Bell's Life in London* in his hands, had been left by them at the hotel to await their return.

This he was the more contented to do, for his mind had been made easy by a call from the friend of Lord Dennis Tyrconnel, and an arrangement for the duel to come off at sunrise the next morning, on the far-famed and well-known "Burr and Hamilton ground," at Weehawken.

Watson and Andros at once hurried to the spot where the building once occupied by the Birdsalls had stood. But the humble dwelling was no longer there—its site was occupied by large stores, and only could they determine it by an old building on the opposite side of the street, which had not yet given way before the strides of progress and modern improvement.

An elderly policeman was leaning against a lamp-post near by, scanning them closely, perhaps suspecting that they wanted to "open a store" on their own account, with a crow-bar and false keys for a capital. To him they applied for information.

"Did you ever know a family named Birdsall, which lived hereabout?" asked the doctor.

"Birdsall?" asked the elderly policeman.

"Yes; Jonathan and Betsy Birdsall were their names."

"It seems to me that I do remember them. I believe they were burned up in the old house here!" said the man.

"Burned up!" exclaimed both Andros and Watson, in tones which expressed their horror.

"Yes—leastwise I think so, though I wasn't on the police then. But I've heard others that were, talk about it. I guess they can tell you all about it in that old house there," he added, pointing across the street.

The doctor and Andros hastened across the street, and rapped with the old-fashioned lion's-head knocker on the door.

Quite an old woman opened the door, and in reply to their inquiry, said:

"La me, yes! I knew old Granny Birdsall and her man Jonathan well! Many's the penny-worth of snuff I bought of the poor old souls. But they were both burned up in the dreadful fire that swept that block, ever so long ago—fifteen years, I reckon 'twas."

"Did the child they had in their care perish with them?" asked Andros, with tremulous anxiety.

"No; one of the fire-fellers got it out safe—he got out granny Birdsall; but she, poor soul, was dead gone!"

"What became of the child?" asked both of the gentlemen.

"I don't know. The fire-fellers took care of it, I believe. So I heard; but never heard any more about it after the fire. It was a sweet baby; I never saw it but once, when Granny Birdsall was a-dressing of it; and I asked her what it had on its arm, so blue; and what do you think it was?"

"What was it?" asked the doctor, who had not been informed by Andros of the mark he had placed there.

"Its name, *Elfrida*, in blue letters, that couldn't be washed out! She said the poor thing's father put it there, so it mightn't get lost!"

Watson looked at Andros for an explanation. "The woman speaks the truth. I so marked the child when I last saw it," said the latter.

"Oh, my! Are you the father of that poor baby; and haven't you found it yet?" said the garrulous old woman. "Poor thing, I wonder if it is living yet?"

"I hope so!" said Andros, and he placed a large piece of gold in the woman's hand. "You need not tell any one of this visit, or the questions we have asked," he continued. "We will probably come to see you again."

"Do, if you hear anything of the poor baby!" said the woman. "I won't tell anybody that you've been here; for I'm not much given to talking."

"What shall we do now to find my child?" asked Andros, as they turned up the street.

"Advertise!" said the doctor. "I will frame an advertisement, with a large reward named, which will be sure to bring us some news of her—whether she is living or dead. I will also go to the office of the *Evening Post*, and get permission to look over their old files. If I can find an account of the fire, the name of the fireman who rescued the child will probably be mentioned, and perhaps I may find it stated what was done with the child."

"I hope to Heaven you may! I shall be in agony until I know where she is. It is terrible for a young girl to be poor and friendless in this great city. She were far more safe in a howling wilderness; for beasts are more merciful than men to the helpless who are beautiful!"

They now returned to their hotel—for the doctor wished, if possible, to get the advertisement, which he hastened to prepare, into the morning newspapers.

CHAPTER LX.

ELFRIDA ABDUCTED.

ACCORDING to promise, the carriage of Mrs. Emma Harcourt called for Elfrida on the day following that on which she first made that lady's acquaintance. And, rather to the astonishment of Susy—who thought it very condescending—Mrs. Harcourt came in it herself.

"I was out shopping," said she, "and I thought I could as well stop on my way home as not. I have bought a present for your beautiful little boy—I think he will look so nice in them."

And she took from a package which the footman brought in, a beautiful boy's suit of velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and a jaunty hat with an ostrich feather in it.

The fond mother's eyes glittered with joy as she looked upon the elegant gift, and she could scarcely keep back a tear.

"You are too kind! Really, I cannot think of taking such a costly gift from you."

"Oh, it is nothing—nothing to me; but it will be such a pleasure to see him wear them. Come here, Sammy, and let me put this hat on your head."

"Not 'less muzzer says I may," said Sammy, sturdily—though his eyes rested anxiously on the pretty garments.

"They are yours, Sammy—thank the good lady for them; and, if she will let you, give her a kiss."

"Not till I wash my face, muzzer. I've been playing love with de cat."

"And I know you will excuse me—here is a dress for your mother and one for yourself. You were so kind to me yesterday that it would make me feel wretched if I could do nothing in return," continued Mrs. Harcourt.

Susan could not refuse the gifts so gracefully presented, and she could scarcely find words to express her gratitude.

"I did not bring you anything, Miss Elfy," Mrs. Harcourt said, "for I thought we would go shopping together while you were with me, and then I could consult your own taste."

"You are very kind, madam; but I neither deserve nor desire any presents," said Elfrida.

"Ah! that is the way with those who deserve the most—they are always the least conscious of it."

"I think you flatter me, Mrs. Harcourt."

"Indeed I do not, my dear girl; but do get ready and go home with me."

"Yes, Elfy—you have worked so hard of late that you really deserve a holiday. Come, I will help you dress," said Susy.

Ah! little did Susy dream of the fearful peril before poor Elfrida, or she would not have been in such a hurry to dress her.

Elfrida, having promised to go, could not now withdraw her consent very well; nevertheless she felt a disinclination to leave the roof which had so long covered her—the home where she had seen much of pleasure—little of sorrow.

Mrs. Harcourt seemed to be very kind; yet there was something in her looks or manner which seemed distasteful to Elfrida. She could not say what it was; but she felt an inward shrinking of the spirit which she could not cast off and scarcely could conceal.

Elfrida, however, was soon dressed, and almost tearfully kissing Susy and Sammy goodbye, she followed Mrs. Harcourt to her carriage.

The latter was driven rapidly along Laight street until it reached Canal street, and up this street till within two or three blocks of Broadway, where it stopped before rather a dingy-looking building for that street of great architectural varieties.

"There is a poor sick woman whom I must

call on here—she has a single room in the upper part of this building," said Mrs. Harcourt to Elfrida. "Will you not go up with me? A sight of your cheerful young face may do the invalid as much good as the things I am going to take to her. She will believe that an angel of mercy has come to visit her."

Elfrida began to think a great deal better of Mrs. Harcourt.

"That could not be a bad heart," said she, to herself, "which feels for the sick and distressed."

And without any hesitation she alighted from the carriage to follow Mrs. Harcourt.

"You can go to the store and get my other purchases, James," said the latter to the coachman, "and then call for us when you return."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the servant, returning the meaning glance which she had given him.

"Come, Elfy, dear," said Mrs. Harcourt, and she led the way up the narrow staircase.

Elfy noticed that a man with a dissipated, repulsive-looking face, stood on the landing at the head of the first pair of stairs, and she shrunk from his eager gaze; but as he stepped aside without speaking and let them pass, she thought no more of it, but followed Mrs. Harcourt up to the third story of the building. Here they passed through a large, commonly-furnished, but tenantless room, and then entered a smaller one, which was quite elegantly-furnished, but also unoccupied.

Elfrida was about to ask where the invalid was, when Mrs. Harcourt, who had turned back, suddenly stepped out of the room and closed the door, locking it on the outside.

In an instant the terrible treachery became plain to Elfrida. She was a prisoner. She sprang to the only window in the room, which appeared to "look out" upon the blank wall of some large manufactory.

Alas! it was iron-grated!

She turned and tried the door. It was of dark, solid oak, and firm and heavily-ironed. "Mrs. Harcourt! MRS. HARCOURT!" she screamed.

"What is wanting, my love?" asked the female fiend from without.

"Oh! do unlock the door, and let me out! I know you have only done this to frighten me—do let me out!"

A mocking laugh from the lady was first heard, and then she replied:

"Make yourself comfortable there, Miss Elfy. I don't mean you any harm, but there is a young gentleman in love with you, and I have made this arrangement for him. When he comes, perhaps he will let you out—perhaps, I say!" was the heartless reply of the woman, who was none other than "Phone," under the assumed name of Mrs. Harcourt.

"God help me!" moaned the poor girl.

"You needn't call on God—he hasn't anything to do here. The devil reigns here."

And the woman, after uttering this remark, went away, laughing.

Many a poor girl thus situated would have sunk down in helpless despair and given up all hope. But Elfrida was not of common mold. She had a fearless heart—one which would not shrink from death, if there was a choice between that and degradation.

She neither fainted or went to weeping, but she at once carefully examined every part of the room, to see if there was not some weak spot where she could work for freedom. But finding none, she took from her pocket one of those small, keen-bladed knives used by seamstresses for cutting button-holes, ripping seams, etc.; and as she looked upon it, said:

"I am not utterly defenseless, thank Heaven! It shall go hard with any one who strives to injure me."

And then she put the knife away; and with a calmness that was wonderful, went to a center-table on which several books were scattered, and taking up one, went to reading it.

CHAPTER LXI. THE DUEL.

THERE is not a more beautiful spot in the vicinity of New York than that part of Weehawken where Alexander Hamilton received his death wound from the hands of Aaron Burr. It is on the west bank of the Hudson, on the Jersey shore, opposite the upper end of the city, and has been desecrated in later days by other affairs less honorable than that which first gave it celebrity.

The sun had not reddened the fringe of the gray cloak of dawn, when a boat containing four persons besides the oarsmen, "might have been seen" swiftly rowing from the foot of Desbrosses street, toward the above-named dueling-ground.

The first of the four was Terrence Tyrconnel; the second, his second, Gerald Andros; the third Dr. Watson; and the fourth, Mr. Jones—who said, that if somebody had to be killed, he'd like to see it.

He had returned to the hotel with the melancholy news that Mrs. Jones had married one of the "Smiths," and had emigrated with her brood to California, whither he was determined not to follow her.

The boat had but just reached the landing, when it was followed by another, which, as it came near, was found to contain Lord Dennis Tyrconnel and his second; also Mr. Jennings, of the "City"—whose anxiety to prevent bloodshed was as great as ever.

But he received due caution from the seconds of both parties not to interfere, and with agonizing anxiety saw the deadly preliminaries arranged.

Knowing the good effects of "a friendly drop in season," he had brought over a bottle of old brandy, which with a glass he tendered to Tyrconnel the elder.

"Thank ye, ould boy—you've a blessed memory. Long life to you!" said the latter, as he filled his glass. Then, as he glanced at his antagonist, who shivered with the chill of the morning air, he advanced to him, and in as polite a tone as if he was his best friend, said:

"Let me beg you to take a drop of this ould stuff, my lord! It will take the raw chill of the air off, and steady your hand. Don't be backward, for I shall take a horn myself, after you have drank!"

The offer was made so courteously, that the young man could not refuse it; but, with a grave smile, took the glass and drank to the health of the man against whom he was so soon to raise his hand.

Tyrconnel took the empty glass, and having filled it, said:

"Here's to the memory of your lamented uncle, my lord—if your shot is sure, you'll be after drinking it many a time after this, I'm thinking."

"We are all ready, gentlemen," said Andros, coming forward.

"And so are we!" said Tyrconnel. Then turning to Lord Dennis, he added: "Here is my hand, my lord, in token that I hold no bad blood to you, though I fight you—and if you should happen to send me out of this world, in a few minutes, why, I have you my forgiveness, and a blessing to boot!"

The young lord took his hand and said, gravely:

"Though you have insulted me, sir, I really feel no ill-will toward you; and were it not necessary to my honor that I should fight you, would most sincerely regret to do so!"

"For the life o' me, boy, I can't help liking you! The Tyrconnel blood shows now, for you're as cool as a coquette at a dismissal!" said Tyrconnel, as he turned away to take his position.

The other did not speak, but went to the spot pointed out by his second, and received his weapon without a word. With as much calmness as if he had been used to such matters, and was not "out" for the first time, he listened to the directions about firing, which were as usual—"fire, one, two, three—stop!"—and as his second stepped back, looked his antagonist in the eye firmly, but without animosity.

The word was given, and both fired nearly at the same moment; the elder Tyrconnel firing his pistol off in the air, while the other evidently took aim at him.

"By me sowl! you're a good shot, my lord!" said the elder, as he took off his hat and showed a ball-hole through it, just above the rim. "A half inch lower, and you'd not have left me any brains to brag of."

"But you did not fire at me, sir!" said the other.

"No, by me sowl! Do you think I'd harm my own flesh and blood? I was only trying your mettle, my lad; and there's no metal better than a pair of cast-steel barrels with an ounce-ball-bore for that!"

"Your own flesh and blood, sir—what do you mean?" exclaimed the mystified young peer.

"He speaks truly, sir. He is your own uncle, Lord Terrence Tyrconnel!" said Jennings, as he came forward.

And as the statement was at once verified by Doctor Watson, and the nephew had some remembrance of his uncle's features, he could not doubt it, but at once embraced him, saying, that though he lost a fortune and a peerage, he was but too happy in finding an uncle—and a thousand times more happy in finding that he had missed his aim, even though so narrowly.

"Not a bit shall you lose either fortune or the peerage, my boy," cried his uncle. "I'll not go back to claim the one, and I'll be satisfied with enough of the other to make me aisy in the blessed land of my adoption, swate America!"

"I shall never listen to that, dear uncle," said Dennis, who—though somewhat "set up" by a college education, and a position which had come to him while he was too young to check a false pride—was really a noble-hearted fellow. "We will go back to Ireland together; and if, after you have lived a long life of happiness and honor, I shall survive you, I will then be willing to wear the title now justly yours!"

"Well, well, my boy, this will be a matter to argue by-and-by, when I've explained to you the reason that I've been dead so long. But now I feel as if a bit of breakfast would be better than an hour in purgatory. I saw, Jennings, you haven't emptied that bottle, have you?"

"No, my lord; but we'll empty a dozen of my best on the termination of this matter, as soon as we get over to the city. Here is the bottle, my lord, two-thirds full of the best brandy that my cellar affords!"

"Ah, Jennings, you're a man hafter me own soul! It's few men that know how to kape a hotel; but by me faith, you're one of them!"

The party, having "refreshed" all around, re-entered their boats, and were speedily taken back to the city; where, having liberally rewarded their boatmen, they went back to their quarters—all joyful but Jones, who was disappointed in not having seen some one killed.

CHAPTER LXII.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

A PLEASANT breakfast party was that which met in the private dining-room attached to parlor No. 3 at the City Hotel, after the conclusion of the "affair" at Weehawken. The two Tyrconnels, Andros, Doctor Watson, Mr. Van Rensselaer—the late second of the young Lord Dennis—and Mr. Jennings composed the party, while every luxury the house could afford, either from the larder or cellar, was to be found upon the table.

After breakfast, Tyrconnel retired with his nephew to give him a much-desired explanation regarding his singular and lengthy absence, while Andros and the doctor went to their room to lay out their plans of action.

Each one of the prominent morning papers contained the following advertisement:

"\$1000 REWARD.

"One thousand dollars reward will be given for any information which may lead to the discovery of the existence and present location of the young girl who, fourteen or fifteen years ago, while yet a babe, was rescued from a burning house in — street, by a fireman. She will be recognized by her name, which is indelibly marked in blue letters on her right arm, near the shoulder. An anxious father will pay the above reward and any expenses attendant upon her recovery. Call at room No. 3, City Hotel."

"If you will remain here, Captain Andros," said the doctor, "I will go to the office of the paper I speak of, and see if I can find any account of the fire and rescue in its local columns. A file, I know, has been kept from its start, and they are generally very particular in local news. You can find some queer Wall-street history in its earlier numbers."

"I will remain, doctor; for I hope most earnestly that we may hear something through the advertisement," replied Andros.

"I shall not be gone long," said the doctor. "After I come back, I think that we will consult a lawyer in regard to the steps to be taken with that she devil, Mildollar!"

"It will be best. Were she not a woman, I would counsel a less tardy measure of punishment. But being a woman, I suppose that we must leave her to the law."

"Would it not be well to beat up her quarters, and see what she is doing?"

"It will be well to have it done; but she would recognize either one of us in spite of disguises; for an eye of guilt is ever keen and on the alert. And were she to know that we were here, she would take measures to elude the hands of justice."

"That is true. I will think out a plan of action while I am out," said the doctor. "When I return, if you approve of it, we will adopt it. I am not naturally revengeful but even if we find your child, and take from the old hag the money which is Elfrida's by right, I shall not feel satisfied for the long and dreary exile from home and friends which I have endured. If I could send her to the Island of Lookoheva for the rest of her natural life, I believe I could forgive her—when I knew she was dead!"

Doctor Watson returned very soon to the hotel, after his visit to the office of the *Evening Post*; for he there found an account of the fire, the death of the two Birdsalls, and the noble rescue of a young child by a fireman named Samuel Latrobe, who twice periled his life on the occasion, as he had once before at a previous fire, in which he had also been successful in saving life.

"How can we find this man?" asked Andros, after the doctor had related his success thus far.

"I will look in the directory—if he is a householder his name will be there! Jones, go and get me a city directory for this year."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, as he moved off at a dead-march step for the book. "You'll find Joneses enough in it, and Browns too!" he added, with a groan—most likely thinking of his lost spouse.

In a short time he returned, for the book was in the hotel office.

The doctor opened it, and readily found the name of "Samuel Latrobe, mechanic, house-No. — Laight street."

"Let us go there at once!" said Andros, impatiently.

"I will be ready in a few moments," said the doctor. "Where is Lord Tyrconnel, Jones?"

"Off with his nephew, sir, teaching him gentility, I believe. I saw a pair of single-sticks

and two pairs of boxing gloves being carried to the room of the youngest one when I was down-stairs, just now."

"There is a man below, sir, who wishes to see the gentleman of Room No. 3, that advertised in the morning paper," said a waiter belonging to the hotel, at this moment.

"Show him up at once," said the doctor. "I'll wager a dollar to a dime, that it is the very man we were just talking of," he added.

"I hope that your surmise is correct," said Andros, anxiously.

"We will soon know," replied Watson, and even while he was speaking, the door opened, and a man in the full prime and vigor of manhood, entered—whose clear eye, ruddy face, and well-knit frame, proclaimed, even sooner than his plain garb, that he was a workingman.

"Are you the gentleman that put an advertisement in the *Sun* newspaper about a girl that was rescued from a fire a long while ago, sir?" he asked of Doctor Watson.

"I am; and your name is Sam Latrobe, is it not?"

"That's my name, sir. But are you that girl's father, sir?"

"No; that gentleman is," replied the doctor, pointing to Andros. "He has been long absent from this country, and only last night learned that the good people with whom he left the child had been burned up with their house, and that the child had been rescued by a noble fireman. But where is the child—or rather the young lady, for she must be grown up by this time?"

"If he is her father, he must know what name it is that is marked on her arm," said Sam, cautiously, for he felt loth to lose "Elfy" at any rate, and was determined that no false claimant should have her.

"Elfrida—I put it there with my own hand!" said Andros. "Where is she? speak quickly and relieve me from suspense."

"Until yesterday she has never been from under my mother's roof more than two or three hours at a time, since I took her from the fire!" said Latrobe. "But yesterday she went away on a visit with a Mrs. Harcourt, who said she lived in Bond street, and who was to bring her back last night. But she did not, and had not when I saw this advertisement this morning. I went to my boss to get excused from work to-day, and coming back I came through Bond street, and asked all along for the house of Mrs. Harcourt; but no one knew her there, or where such a lady lived."

"Who is this Mrs. Harcourt?" asked the doctor, as a dreadful suspicion of a terrible wrong came athwart his mind.

"I don't know, sir. She got acquainted at our house through an accident—her carriage was broken before our door, and she was brought in in a faint. Susy—that is my wife—says she is a splendid, sweet-spoken lady, who seems to be very rich! But I don't like the looks of things, for Bond street is a short street, and if she lived there she ought to be well known in it."

"There is no such name in the directory," said the doctor, who had in vain looked for it.

"Has no one paid her attentions, and been refused, who might for revenge seek her injury?" asked Andros.

"Bless your heart, sir, not a soul! I've been all that a brother could be to her, and kept the chaps away, you may bet your life. Of course, they'd look at her when she went out, for she's as handsome as a picture, and as pure as an angel. But that was all. A fellow who called himself a gentleman, and wore fine clothes, followed her home a week or ten days ago, and insulted her. But I was at home when she got there, and I *lammed* him from the word go! I put his face into shape for a witness in an Irish riot-case, and tumbled him, nice clothes and all, into the gutter. He went away threatening; but that was the last of him."

"Perhaps not," said the doctor, as he shook his head, gloomily. "In a city like this, where money will gloss over every wrong, we hardly know what evil may not be done. We must get the aid of the detective police at once. If I can get that keenest of all officers, Captain Leonard, on the least sign of a track, he will follow it to a certainty. He and his friend Brown—"

A deep groan from Jones interrupted the doctor, and the latter paused to ask what was the matter.

"Don't speak of Brown, sir, for mercy's sake!" groaned Jones. "'Twas a Brown that took my wife and seven children off to Californy!"

"Not this Brown to whom I allude," said the doctor. "Though almost as good-looking as his friend Leonard, he is so bashful that he would sooner run away from than with a woman."

"I can't help it, sir; but the very name of Brown goes into my inwards sharper than vinegar. If there had never been a Brown, Mrs. Jones would have been Mrs. Jones yet. But she isn't, and I'm *done brown*—and so is she."

And Jones uttered another doleful groan.

"We have no time for trifling," said Andros, impatiently. "Every hour will be a protract-

tion of my torture, until my poor child is found. My noble fellow, you'll help us, will you not?" he added, to Sam.

"Yes, sir; but I'm not a noble fellow. I'm only a New York mechanic."

"A nobler set of men do not exist on earth than they are," said Doctor Watson. "I know their worth. As a body, they are in heart and soul as much superior to the kid-gloved aristocrats who despise them, as the sun in its mid-day splendor is superior to the flickering light of a penny candle stuck into the neck of an empty rum-bottle. He will recompense you well for your lost time, Mr. Latrobe, and see that your employer does not blame you for neglect of work."

"I don't want any pay, sir, for doing my duty—I never did! But you can do me one favor."

"Name it, Mr. Latrobe—name it!"

"Please don't mister me, sir! That's all! I'm not used to it, and it sets as uneasy as a new boot with the pegs left stickin' up. Just call me Sam, and I'll know who you mean, and do what you want me to."

"Well, Sam, since you will have it so," said the doctor; "if you will go with us, we will get the aid of the officers we have spoken of, and go and see your lady."

"I haven't got any lady, sir. I have a dear little wife, my Susy—but she's only a woman, she isn't a lady," said Sam, interrupting the doctor, who smiled at the very material correction, and continued:

"Well, Sam, after we get the officers we'll go and see your little womanly wife, and get a description of the lady and her equipage, and from that make a start in search of Elfrida."

"I'm all ready for that, sir!" said Sam.

"Won't you take some refreshments, Sam—a glass of wine or brandy—before we start?" asked the doctor.

"No, thank you, sir. I used to take my toddy fast and strong. But my Susy (bless her dear heart!) got me out of that notion long ago; and though I haven't signed no anti-temptation pledge, I hold off from all strong stuff for her sake," replied Sam.

"You act nobly in so doing, and benefit your health as well as your pocket!" said the doctor. "But we must be on the move. Jones, you can stay here, and if Lord Tyrconnel comes in, tell him that we are absent on business, and he can enjoy himself with his nephew."

"Yes, sir," said Jones. Then he added, *sotto voce*, "In teaching him gentility by knocking him down with muffled fists, or breaking his head with a big stick. I wish he had that Brown under his teaching for a season."

CHAPTER LXIII.

HARRY CORRYELL SHOWS HIS COLORS.

FOR several hours, poor Elfrida remained in her prison—for nothing else could she call the room in which she was confined, though it was so elegant in furniture and adornment; and during this time, she heard no sounds except that dull, continual thunder of carts, carriages, drays, cars, and trampling of feet which falls so heavily upon a stranger's ear in New York, but is scarcely noticed by the ear of the long-accustomed citizen.

She had apparently been engrossed in reading; but a hundred times she had started, and nervously clutched the only weapon in her possession, as she fancied she heard footsteps and the sound of voices approaching the room. At last it became so dark that she could not read, and she went to the little window to see if there would not be some light in view; but the cold, dark wall of which we have spoken was only before her—she could see nothing more.

But shortly after the twilight deepened into darkness, she heard a light footstep approach her door, and a moment later, the door was unlocked, and Phone entered, with a light and a large tray, upon which wine, cakes and other food could be seen.

"I've brought some supper for you, Miss Elfy," and placing the tray and light upon the table she left the room.

Elfrida had no appetite for the tempting viands which had been placed before her; and she had read enough of the "Mysteries and Mysteries" of the great city, to be placed upon her guard against drugs which would render her helpless; and she refrained from touching either the wine or water which had been placed before her.

She was glad that the woman had brought a lighted lamp, and left it in the room; for to be there in utter darkness would have added almost intolerable torture to her great misery.

She had been there, after Phone left, for at least two hours, when she again heard footsteps, rapid and heavy, approaching the door. The key was inserted with some difficulty, evidently by a hand not used to the door; but at last the bolt turned, and the door was opened by a man whose hat was slouched over his eyes, and whose form was completely enveloped in a large cloak, such as was suitable to the inclemency of the season.

The man—who, by his unsteady step, seemed

to be intoxicated—took the key from the outside of the door, and locked the latter inside. Then he turned, and, lifting his hat, disclosed to Elfrida the face of the man who had so pertinaciously followed her home the week before, and who had met with such signal chastisement from the hands of Sam Latrobe. His face was inflamed with the effects of liquor, and his tongue, as well as his unsteady step, betrayed the fact that he had been drinking freely.

"So, my beauty—Elfy, they call you, I believe—so I've got you caged, have I?" he uttered, as he approached the table near where she sat, and putting the door-key in his pocket, sunk heavily into a chair.

"I am a prisoner; and if I am indebted to you for being so, must say that, for a man, you have played a most dastardly part. You have had one good beating for your insults to me; but, for this wrong, you may lose your life."

"My life! Why, who'll take it?" said Harry, looking around as if he expected that she had some champion there ready to espouse her cause.

"Friends who will fearfully avenge any wrong that may be done to me. Do not think that I am friendless, because I am poor!"

"Poor? You sha'n't be poor any longer, Elfy, if you are only reasonable. I'm the son of the rich Mrs. Mildollar, and can swim in gold."

"I care not who you are. I despise you and your gold!" said the spirited girl.

"Oh, you'll get over that by-and-by. Is that wine on the table?"

"I suppose it is," said Elfrida—hoping that he would drink enough of it to render him helpless, so that she could obtain the key, and effect her escape.

"Then take a glass with me, my dear. I see that there are two glasses here."

"I would rather drink your heart's blood!" she said, so fiercely, that the coward started back from his chair, lost his equilibrium, and nearly fell to the floor.

In a moment, however, he recovered his self-possession, and remembering that she was only a weak, defenseless girl, gathered up his shivering manhood into something like composure once more.

"You've been studying tragedy, I see," said he, after an awkward silence of several minutes.

"Yes, and am ready to play my part in one!" she responded, bitterly.

"By Jove, I believe you are!" said the coward, who had totally forgotten the wine in his recent fright. "I'm not exactly well to-night—in fact I'm rather top-heavy with the infernally strong brandy that Phone gave me. So I guess I'll leave you to solitary reflection for a time."

And Corryell rose to leave, rather sobered by his fright.

"You had better order your coffin before you come to annoy me again!" said the brave girl.

He made no reply, but went out and locked the door behind him.

Elfrida listened until the sound of his footsteps died away, and then the noble courage which had sustained her so far gave way to a feeling of despair and wretchedness; and casting herself down on a sofa, she sobbed and wept as though her heart was breaking. But she was not permitted even to weep without annoyance, for the sharp, taunting voice of Phone was heard outside:

"I thought you wasn't one of the crying kind?" said the female fiend.

"Oh! if there is one spark of womanhood left in you, let me out and let me go home!" pleaded the poor girl.

"The last spark has been crushed out long ago!" said the woman, with a hoarse laugh. "You may as well make yourself easy where you are."

Elfrida made no reply, but her sobs and tears were checked. Pride and courage again resumed their power, nor did they leave her when she heard the stealthy step of Phone as she went away.

Fearing that in her thirst she might be tempted to taste the wine or water, and thus be drugged into insensibility, she took them and cast them out of the little window. Then barricading the door inside, so that it could not be opened without awakening her, she knelt down and prayed—as she had ever been wont to do before retiring—and then lay down upon the sofa and composed herself to sleep. For the brave girl was determined to preserve her strength, and still hoped for rescue, for well she knew that the Latrobes would soon discover, by her long absence, that her stay was not voluntary, and would take every means within their power to find her out.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

ANOTHER night. The elder Tyrconnel having been occupied most of the day in giving his nephew lessons in the so-called "manly art of self-defense" and in the use of the single-stick, now sallied out with him to see the "sights of Gotham by night."

Both were warmly wrapped in thick cloaks; and, through the care of the elder Tyrconnel, both were provided with good stout hickory sticks, which the latter pronounced to be the next thing to black-thorn.

They sauntered up Broadway—stopping into various saloons to test the quality of the hot whisky-punch concocted therein—until they reached the broad thoroughfare known as Canal street, down which they turned in the direction of the Hudson river.

Tyrconnel and his nephew had not gone far down the street when the sound of a cracked bass voice singing "Rory O'More," to the accompaniment of an ill-tuned piano, attracted their attention. Observing by the sign and lights that the sound came from a saloon, the jovial peer insisted on going in and seeing what could be seen and hearing what could be heard.

They entered a large room in the second story of the building, which was fitted up with a small, but elegant bar, and furnished with "any quantity" of comfortable chairs, sofas, and small tables, many of which were occupied by foppishly-dressed young men, engaged in smoking and drinking. The liquor and cigars, when called for, were supplied from the bar—where a tall, showy-looking woman, our acquaintance, "Phone," presided.

At one end of the room, elevated upon a low platform, was the "music"—consisting of the ill-tuned, or rather untuned piano aforementioned, and the "professor," a very seedy-looking gentleman, whose red nose and inflamed eyes were indications of their owner's fondness for "blue-ruin."

Having finished his song, he was going up to the bar to get his reward in a glass of rum, when Tyrconnel and his nephew entered.

The latter took seats at a vacant table, and were immediately called upon by one of the waiters of the establishment, who asked what the gentlemen would be pleased to have.

"Two whisky-punches, my lad; and don't make them too swate!" said the elder Tyrconnel, in his usual droll way.

He did not notice that a heavily-whiskered man, who was sitting near, started from his seat as if a knife had pierced his vitals at the sound of his voice. But such was the case; and the man was Barrington, who had instantly recognized him.

"Phone," said he, in a hoarse whisper, as he leaned over the bar, "Phone, we're done up and ruined! That tallest man who has just come in, is one of the chaps that I got Bill Tubbs to carry over the water. He's tracked me 'ere, and I'm a goner!"

"Be easy, you fool—he has not recognized you—you don't look any more as you used to than a donkey looks like a horse! Keep out of his way, and he'll not know you, but drink his liquor and go away. Take a drink and keep shady. I'll drop over there and sound him directly."

Barrington drank a glass of liquor, and then slunk away into a dark corner of the room.

In a few moments "Phone," as she was called, having beckoned one of the waiters into the bar to take her place, walked out into the saloon, exchanging a word here and there with her customers, until she approached the table where Tyrconnel sat.

"How does your punch suit you, gentlemen?" she asked, with one of her most fascinating smiles.

"It is capital, madam—capital!—like the first letter in the name of Cain's brother. Won't you take a glass with us?" replied Tyrconnel, the elder.

"Thank you, sir; as you are a new patron, I shall feel proud to do so," replied Phone, taking a seat, and giving one of the waiters an order to bring her a glass of punch.

But she was not destined to enjoy that glass of punch; for there was heard suddenly a shriek, or cry of pain, as if from a man in mortal agony; and the next instant a young and incomparably lovely girl rushed into the room, with a face indicative of extreme terror. In one hand she held a small knife, and both the hand and weapon were red with blood.

"Oh, sir, save me—protect me, if you are a man!" cried the poor girl, as a man, who was also bleeding, rushed in after her; and she sprang to the side of Tyrconnel for protection.

"By my sowl! I'll protect you as long as there's a drop of blood in my veins!" said Tyrconnel; and both he and his nephew started to their feet, throwing aside their cloaks, and grasping their stout canes.

"Secure that girl; she has tried to murder me!" cried the man, who had followed her into the room.

"And pity it is that she hadn't, Master Harry Corryell, you miserable thafe of the world!" cried Tyrconnel, instantly recognizing him.

"Great Heavens! Lord Tyrconnel alive, and here!" cried the villain, thunderstruck by his appearance.

"Alive he must never leave 'ere, or we're both done for!" cried Barrington, as he rushed forward with a heavy decanter and aimed a blow at Tyrconnel's head.

But the latter dodged it, and the dangerous missile came crashing down on the head of Phone, who stood in the way; and just as she fell senseless to the floor, the cane of the younger Tyrconnel came down with crushing force on the skull of Barrington, who dropped like an ox felled in a butcher's stall.

Of course, a terrible confusion reigned. There was a stampede among the more cowardly of the customers; while others would have sided with the widow, had not the cry of "Police! police!" been heard.

In a moment, a rush upon the stairs told that the police were coming, and Tyrconnel was delighted to see his friends, Watson and Andros, accompanying a couple of officers who rushed in.

The next instant, Elfrida sprang from the side of her protector, and, with a glad cry, threw herself into the arms of a stout man, who came with the party, and, as she did so, exclaimed:

"Oh, Sam!—good, noble Sam! I knew you would look after me!"

"To be sure I would, dear Elfy! But here are others that have been looking after you—one who has a better right than I have," said honest Sam Latrobe.

"A better right?" asked the girl in wonder.

"Yes, for he is your father," said Sam, pointing to Andros. "There, sir, is your Elfrida," he added to the latter.

"I never had a father or mother—at least, to know them," said Elfrida, sadly, as she looked doubtfully at Andros, in whose dark eyes tears were glistening.

"Dear child, your sainted mother is in heaven, but I will prove that a father, though long neglectful, can yet be kind," said Andros. And his earnest tones, his tears, the words of her honest friend, and the intuitive feeling of her own heart, told the sweet girl that he was indeed her parent.

And she threw herself, sobbing with joy, upon his breast.

"This is no place for explanation; let us have carriages called, and all repair to the hotel," said the doctor.

"First, let that young rascal Corryell be secured," said Tyrconnel.

"He here?" asked Watson, in surprise.

"To be sure—it was from him we rescued the young lady. But where the deuce is the son of perdition? He's cut and run, sure, though I thought he was blading to death."

Search was made in vain for Corryell. He had escaped in the confusion, though probably very badly hurt; for Elfrida stated that she had struck him with her small knife several times as hard as she could. And the traces of blood showed that her blows had been heavy and effectual.

The persons of Phone and Barrington—both of whom were well known to the police—were now easily secured, for both were dangerously injured by the blows which they had received, and had to be removed to prison under the care of a surgeon.

Andros and Elfrida, accompanied by Sam, started for the hotel, intending to call at the house on Laight street, and let Susy and her mother know that Elfy had been found; while Watson and the Tyrconnels waited for the officers to rejoin them, after having left their prisoners in security—intending to secure Mrs. Mildollar and her son at once, before they could escape.

CHAPTER LXV.

A HAPPY REUNION.

WHEN Watson and his friends, with the officers, reached the house of Mrs. Mildollar, they found that they were already too late—though the house in confusion, and the servants in alarm, told that the fugitives from justice had not long been gone.

All that they could gather from the servants was, that young Corryell had been brought home in a carriage, dangerously wounded; and that, after a brief private interview with his mother, she had ordered a carriage and hurried away with him.

An examination of her chamber showed that she had probably fled with what ready money she had, and her jewels—for everything there was in confusion, but neither money or jewels could be found.

Leaving an officer in charge of the house, the doctor and his friends returned to the hotel to rejoice with Andros, in the safe recovery of his lovely, noble child.

And now, reader, comes the most pleasant part of this story—its

CONCLUSION,

which I will sum up in as few words as possible; for its incidents though many, and interesting, can be condensed better than dwelt upon. Young Dennis Tyrconnel had lost his heart the moment he saw Elfrida; and after due acquaintance and consideration, Elfrida, with that generosity peculiar to women who, with all their faults, have some angel-nature about them—took pity on him, and gave him her heart to fill the vacancy in his bosom.

But this was not done until she was fully in-

stalled in possession of the Mildollar estate; for the original will had still been kept by Barrington, who gave it up on condition of being permitted, with Phone, to leave the country. Mrs. Mildollar, probably terrified at the prospect of punishment, must have fled the country, for neither she nor her son were ever heard of afterward.

Sam Latrobe was richly rewarded by Andros for his noble-hearted conduct; and the latter, after his daughter's marriage, accompanied the Tyrconnels to Ireland—where he yet dwells, a reformed man and a happy grandfather.

The following letter, received not very long after the arrival of the happy party in Ireland, by Doctor Watson, must close this long, truthful, and (I hope) not entirely uninteresting story.

"DOCTOR DEAR:—We're safe in ould Emerald Hall—blessed be the Lord and all his saints! When we went through London, I stopped to make inquiries about Captain Bill Tubbs, and it is my opinion that he is still captain aboard his own ship, for he has never been heard from since he sailed. But while I was in London, I found a long-lost jewel, that I'm wearing in my bosom now, and shall till my bones are under the turf. And knowing 'twill bother you to guess what it is, I make bould to explain. You remember poor Faralie, the pretty French girl—well, the poor thing lived in London, and watched and mourned for me, for she would not give up that I was dead, until she saw my name registered and announced in the papers. And then she came to Meyert's to see me, and I thought she would have died for joy. And seeing that she felt so glad to see me, I thought it would be wrong to let her ever be sorrowful again, so I made her Lady Tyrconnel; and she is the happiest little body that ever lived, excepting sweet 'Elfy,' who runs neck and neck with her on the turnpike of felicity.

"Jones is with me yet, and has not only forgotten Brown, but has consoled himself for the loss of Mrs. Jones by taking one Biddy Connolly to his bosom; and he intends very soon to go back to New York, for he says that the climate of Europe is too foggy for him.

"I've no other news to tell you, only that Captain Barrington went out of the world dancing, the other day—having air for a platform to dance on, and a snug cravat of hemp about his neck, to help him hold his head up.

"His partner in iniquity, 'Phone,' was tried for the same crime; 'asing a gentlemen of his life and his money at the same time—but being a woman, and good-looking, the jury were inclined to mercy, and she got off with transportation for life.

"Have you heard a word about the ould sinner, Mildollar, yet? What a pity it is, we couldn't have given her a life-lease of the Island of Iookoheval! Are you still in a state of single-wretchedness, doctor dear? If so, get out of it as soon as you can. Matrimony is a blessed institution—especially when you think so. All of us send our love to you, and wish you long life, and joy while it lasts.

"TERRENCE TYRCONNEL."

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